

Regret

The Get Up Kids

Maybe I've forgotten the name and the address
Of everyone I've ever known, it's nothing I regret
Save it for another day, it's the school exam
And the kids have run away I would like a place I could call my own
Have a conversation on the telephone
Wake up every day that would be a start
I would not complain of my wounded heart
I was upset you see almost all the time
You used to be a stranger, now you are mine I wouldn't even trust you, I've not got much to give
We're dealing in the limits and we don't know who with
You may think I'm out of hand that I'm naive, I'll understand
On this occasion, it's not true, look at me, I'm not you I would like a place I could call my own
Have a conversation on the telephone
Wake up every day that would be a start
I would not complain of my wounded heart
I was a short fuse burning all the time
You were a complete stranger, now you are mine

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