

Nathan Jones (Analog Version - G.H. Version)

Bananarama

You packed your bags as I recall
And you walked slowly down the hall
You said you had to get away to ease your mind
And all you needed was a little of time Oh winter's passed spring and fall
You never rung me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too long If a woman could die of tears
Nathan Jones, well, I wouldn't be here
The key that you're holding won't fit my door
And there's no room in my heart for you no more Oh winter's passed spring and fall
You never rung me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too long Nathan Jones Oh winter's passed spring and fall
You never rung me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too long Oh winter's passed spring and fall
You never rung me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too long

Songwriters

CASTON, LEONARD/WAKEFIELD, KATHY /Published by

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