Another Suitcase in Another Hall

F.M. Project

I don't expect my love affairs to last for long,
Never fool myself that my dreams will come true.
Being used to trouble, I anticipate it,
But all the same, I hate it.
Wouldn't you?

So, what happens now?
(Another suitcase in another hall)
So, what happens now?
(Take your pictures off another wall)
Where am I going to?
(You'll get by, you always have before)
Where am I going to?

Time and time again I've said that I don't care,
That I'm immune to gloom,
That I'm hard through and through.
But every time it matters all my walls desert me
So anyone can hurt me,
And they do.

[Repeat Chorus]

Call in three months time and I'll be fine, I know.
Well, maybe not that fine,
But I'll survive anyhow.
I won't recall the names and faces or the sad occasions,
But that no consolation here and now.

[Repeat Chorus]

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