

Ronnie Spector

Deacon Blue

I take off my glasses and I pull on my shirt
I call up my friends on my long ,long list
I said I've got a reason just to get to the coast
I'll stand on the streets where all the books were wroteI remember words
That ran around my head
And made no sense at all
And rained right off my tongue
Like mother, love and Ronnie SpectorI'm in an old Humber
That takes a long, long road
And remembering the smell
Of summer on the parcel shelf
And opening up the quarter light
And holding out a scythe
That levels out the landscape
As a car, car travelsI remember words
That ran around my head
and made no sense at all
And rained right off my tongue
Like mother, love and Ronnie Spector

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