

Regret (Viktor Mora & Naccarati RMX)

New Order

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, cause
The school is and the
Kids have run away I would like a place I can call my own
Have a conversation on my telephone
Wake up everyday, that would be a start
I would not complain by 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 that much to give
We're dealing in the limits, and
We don't know who with
You may think that 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 can call my own
Have a conversation on the telephone
Wake up everyday, that would be a start
I would not complain with my wounded heart I was a short fuse
Burning all the time
You were a complete stranger
Now you are mine I would like a place I can call my own
Have a conversation on the telephone
Wake up everyday, that would be a start
I would not complain with my wounded heart Just wait 'till tomorrow
I guess that's what they all say
Just before they fall apart...

Songwriters

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