The wind sways the trees and the raindrops on the leaves Tumble down, down my neck in the breeze Yes, it's true I hid out in the shadow of your doubt, And this medal that I wear is not for bravery, I'm afraid And we're both going to have to accept That this might be as good as it gets As our love for each other respects Neither rule nor reason The Queen on her throne plays Shirley Bassey Records when she's all on her own And she looks out the window And cries What should I do? Scratch off all of my tattoos? And forget those girls' names? But you're not about to let me do that, are you? And we're both going to have to accept That this might be as bad as it gets As our love for each other respects Neither rule nor reason And we're both going to have to accept That this might be as big as it gets As our love for each other respects Neither rule nor reason