

The Very Thing

Deacon Blue

One day all of us will work
We'll stand outside this orchard and we'll talk
When all is said all is done
We'll still be thinking about home

They say that love might be the very thing
If only it could be
And making love is more than anything
And all these thing like buildings
And faces
And memories
And places
Don't count for anything

I'll gladly draw the lines of duty
Watching summer turn to gold
She's not content with responsibility
She wants to have and then to hold

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