

No Regrets

Dramarama

When you're sitting in your sitting room
With all your books and pens
On a sofa, legs and fingers crossed
With all your husband's freinds
It isn't easy

When you're standing in your kitchen
Elbow deep in pots and pans
Do you wonder what's become
Of all your hopes
Your dreams
Your plans

And your mother
And your children
They are not your biggest fans
It isn't easy
Woah

You're not the greatest dancer
Woah
You call but there's no answer
Woah
Smell perfume on his hands

No regrets
Yeah, no regrets
No regrets

When you're fixing up them dumplin's
And that fifteen minute rice
Did you find it strange
To find out wine was not the blood of Christ
And you're shopping at the KMart
They are reasonably priced

When you're sitting in your widows weeds
And quitting ciggarettes
Do you wonder what you're gonna do
When everyone forgets
All the clothes you washed
And food you cooked
And hair up in barettes
It wasn't easy

You're not the greatest dancer
Woah
You call but there's no answer
Woah
And age spots on them hands

No regrets
Yeah, no regrets
No regrets