

When Love For Woman Stops

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

She's almost forty now
And if life's fair
It won't have touched her face
Or touched her golden hair

It won't have touched the way
She used to speak my name
Like single raindrop
Doesn't really touch the window pane

She's probably fifty now
No doubt she's changed
The wear and tear and doubt
That lives arrange

The wear and tear of no-one there
Drives a girl insane
The doubt of reaching out for love
And getting beat again

There's no easy way of saying it
No easy way it's done
The father you looked up to then
No longer loved your mum

Call up social services
Even call the cops
No man's ever gone to jail
When love for woman stops

She must be sixty now
Well on that route
Down lane of pure disdain
From young and cute

Rolling out red carpet promises
And ringing wedding bell
Gives a special kind of tinnitus
To a girl who knows too well

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No easy way it's done
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She's over seventy now
Way past her best
But the one who holds the key
To love's treasure chest

Doubtless has a younger flame
To keep him warm at night

Whilst this old one just flickers
In the distant hope he might

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No easy way it's done
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She's in her eighties now
She's close to death
And the one thing that won't let her down
Is final breath

So much more reliable
Than the absent talk of men
Nothing quite as black-and-white
As the chequered flag of end

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No easy way it's done
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