

(It's four o'clock)

If I could turn my back on anything
I'd choose it to be you
I've lost all interest in almost everything that you do
You've more to do with complacency
And the whims and trims of children
Than any sort of worthwhile thing
Or the few folks left to feel them

Who am I but another fool who's flirting with divorce
Like every other thing
You keep my foolishness on course

Maybe there is someone else less like an awful void
Who might beckon me with open arms
And offer new employ
I've got to say I'm looking for it
But if it never comes
I'll think of when I love you
Before you were what you've become

Who am I but another fool who's flirting with divorce
Like every other thing
You keep my foolishness on course

Still we have our common ground
Which can never be annulled
To sing of the one who made us both
For he is wonderful