

# Richard Thompson, I'll Regret It All In The Morning

(Richard Thompson)

Whisky helps to clear my head  
Bring it with you into bed  
If I beat you nearly dead  
I'll regret it all in the morning

I'm so drunk I couldn't care  
If that's a wig or your own hair  
Here's my ticket, take me there  
I'll regret it all in the morning

I'll regret it all in the morning  
When I see your smiling face  
I'd rather be in any place but here

The years have left their mark  
Your skin feels smooth as bark  
As we shiver in the dark  
I'll regret it in the morning

As you gaze around in fright  
With your knuckles turning white  
You're a lonely, lonely sight  
To wake up to in the morning

This is no way to exist  
With some girl who keeps a list  
Naming all the boys she's missed  
And she's longed for in the morning

I'll regret it all in the morning  
When I see your smiling face  
I'd rather be in any place but here

Now the room is spinning fast  
And it fades away at last  
When this empty night is passed  
I'll regret it all in the morning