

When It Comes To Love

Music and lyrics by Mark Sweetman

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I won't write, I won't phone
I won't call again
I won't shed a tear on you
On that you can depend

Now I see things differently
I never thought I would
Funny how it all turns sour
When it comes to love

I gave you all I had to give
I gave you all of me
And in return you gave me pain
So now I set you free

Now I see it differently
You know my heart has had enough
Funny how it all turns sour
When it comes to love

I won't wait, no I won't cry
I don't even need to say goodbye
I can see the way it is
This time I'll just move on

I won't write, I won't phone
I won't call no more
I won't waste my heart on you
On you I close the door

Coz now I see you differently
Your heart is made of wood
Funny how it all turned sour
When it came to love