Sitting on my bed
I'm thinking what a lovely day it could be
If I went with them instead of staying home alone
But when this afternoon
The postman brought another letter from you
I had that certain feeling, I felt yesterday on the phone

A woman feels when something's wrong
A woman's mind is like a song
She knows the time has come to part
There's always one with a broken heart
You cannot fool her anyway
She sees you through on a certain day
And when that day has come my friend
It mostly means the end

I read a magazine
I read a hundred times, what else can I do?
The wind has changed direction, the trees are waving me good-bye
Or do they try to tell me
Take away those tears, don't be such a fool
You don't have to worry, he isn't even worth a cry

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