

Next Time Round

artist:Jean Redpath , writer:David Campbell

Thanks Kath Dean

[You borrowed my newness and lent it your sweet-ness](#)
[Stayed in my arms till the mor-ning](#)

You borrowed my newness and lent it your sweet-ness
Stayed in my arms till the mor-ning
We drank of the red wine, not heeding the time
For-getting it soon would be en-ded

To another town I'm bound, leaving the friends I found
To another's arms I'm bound, see you when I'm
Next time round

I'm heading down there and leaving you here
We both know there's nowhere we came from
We won't have to fuss about the long miles between us
Other arms can take you and me down

To another town I'm bound, leaving the friends I found
To another's arms I'm bound, see you when I'm
Next time round

When I come again you won't have to explain
If you find you're not free to come fooling with me
Our kind of love is easy forgotten
It's a game played with time by the lone-ly

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To another's arms I'm bound, see you when I'm
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