When All is Said and Done

ABBA

Women: Here's to us. One more toast, and then we'll pay the bill
Deep inside, both of us can feel the autumn chill
Birds of passage, you and me, we fly instinctively
All: When the summer's over and the dark clouds hide the sun
Neither you nor I'm to blame when all is said and done

Men: In our lives, we have seen some strange and wondrous things
Slightly worn, but dignified, and not too old to sing
All: We're still striving for the sky, no taste for humble pie
Thanks for all your generous love and thanks for all the fun
Neither you nor I'm to blame when all is said and done

All: Aa-ah —ah-ah-ah-aaah, ah-ahh ah-ah, ah-aah—ah-ah
Aa-ah —ah-ah-ah-aaah, ah-ahh ah-ah, ah-aah—ah-ah

All: It's so strange, when you're down, and lying on the floor
How you rise, shake your head, get up and ask for more
Clear-headed and open-eyed, with nothing left untried
Standing calmly at the crossroads, no desire to run
There's no hurry anymore when all is said and done

All: Standing calmly at the crossroads, no desire to run
There's no hurry anymore when all is said and done

All: Aa-ah —ah-ah-ah-aaah, ah-ahh ah-ah, ah-aah—ah-ah
Aa-ah —ah-ah-ah-aaah, ah-ahh ah-ah, ah-aah—ah-ah