

# Beautiful South, The, Losing Things

Beautiful South, The  
Quench  
Losing Things  
(heaton/rotheray)  
I'm losing things  
That's what old-fashioned love brings  
Lost the key to the house  
The feeling in my mouth  
I'm losing things

I'm forgetting things  
That's what old-fashioned love brings  
Forgot the number of the street  
The shoes on your feet  
I'm forgetting things

'cause i've a limited capacity in my brain  
When my brain is filled with you

Like they've impaired the ability  
I had to know just what was true  
And it's a real greek tragedy i know  
But so much of me don't care  
I've forgotten every name in my life  
But i still remember her

Well i've lost belief  
But i've found if you turn that stone,  
There's love underneath  
And when i had belief  
I spent all my time  
Cleaning the grime from my holy teeth

I'm losing things  
I'm losing things  
And it's a real greek tragedy i know  
But so much of me don't care  
I've forgotten every name in my life  
But i still remember her

Yes, i'm losing things  
Yes, yes yes i'm losing things  
And it's a real greek tragedy i know  
But so much of me don't care  
I've forgotten every name in my life  
But i still remember her  
That's why i'm losing things  
I'm losing things