

# Burt Bacharach, (There's) Always Something There

I walk along those city streets  
You used to walk along with me  
And every step I take recalls  
How much in love we used to be

How can I forget you  
When there is always something there to remind me?  
Always something there to remind me  
I was born to love you  
And I will never be free  
You'll always be a part of me  
Whoa-ooo-ohhh-oh

If you should find you miss  
The sweet and tender love  
We used to share  
Just go back to the places  
Where we used to go  
And I'll be there

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When there is  
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When, there, is  
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