

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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