

# Chuck Berry, I Can't Believe

I can't believe, I can't believe  
That you are gone and we are through  
Oh, but I miss those happy hours  
Cuddle all alone with you  
Snuggled tightly in your arms, darling  
And doing things that lovers do

Oh, if I only knew where to write you  
Or where to call you on the phone  
To let you know how much I need you  
And miss your love since you been gone  
I want to tell you you were right, doll  
And I see now that I was wrong

I want you back, won't somebody help me  
I need your love, honest I do  
To relive those happy hours  
I used to spend alone with you  
Snuggled tightly in your arms, darling  
And doing things that lovers do