

Connie Smith, Senses

The sense to see and I saw you walk away the sense to feel I feel lonely everyday
The sense to hear for I heard you say goodbye
The sense to taste now I taste the tears I cry
My senses tell me all I need to know it's over and I don't have the sense to let you go
It doesn't make much sense for me to cry for you
If I had any sense at all I'd realize we're through
My senses are reacting much too slow
It's over and I don't have the sense to let you go
Oh yes it's over and I don't have the sense to let you go (it's over)