

The Beautiful South, 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