

# Ben Christophers, Losing Myself

The trees are swaying in their pink noise up on the hill  
Today's the day to remember always  
It's three o'clock and the sun is as warm as warm can be  
And I hear the church bells over the city

As if by magic you and me were there again  
Then I remembered how you smiled if I was mocking you  
Someone's playing music  
And it's swimming from that window sill  
We stood there listening  
But I was thinking more about holding your hand

What does it all come down to  
I'm losing myself  
There's scissors for voodoo in my mind  
I'm doing it my way  
I'm doing it my way

The record player plays a lost soul for everyone  
And all the sirens fill the dead street thrillers  
Bring out the freak shows and the loveless for tomorrows news  
And I heard the church bells over the city  
And I said

Are you shading in my mind?

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