Dusty Springfield, Losing You (track From "White

(Elvis Costello)

Layin' about, lying in bed Maybe it was somethin' I thought I said With the tempo of the damned, the temptation of tomorrow I don't know if I can give you anything but sorrow

They stay alive this late on Radio Five But the pen that I write with won't tell the truth But the moments that I care about are moments that I treasure Better take another measure for pleasure

Losing you Is just a memory Memories don't mean that much to me Losing you Is just a memory Memories don't mean that much to me

I count the pages of the letter I write One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine Tearin' up the sheets of love this hand could not disguise I'll start to count again and close my eyes

Losing you Is just a memory Memories don't mean that much to me Losing you Is just a memory Memories don't mean that much to me

Now you're here I'm here too Can be this easy for me and you

Now you're here I'm here too Be this easy for me and you

Losing you Is just a memory Memories don't mean that much to me Losing you Is just a memory Memories don't mean that much to me

Layin' about, lying in bed Could be something that I thought I said