

Dusty Springfield, Losing You (White Heat Version)

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