

Everything But The Girl, I Must Confess

You kissed my head as you stood in the door
And then you said: "don't want to see you no more"
All I could say as you walked out on me
Was how I hoped you'd remembered your key
Took one last look
Took the phone of the hook
I must confess I agree

All o those days when I went through a phase
Of missing the love that you bore
In retrospect there's something I can't neglect
I was missing a love but not yours

The love that you bore that thing that I once adored
Was no gift that you gave me each time
Thinking again, what a fool I was then
It was a trophy of yours and a burden of mine