Maureen McGovern, Why Can't I Forget?

I have the world's worst memory
Many times a day, I say,
Where did I leave my key?
Where have I put my purse?
Where else should I be?
It's perverse
A life of hide-and-seek
I never know the date and worse,
The day of the week

So, why can't I forget
The day I met him?
He held the door and let me go ahead
Rushing to our separate lives
We took a walk instead
Why can't I forget him
And every word he said?

I'm always sending Christmas cards
They're more interesting in spring
Only my banker knows
The checks I forgot to sign
Where did I get these clothes?
They're not mine!
I made myself a list
Of things I really have to find
But where is that list?

So, why can't I forget
Those summer evenings
He'd wait for me outside our small caf?
We were both like kids again
We had so much to say
Why can't I forget him?
It's funny in a way

Funny just remembering
The way we laughed at ev'rything
I found the one that I'd been waiting for
I could hardly recognize
The woman I was in his eyes,
A woman I had never known before

Why can't I forget
The way he touched me?
I see his face, desire in his eyes,
The smile he gave to no one else,
His silences and sighs
Why can't I forget
The way he loved me,
The way I loved him,
And the way he said goodbye?