

# Spiritualized, Rated X

If memory was written down  
I'd cut it up and cross it out  
Coz memory holds the hurt inside  
all the pain and all the lies  
And you might think that past is through

but the past goes right on through  
and memory holds the hurt inside  
Regret creeps up on you  
So puit your hand into my hand  
And baby we'll forget that life had even started before our hands had met