

# Tom Waits, Memories Of What

You think you've found in heaven a bliss  
With each caress from her fingertips  
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her

You think you know the smile on her lips  
The thrill and the touch from her fingertips  
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her

You stole her from me one day  
You didn't care how you hurt me  
But you can never steal away  
The memories of what used to be

You stole her from me one day  
You didn't care how you hurt me  
But you can never steal away  
The memories of what used to be

You think she's yours to have and to hold  
One day you'll find when the love grows cold  
That I forgot more than you'll ever know about her  
I forgot more than you'll ever know about her