I've been thinking about these funny things I remember Like the time that we held hands on the bus ride home And the words that you were feeding from the book that you were reading

I never understood them quite, but I wanted to Yeah, I wanted to

I know I'm not the only one who has loved you And I know I'm not the only one who cares And the love song that I wrote for you will never be your favourite

But I won't take it back, I won't take it back

I know it's not original to say that I've missed you But that's what keeps on coming back to me Like a dusty old folk song in the key of C Or something that can only be a memory

I have never been that good with words, but I hope you see You mean so much to me

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