

# Losing You (Just a Memory)

Dusty Springfield

Layin' about, lying in bed  
Maybe it was somethin' I thought I said  
With the tempo of the damned, the temptation of tomorrow  
I don't know if I can give you anything but sorrow

They stay alive this late on Radio Five  
But the pen that I write with won't tell the truth  
But the moments that I care about are moments that I treasure  
Better take another measure for pleasure

Losing you  
Is just a memory  
Memories don't mean that much to me  
Losing you  
Is just a memory  
Memories don't mean that much to me

I count the pages of the letter I write  
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine  
Tearin' up the sheets of love this hand could not disguise  
I'll start to count again and close my eyes

Losing you  
Is just a memory

Memories don't mean that much to me  
Losing you  
Is just a memory  
Memories don't mean that much to me

Now you're here  
I'm here too  
Can be this easy for me and you

Now you're here  
I'm here too  
Be this easy for me and you

Losing you  
Is just a memory  
Memories don't mean that much to me  
Losing you  
Is just a memory  
Memories don't mean that much to me

Layin' about, lying in bed  
Could be something that I thought I said