

Losing Things

Patty Smyth

My way my prayer and one good shoe
A book that I was halfway through
My train of thought my mother's ring
I'm good at losing things

My words, my nerves, all track of time
The shoulder of a friend of mine
The places where my hope still springs
I'm good at losing things

Well I lost my place and I fell behind
Baby when did you get so hard to find
I've been careless with your love I know it's true
Tell me I'm not losing you

My faith, my fight, my childhood home
My love of spending time alone
The taste for whiskey and its sting
I'm good at losing things

My dad myself and Peace of Mind
My favorite dog and so much time
The song my grandpa used to sing
I'm good at losing things

Well I lost my place and I fell behind
Baby when did you get so hard to find
I've been careless with your love I know it's true
Tell me I'm not losing you

A string of pearls, a boy I loved
Her baby curls, a small red glove
My faith in what your love could bring
I'm good at losing things

Well I lost my place and I fell behind
Baby when did you get so hard to find
I've been careless with your love I know it's true
Tell me I'm not losing you
I lost my place and I fell behind
Baby when did you get so hard to find
I've been careless with your love I know it's true
Tell me I'm not losing you
Tell me I'm not losing you
When did I start losing you