

Traces

Ralph McTell

No one ever hurt me the way that you hurt me
No one ever made me feel as good
No one ever wounded me and left the knife inside
And I don't believe now anybody could

And I've no wish to relive the past
It would only make me blue
Maybe was the way she rose from the chair
A trace of perfume in the air
Whatever it was there was something there
Reminded me of you

Ain't it funny how the heart remembers
Just when you thought it had all gone
When it only takes a stone to start an avalanche
Ooh, and the heart knows how to respond

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