

## In My Book

The Easybeats

When I look into my book, oh, oh so late at night  
I see the names of girls I knew and used to hold so tight

But I remember all the little things that we used to do and share  
But the thrill of you being close to me, mm, is no longer there

When I look upon my shelf, I shed a tear, oh, but why  
I see the pictures of you I took and they seem to make me cry

But I remember all the little things that we used to do and share  
And the thrill of being close to me is no longer there

You know, baby, when I look into my book  
You know, I seem to remember all the good times we used to share  
You know, all them walks down lovers lane, even the fights with your dad  
Yeah, after all this time, it seems so real and sad

But I remember all the little things that we used to do and share  
And the thrill of you being close to me is not there