

# That Same Old Feeling

The Fortunes

I still get the same old feeling  
Tearing up this heart of mine  
Telling me that maybe  
I'm not really over you

I still get the same old yearning  
Turning my heart inside out  
Look there can't be any doubt  
I'm still not over you

The oak tree where you carved my name  
A year ago now  
Somehow it doesn't look the same  
I think it knows now  
The places we would go  
Still play the songs we used to know

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The grotto where we used to meet  
Is overgrown now  
We'd dreamed we'd live there too someday  
Just start our own now  
The letters you wrote me  
Still bring back sad old memories

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