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Oh, How I loved You

Reference number PT0156

I could think about the unimpressive way you said goodbye.

Relief and immaturity combined.

I could recollect the nothing that you made of what we
shared.

Chalk it up to being young and scared and blind.

I could summon all the grace inside me surely,
and maturely I could leave the past behind.

But when I think about you and I think about you.

There's only one small thing that comes to mind.

Oh, how I loved you.

Oh, how I loved you.

Strange and unfamiliar.

Ridiculous and true.

Oh, how I loved you.

And you can look at me and tell me I am crazy.

It's true I can be crazy now and then.

And I can take advantage of the comfort
and believe me there is comfort in the arms of other men.

On the wall there is a China's worth of writing
and it's citing all the reasons we should part.

I can put the past behind me.

It's behind me,

save for one small thing that lingers in my heart.

Oh, how I loved you.
Oh, how I loved you.
Dumb and unrelenting, and a the sky is blue.
Oh, how I loved you.

Reasonless and seasonless and infinite and strong.
Frightening, enlightening and pure.
Cautionless and logicless and limitless and long.
Wond'rous, all consuming and impossible.

I could think of your rejection, how it shook me to the core.
How your unexpected exit broke my heart.
How you learn that love you lose feels like a gently slamming
door.

A door you'll keep a lock on if you're smart.
I could look into the mirror and could rightly place some
blame
on the histrionic games I loved to win.
But if I write the story and I will write the story,
I know just how the story will begin.

Oh, how I loved you.
Oh, how I loved you.
Sweet and unbelievable and if you only knew.
Oh, how I loved you.