

All Saints, Always Something There To Remind Me

I walk along those city streets you used to walk along with me
And every step I take recalls how much in love we used to be

How can I forget you
When there is always something there to remind me?
Always something there to remind me
I was born to love you
And I will never be free
You'll always be a part of me
Whoa-ooo-ohhh-oh

If you should find you miss the sweet and tender love we used to share
Just go back to the places where we used to go
And I'll be there

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