

Tom Waits, Memories Of What

You think you've found in heaven a bliss
With each caress from her fingertips
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her

You think you know the smile on her lips
The thrill and the touch from her fingertips
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her

You stole her from me one day
You didn't care how you hurt me
But you can never steal away
The memories of what used to be

You stole her from me one day
You didn't care how you hurt me
But you can never steal away
The memories of what used to be

You think she's yours to have and to hold
One day you'll find when the love grows cold
That I forgot more than you'll ever know about her
I forgot more than you'll ever know about her