

# Doesn't Remind Me

Audioslave

1. I walk the streets of Japan till I get lost  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything  
With a graveyard tan carrying a cross  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything  
I like studying faces in a parking lot  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything  
I like driving backwards in the fog  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

R: The things that I've loved the things that I've lost  
The things I've held sacred that I've dropped  
I won't lie no more you can bet  
I don't want to learn what I'll need to forget

2. I like gypsy moths and radio talk  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything  
I like gospel music and canned applause  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything  
I like colorful clothing in the sun  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything  
I like hammering nails and speaking in tongues  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything

R: The things that I've loved...

\*: Bend and shape me  
I love the way you are  
Slow and sweetly  
Like never before  
Calm and sleeping  
We won't stir up the past  
So discretely  
We won't look back

(solo)

R: The things that I've loved...

3. I like throwing my voice and breaking guitars  
Cause it doesn't remind me of anything  
I like playing in the sand what's mine is ours  
If it doesn't remind me of anything