

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