

I Can't Believe

Chuck Berry

I can't believe, I can't believe
That you are gone and we are through
Oh, but I miss those happy hours
Cuddle all alone with you
Snuggled tightly in your arms, darling
And doing things that lovers do

Oh, if I only knew where to write you
Or where to call you on the phone
To let you know how much I need you
And miss your love since you been gone
I want to tell you you were right, doll
And I see now that I was wrong

I want you back, won't somebody help me
I need your love, honest I do
To relive those happy hours
I used to spend alone with you
Snuggled tightly in your arms, darling
And doing things that lovers do