

My Favorite Love

Maria Taylor

It's the chill in the hollow of my bones
That's making my hands numb
And the sound of the windmill
But you won't tell me now where it's from

And solitude's sounds are making my eyes weep
And tossing and turning I can't make my mind sleep
And getting worked up from people I just meet
And this is the reason, I think

It's the ending of
Careless wants
But you are my favorite... love

Can we map the succession, the fever,
depression, the bad weeks
It was right in the quarter
But left by the river where we'd meet.

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And tossing and turning I can't make my mind sleep
And getting worked up from people I just meet
And this is the reason, I think

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