

Images of Loving

Squeeze

Your initials on the singles
That you chose to leave behind
Sit in my collection
They get played from time to time
Left to remind me of something I'd forgot
The images of loving before I lost the plot
What was love to us
Just sensation
What was love to us
The invitation
To sit on my bed stand by a tree
What were we feeling
What was love to us

The stagecoach would get held up
On a Sunday afternoon
We're dozing by the TV
On a sofa with no room
No room to lay out flat with her there by my side
One eye on her movements one eye on Rawhide

I just wasn't made for these times
Spun around my record deck
How green was my valley
How blue the eyes that wept
Looking back I don't think that I really cared
This was my first lesson with nothing to compare