

## Losing Things

The Beautiful South

I'm losing things  
That's what old-fashioned love brings  
Lost the key to the house  
The feeling in my mouth  
I'm losing things

I'm forgetting things  
That's what old-fashioned love brings  
Forgot the number of the street  
The shoes on your feet  
I'm forgetting things

'Cause I've a limited capacity in my brain  
When my brain is filled with you

Like they've impaired the ability  
I had to know just what was true  
And it's a real Greek Tragedy I know  
But so much of me don't care  
I've forgotten every name in my life  
But I still remember her

Well I've lost belief  
But I've found if you turn that stone,  
there's love underneath  
And when I had belief  
I spent all my time  
Cleaning the grime from my holy teeth

I'm losing things  
I'm losing things  
And it's a real Greek Tragedy I know  
But so much of me don't care  
I've forgotten every name in my life  
But I still remember her

Yes, I'm losing things  
Yes, yes yes I'm losing things  
And it's a real Greek Tragedy I know  
But so much of me don't care  
I've forgotten every name in my life  
But I still remember her  
That's why I'm losing things  
I'm losing things