

Searched Every Corner

The Feeling

I've searched every corner, of this old house.
Been here for an hour, turned it upside down and inside out.
But I can't remember, who knows where I had it?
But I need it now.

Back, back, used to be mine and I want it back, back,
One look at you and it takes me back, oh back.
The ink on the note that you left was black, so black.
Used to be mine and I want you back.

So how did it happen? What a mess I've made.
There's something here that meant so much, just evaporates.
Some goodbyes last forever.
As they slip through your fingers, it's the great escape.

Back, back, used to be mine and I want it back, back,
One thought of you and it takes me back, way back.
Used to be mine and I want it back.
Used to be mine and I want you back.
Back, back, back in my arms
Back, back, back in my arms
Back, back, back in my arms
Back, back, back, back, back