

That Same Old Feeling

The Fortunes

I still get the same old feeling
Tearing up this heart of mine
Telling me that maybe
I'm not really over you

I still get the same old yearning
Turning my heart inside out
Look there can't be any doubt
I'm still not over you

The oak tree where you carved my name
A year ago now
Somehow it doesn't look the same
I think it knows now
The places we would go
Still play the songs we used to know

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The grotto where we used to meet
Is overgrown now
We'd dreamed we'd live there too someday
Just start our own now
The letters you wrote me
Still bring back sad old memories

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