Images of Loving

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

Squeeze