

Ben Christophers

"Losing Myself"

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The trees are swaying in their pink noise up on the hill
Today's the day to remember always
It's three o'clock and the sun is as warm as warm can
be
And I hear the church bells over the city

As if by magic you and me were there again
Then I remembered how you smiled if I was mocking
you
Someone's playing music
And it's swimming from that window sill
We stood there listening
But I was thinking more about holding your hand

What does it all come down to
I'm losing myself
There's scissors for voodoo in my mind
I'm doing it my way
I'm doing it my way

The record player plays a lost soul for everyone
And all the sirens fill the dead street thrillers
Bring out the freak shows and the loveless for
tomorrows news
And I heard the church bells over the city
And I said

Are you shading in my mind?

What does it all come down to
I'm losing myself
There's scissors for voodoo in my mind
I'm doing it my way
I'm doing it my way

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