

Kinks

"I've Got Your Number"

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I miss the soft cold touch of your skin
In the night when
[?] I see your picture smashed to the ground
But my heart begins to pound
I've got your number but
you're never at home
Leave a message, please telephone
It's so sad that you're not around
It's bringing me down
In the [?] where we would meet
In a crowd where there's no one around
It's such a sin,
this mood I'm in
Now that we got [?] I bet you're
burning up on the town
With every jerk and every clown
I walk the streets, hear your voice in my head
I [?] an empty bed
I've got your number but you're never at home
Leave a message, please telephone
It's so sad that you're not around
It's bringing me down
I know my news [?] leave a lot to be desired
But I thought that we had it made
But I guess that I'm not so smart
You're breakin' my heart
I've got your number but you're never at home
Leave a message, please telephone
It's so sad that you're not around
It's bringing me down
Guess I'll pack up and leave this town
With all its memories of you
There's a [?], new york city
I'll get by without you
I miss the soft cold touch of your skin...

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