

Phyllis Dillon

"Things Of The Past"

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Your kisses taste just like good wine
And my eyes are telling me they're gonna cry
I know I'm losing you too fast
Our love's becoming a thing of the past

What happened to those happy hours
And where is a sweet bouquet of flowers?
I know I'm losing you too fast
Our love's becoming a thing of the past

You used to call me your sugar baby
Now as you call me, you tell me maybe
If you don't love me, please stop pretending
You read the book with a heartbreak ending

This is the moment to decide
And don't be influenced by foolish pride
It cannot make a true love last
Our love's becoming a thing of the past

Remember, remember what I say now
Our love's becoming a thing of the past
Remember, remember what I say now
Our love's becoming a thing of the past...

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