

Squeeze "Images of Loving"

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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

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