

Kinks, The

"I've Got Your Number"

Visit "[I've Got Your Number](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
I 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
I 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
I 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 it's memories of you
There's a [?], new york city
I'll get by without you

I miss the soft cold touch of your skin

...

Visit [Kinks, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.