

Marie-Lynn Hammond

"Loving and Losing"

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moving together, drifting apart
like dancers at an old-fashioned ball
sometimes we meet, sometimes we miss
and never connect at all

you turn to me just as I turn away
so I quickly spin round but youve gone
both feeling sorry, both feeling hurt
out of step while the others dance on

chorus:
oh were loving and losing in three-quarter time
such a gracefully sad affair
so strike up the music, now pour out the wine
and show me someone whos never been there

sometimes loving the best that you cans not enough
for the dance has a logic all of its own
one moment were whirling together as one
and the next Im out on the dance floor alone

so moving together, drifting apart
in the quicksilver rhythms of chance
someday youll vanish forever, I know in my heart
but till then weve no choice but to dance

chorus

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