

Finding Myself Lost Again

Eleanor McEvoy

I find myself a little bewitched by you
I find myself a little beguiled
I find my friends repeating your name
Then I find myself doing the same Finding myself lost again
Finding myself lost again
Losing myself by what I find
Finding myself losing my mind I praise myself for having made a life alone
I praise myself for working so hard
I give my praise where praise is due
I'm swapping that praise in praise of you Finding myself lost again
Finding myself lost again
Losing myself by what I find
Finding myself losing my mind It seems that I have taken quite a shine to you
And it seems that I'm in a mood to seduce
It seems that you have read my mind
Must be that we're the losing kind Finding myself lost again
Finding myself lost again
Losing myself by what I find
Finding myself losing my
Finding myself losing my
Finding myself losing my mind

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