

Rated X

Spiritualized

If memory was written down,
I'd cut it up,
And cross it out,
'Cause memory holds the hurt inside,
All the pain,
And all the lies,
And you might think,
The past is through, But the past goes right on through,
And memory holds the hurt inside,
Regret creeps up on you,
So put your hand into my hand,
And baby we'll forget,
That life had even started,
Before our hands had met.

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