

Rated X

U.D.O.

If memory was written down
I'd cut it up and cross it out
Coz memory holds the hurt inside
 all the pain and all the lies
And you might think that 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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