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Oh, How I loved You

Reference number PT0156

I could think about the unimpressive way you said goodbye. Relief and immaturity combined. I could recollect the nothing that you made of what we shared. Chalk it up to being young and scared and blind. I could summon all the grace inside me surely, and maturely I could leave the past behind. But when I think about you and I think about you. There's only one small thing that comes to mind.

> Oh, how I loved you. Oh, how I loved you. Strange and unfamiliar. Ridiculous and true. Oh, how I loved you.

And you can look at me and tell me I am crazy. It's true I can be crazy now and then. And I can take advantage of the comfort and believe me there is comfort in the arms of other men. On the wall there is a China's worth of writing and it's citing all the reasons we should part. I can put the past behind me. It's behind me, save for one small thing that lingers in my heart. Oh, how I loved you. Oh, how I loved you. Dumb and unrelenting, and a the sky is blue. Oh, how I loved you.

Reasonless and seasonless and infinite and strong. Frightening, enlightening and pure. Cautionless and logicless and limitless and long. Wond'rous, all consuming and impossible.

I could think of your rejection, how it shook me to the core. How your unexpected exit broke my heart. How you learn that love you lose feels like a gently slamming door. A door you'll keep a lock on if you're smart. I could look into the mirror and could rightly place some blame on the histrionic games I loved to win. But if I write the story and I will write the story, I know just how the story will begin.

> Oh, how I loved you. Oh, how I loved you. Sweet and unbelievable and if you only knew. Oh, how I loved you.