

## 95 senses

95 senses I have remaining  
Since the 5 squandered I on the way  
Remember how we always found  
A place in the sun?  
Seeing with our eyes closed  
And listening to air  
95 senses I was dreaming of  
On the day we made love 'neath the cherry trees  
Remember how those blossoms fell?  
Fell down like paper rain  
All the broken promises  
And all the token honesty  
It's a shame, such a shame  
When things don't work like they ought to

Now, should I be angry?  
Should I be angry at the way things are  
At the way things worked out, no  
Or make myself anew again  
The self I lost in you again  
It's shame, such a shame  
What a shame

95 senses I have before me now  
I'm leaving it all behind except for  
Except for this one little memory  
Remember how it felt  
The first time someone  
Really loved you?  
Really, really loved you?  
It's something that you can't explain  
Ah, you only feel within  
It's a shame, such a shame  
When things don't work out like they ought to