

TRACES

Ralph McTell

No one ever hurt me the way that you hurt me.
No one ever made me feel as good.
No one ever wounded me and left the knife inside
And I don't believe now anybody could.

And I've no wish to relive the past
It would only make me blue
Maybe it was the way she rose from the chair
A trace of perfume in the air
Whatever it was there was something there
That reminded me of you.

Ain't it funny how the heart remembers
Just when you thought it had all gone
It only takes a stone to start an avalanche
And the heart knows how to respond.

Chorus