

# Thanks For The Memory

Bing Crosby

Thanks for the memory  
Of sentimental verse,  
Nothing in my purse,  
And chuckles  
When the preacher said  
For better or for worse,  
How lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory  
Of Schubert's Serenade,  
Little things of jade  
And traffic jams  
And anagrams  
And bills we never paid,  
How lovely it was.

We who could laugh over big things  
Were parted by only a slight thing.  
I wonder if we did the right thing,  
Oh, well, that's life, I guess,  
I love your dress.

Thanks for the memory  
Of faults that you forgave,  
Of rainbows on a wave,  
And stockings in the basin  
When a fellow needs a shave,  
Thank you so much.

Thanks for the memory  
Of tinkling temple bells,  
Alma mater yells  
And Cuban rum  
And towels from  
The very best hotels,  
Oh how lovely it was.

Thanks for the memory  
Of cushions on the floor,  
Hash with Dinty Moore,  
That pair of gay pajamas  
That you bought  
And never wore.

We said goodbye with a highball,  
Then I got as high as a steeple,  
But we were intelligent people,  
No tears, no fuss,  
Hooray for us.

Strictly entire nous,  
Darling, how are you?  
And how are all  
Those little dreams  
That never did come true?

Awfully glad I met you,

Cheerio and toodle-oo  
Thank you,  
Thank you so much.