

You Are To Me

Conway Twitty

Last Friday night down at the diner
Booth in back, they sat alone
Holding hands like two young lovers
Her hair was gray and his was gone.
She said to him I'm getting older
A pretty girl, no more to be
Heaven knows I'm not a treasure
He softly said, you are to me.
You are to me a girl in springtime
The one I met so long ago
A moment captured for a lifetime
That's what I see you are to me.

He said to her my work is done, now
And all that's left are memories
Heaven knows I'm not important
She softly said, you are to me.
You are to me a boy in springtime
The one I met so long ago
A moment captured for a lifetime
That's what I see, you are to me.
That's what I see, you are to me.