

## 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.