

Memory Is

George Jones

Memory is a flower you once wore in your hair
You were twice as lovely as these vows that we always would share

Memory is a pillow where you once layed your head
Memory is a garden where our love ran and played.

Memory is a first fight, the ones that tore us apart
Memory is the jelousy that drove the trust from our heart
Memory is a far cry that warns the heart and the soul
Decept and shame, distrust and blame have made the fire grow cold.

Memory is a costumes whose gift won't set me free
Memory is a future whose past won't let me be
Memory is a lost love forever gone astray
You will be my last memory on my dying day...