

## Most of the Time

Jim Reeves

I just burned the picture that you gave me  
I burned all your love letters, too  
I know that won't tear you from my memory  
But tell me what else I can do?

I gave away the things that remind me  
I hardly ever mention your name  
Our friends never see you beside me  
But I know you're there just the same

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Most of the time there's someone new  
But most of the time I feel like cryin'  
And most of the time that's what I do

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