

I've Got a Picture of Us on My Mind

Loretta Lynn

In a hot dusty bar room in town
That old jukebox plays the honky tonk sound
You might think that I'm crying, Lord I am
But I'm trying to get over what's over and through

I've got a picture of us on my mind
Sweet, sweet scenes of once upon a time
I can't picture myself with anyone else
I've got a picture of us on my mind

From the pockets of his ragged old jeans
He paid the preacher after we said I do
I think of good times we've known
That were as good as he's gone
This glass of red wine feels good going down

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