

# 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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