

I Keep It Hid

Ray Charles

My world is like a river as dark as it is deep
Night after night the past slips in and gathers all my sleep
My days are just an endless stream of emptiness to me
Filled only by the fleeting moments of her memories

Sweet memories
Sweet memories

She slipped into the silence of my dreams again last night
Wandering from room to room, she's turning on each light
Her laughter spills like water from the river to the sea
And I'm swept away from sadness clinging to her memories

Sweet memories
Sweet memories