

# Amy

Roy Orbison

Wish that I could wish away love  
Every memory  
All the things young dreams are made of  
That ever used to be

Cos if I could leave it all behind me  
There'd be nothing left to constantly remind me  
Of Amy, of Amy

She comes and goes just like the seasons  
Keeping me on the run  
Between the fever and the reason  
I'm not the only one

And I guess I'll always feel the same about love  
And I'll find it hard to even live without the love  
Of Amy, Amy, oh Amy  
Amy, Amy, Amy, Amy...