

# Married To A Memory

Steve Wariner

Seventeen or thirty-five  
It felt the same then as now  
I ain't talkin' 'bout husbands and wives  
And nothin' 'bout wedding vows.  
Young boy was full of joy  
Lost his high school sweetheart  
First time in his life he found himself  
Out there on that street.  
Walkin' around single  
Married to a memory  
Much too young to be walking round single  
Married to a memory.  
Love has it's own bonds  
And has it's own means  
You just can't separate  
Or divorce yourself from feelings.  
Young man found he had  
Lost a love he thought  
Would last forever then he  
Wondered if forever he'd be  
Walking round single  
Married to a memory.  
I see these lovers  
With these looks on their faces  
I wonder what they see  
When they look at me now  
I see others in other places  
Don't know where they're goin'  
Don't know where they've been  
Do I just quit, no I wanna be loved and love again.  
Seventeen or thirty-five  
It felt the same then as now  
I ain't talkin' 'bout husbands  
And wives and nothin' 'bout wedding vows.  
Young boy, young man, middle-aged crazy  
Brokenhearted here I am  
Back out on the street walkin' around  
Single married to a memory.  
Once again here I am  
Back on the street.

I don't know where I'm going  
I don't know where I've been  
Do I just quit, no,  
I wanna be loved and love again.  
See I was a young boy then a young man  
Middle-aged crazy, broken hearted  
Here I am back out on the street  
Walking round single once again, here I am  
Walking round single  
Can't begin to count the times I've been single  
Married to a memory.  
I wanna be loved again  
And loved again, loved again...