

Married To A Memory

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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...