

# Memory Motel

The Rolling Stones

Hannah honey was a peachy kind of girl  
Her eyes were hazel  
And her nose were slightly curved  
We spent a lonely night at the Memory Motel  
It's on the ocean, I guess you know it well  
It took a starry to steal my breath away  
Down on the water front  
Her hair all drenched in spray

Hannah baby was a honey of a girl  
Her eyes were hazel  
And her teeth were slightly curved  
She took my guitar and she began to play  
She sang a song to me  
Stuck right in my brain

You're just a memory of a love  
That used to be  
You're just a memory of a love  
That used to mean so much to me

She got a mind of her own  
And she use it well  
Well she's one of a kind  
She's got a mind  
She got a mind of her own  
And she use it mighty fine

She drove a pick-up truck  
Painted green and blue  
The tires were wearing thin  
She turned a mile or two  
When I asked her where she headed for  
"Back up to Boston I'm singing in a bar"  
I got to fly today on down to Baton Rouge  
My nerves are shot already  
The road ain't all that smooth  
Across in Texas is the rose of San Antone  
I keep on a feeling that's gnawing in my bones

You're just a memory of a love  
That used to mean so much to me  
You're just a memory girl  
You're just a sweet memory  
And it used to mean so much to me  
Sha la la la la

She got a mind of her own  
And she use it well  
Mighty fine, she's one of a kind

On the seventh day my eyes were all a glaze  
We've been ten thousand miles  
Been in fifteen states  
Every woman seemed to fade out of my mind  
I hit the bottle and hit the sack and cried  
What's all this laughter on the 22nd floor

It's just some friends of mine  
And they're busting down the door  
Been a lonely night at the Memory Motel