

## Edge of a Memory

Tracy Byrd

All at once here I am in this barroom  
Oh and most any night I'd be home  
But those old thoughts of her  
Are beginning to stir  
I need to be anywhere but alone

When you close you can call me a taxi  
Until then you can call me a fool  
So just bring a glass and don't bring up the past  
If you did I don't know what I'd do

I'm right on the edge of memory  
Lord knows I don't wanna fall  
'Cause it tells me she'll always be gone  
And reminds me where I went wrong

Yeah I'm right on the edge of a memory  
And just hanging on

So bartender just keep 'em coming  
Till she and I go out of my mind  
Tonight I refuse to take on the blues  
I'll just put off the truth till closing time

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