

# Memories of You and I

Waylon Jennings

I thought to leave your bed  
For the street was as simple as saying goodbye  
I couldn't see how blind a man can be  
Lord, how quickly life can fly.

As the lines in my face grow deeper  
And the well of my soul runs dry  
I find that I drink more and more  
From the memories of you and I.

The taste of fame is fire to me no more  
The tension and hunger are gone  
All I have left are money in the game  
I'm a prisoner too low I'm on.

As the lines in my face grow deeper  
And the well of my soul runs dry  
I find that I drink more and more  
From the memories of you and I.