

## Pages

Willie Nelson

Last evening, I turned by the pages of time.  
And tore out the chapters when you were mine.  
I attempted to cut out the memories of you.  
And paste in some new ones, far better an' true.  
True.

I searched through the chapters, referring to hearts,  
for the one with the caption: "Till death do us part."  
I ripped at each letter an' I tore at each word.  
I screamed at your memory an' nobody heard.  
Nobody heard.

But your memory's determined, and chances are few,  
Of my ever finding a replacement for you.  
It deperately clings to the floor of my mind,  
And fights for its place in the pages of time.