

Memory Machine

B.J. Thomas

It sits against of the back wall
Of the Candlelight Cafe
From the booth there in the corner
It's only seven steps away

It only costs a quarter
To play myself a dream
Of you and I and yesterday
On the memory machine

Put another quarter
In the memory machine
Let the music close my eyes
And recreate the scene

When the song was new and loving you
Was more than just a dream
That faded like the titles
On the memory machine

So many nights we spent here
Spinning dreams and 45s
And grooving on the music
With the starlight in our eyes

I know I've got to keep 'em playing
Or the man won't let 'em stay
They're all I've got to cling to now
So I come here everyday

And put another quarter
In the memory machine
And let the music close my eyes
And recreate the scene

When the song was new and lovin' you
Was more than just a dream
That faded like the titles
On the memory machine

Oh, oh, put another quarter
In the memory machine
Let the music close my eyes
And recreate the scene

When the song was new and loving you
Was more than just a dream
That faded like the titles
On the memory machine

Put another quarter
In the memory machine
Let the music close my eyes
And recreate the scene