Memories

Beverley Craven

My little sister sings herself to sleep She doesn't know we're listening To her lullaby so innocent and sweet I've rocked her cradle 'till her tears were dry And chased away a sleepless night With a fairy-tale Reliving the best years of my life When I look into her eyes And then I realise

Everything she's going through Will be her memories When she's older, and wiser She's making her history And everything we're going through Will be our memories I'm gonna make them worth remembering For years...

I'm gonna tell her when she wants to know But in the end she's on her own No more fairy-tales Just giving the best years of her life As a mother or a wife A woman with a child

Everything she's going through Will be her memories When she's older and wiser