

## Local Memory

Steve Earle

The lights go out each evening at eleven  
And up and down the block there's not a sound  
I close my eyes and search for peaceful slumber  
And just then the local memory comes around

Piles of blues against the door to make sure sleep will come no  
more  
She's the hardest working memory in this town  
Turns out happiness again and lets loneliness back in  
And each night the local memory comes around

Each day I say tonight I may escape her  
I pretend I'm happy and never even a frown  
But at night I close my eyes and pray sleep finds me  
But again the local memory comes around

Rids the house of all good news then sets out my crying shoes  
What a faithful memory never lets me down  
We're both up till light of day, chasing happiness away  
And each night the local memory comes around

Piles of blues against the door to make sure sleep will come no  
more  
It's the hardest working memory in this town  
Turns out happiness again and lets loneliness back in  
And each night the local memory comes around  
Yeah, each night the local memory comes around