

# I'll Forget You

Peter Bradley Adams

Well those days have all but gone  
And still I'm listening in  
To that old long-distance call  
But I'll forget you

Well the fields are turning gold  
As the winter moves in  
There's a love I used to know  
But I'll forget you

So bye-bye  
So bye-bye  
I'll forget you

There's a ghost above my door  
Still, can you hear  
There's a high lonesome call  
But I'll forget you

So bye-bye  
So bye-bye  
I'll forget you

As the space around me grows  
I need the touch of your skin  
So I wear this ring of gold  
Til I forget you

So bye-bye  
Bye-bye  
So bye-bye  
I'll forget you