

Memories

RAY BLK

I remember how we used to be cool
I remember that cigarette you passed me after school
You thought you were fooling me
Which you thought fad, remember your dreads
Now how could I forget
Like pineapple leaves coming out your hair
I'm teasing you
Remember my smile
You said it was like the glory of a newborn child
That came from a virgin
Oh, the blasphemy
You see, it's so easy to treat work so trivially
Yeah, you don't remember me

Oh, memories
Good times
Oh, memories
They're good but all I'm really left with now are your memories
Good times
Oh, memories
They're good but all I'm really left with now are

Remember your love
I remember your touch
And baby how we use to ah
In your [?] drawer
How did you get that?
I remember your lips
And do look their utter and says
You're a wordsmith
I'm surprised your stories were lies
And as I sit here with this cuppa
Remembering how you begged me, be your baby mother
And now you've got a baby mother
She's seventeen
What are you doing?

Still act like you used to
I see your Facebook posts but you go too
You got your son by your side, I'm glad he knows you
And yeah, I remember you too

Oh, memories
Good times
Oh, memories
They're good but all I'm really left with now are your memories
Good times
Oh, memories
They're good but all I'm really left with now are
Oh, I, oh, oh, I, oh your memories, memories