

Memories of You and I

Waylon Jennings

I thought to leave your bed
For the street was as simple as saying goodbye
I couldn't see how blind a man can be
Lord, how quickly life can fly.

As the lines in my face grow deeper
And the well of my soul runs dry
I find that I drink more and more
From the memories of you and I.

The taste of fame is fire to me no more
The tension and hunger are gone
All I have left are money in the game
I'm a prisoner too low I'm on.

As the lines in my face grow deeper
And the well of my soul runs dry
I find that I drink more and more
From the memories of you and I.