

MEMORY

Whitney

Good lord, have mercy
27 years have left me
Aimless and run down
Living in a world of self doubt

So I call up my old friends
I'm trying to avoid this silence
And I can't hide from bad dreams
Where I think I'm turning
Into
A memory
Into
A memory

Hold tight, don't worry
Finally some life returning
Midnight comes easy
Something in the air reminds me

Changes will happen
I'm never gonna be where I've been
And I can't hide from bad dreams
Where I think I'm turning
Into
A memory
Into
A memory