

# Brenda Lee, I'll Only Miss Him When I Think Of H

I'll only miss him, when I think of him  
And I'll think of him, all the time  
Likely I'll spend my days  
Hearing his turn of phrase  
Things I found hard to praise  
Right now would seem sublime

The truth is I'll only miss him  
When some stranger laughs  
'Cause it's still his laugh  
My heart hears maybe in time, I guess  
The longing will grow, the slightest bit less  
And there will be moments, yes  
When it disappears, I'll bet I'll forget him completely  
In about a hundred years

I'll bet I'll forget him completely  
In about a hundred years