

Brenda Lee, Sweet Memories

(hum) Sweet memories, sweet memories...(hum)

My world is like a river, as dark as it is deep
Night after night, the past slips in and gathers all my sleep
My days are just an endless stream of emptiness to me
Filled only by the fleeting moments of his memory

Sweet memories...sweet sweet memories, oh yeah (hum)
He slipped into the silence of my dreams last night
Wondering from room to room, just turning on each light
His laughter spills like water from the river to the sea
I'm swept away from the sadness, clinging to his memory

Oh-sweet sweet memories...sweet memories, oh yes (hum)