

Dolly Parton, The Love I Used To Call Mine

As gentle as soft breezes blowing as warm as the summer sunshine
As sweet as the dew on the roses was the love I used to call mine
Sweet memories keep on holding revealing the past in my mind
But my arms are no longer holding the love I used to call mine
Gone are the soft gentle breezes and gone is the warm summer sunshine
And gone like the dew on the roses is the love that I used to call mine
Sweet memories keep on holding revealing the past in my mind
Some other arms arms are now holding the love I used to call mine
The love that I used to call mine