## Elvis Presley, Memories

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind Memories, sweetened thru the ages just like wine Quiet thought come floating down And settle softly to the ground Like golden autumn leaves around my feet I touched them and they burst apart with sweet memories, Sweet memories Of holding hands and red bouquets And twilight trimmed in purple haze And laughing eyes and simple ways And quiet nights and gentle days with you Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind Memories, sweetened thru the ages just like wine, Memories, memories, sweet memories