

Roy Orbison, Amy

Wish that I could wish away love
Every memory
All the things young dreams are made of
That ever used to be

Cos if I could leave it all behind me
There'd be nothing left to constantly remind me
Of Amy, of Amy

She comes and goes just like the seasons

Keeping me on the run
Between the fever and the reason
I'm not the only one

And I guess I'll always feel the same about love
And I'll find it hard to even live without the love
Of Amy, Amy, oh Amy
Amy, Amy, Amy, Amy...