

The Monkees, Storybook Of You

Out of sight, out of mind
It doesn't hold true
In my storybook of you

Turn a page, back in time
That's all I can do
In my storybook of you

First in love, then afraid
Somehow every story must come to an end
Though it happened too soon
In my storybook of you

Out of sight, out of mind
It doesn't hold true
In my storybook of you