

Willie Nelson, Better Left Forgotten

Sometimes when the night calls it a day
And I wake up down in this missing you kind of way
And I remember things better left forgotten
And sometimes when I'm holding someone new
I can't help myself I slip off and think of you
And I remember things better left forgotten
Why oh why won't my mind let go of a love that used to be
And though I try in my heart I know your memory will never set me free

And sometimes right out of the blue I hear a voice and I turn and look for you
And I remember things better left forgotten

(guitar)

Why oh why won't my mind let go of a love that used to be
And though I try in my heart I know your memory will never set me free

Sometimes when the nights calls it a day
And I wake up down in this missing you kind of way I remember