## Willie Nelson, Pages

Last evening, I turned by the pages of time. And tore out the chapters when you were mine. I attempted to cut out the memories of you. And paste in some new ones, far better an' true. True.

I searched through the chapters, referring to hearts, for the one with the caption: "Till death do us part." I ripped at each letter an' I tore at each word. I screamed at your memory an' nobody heard. Nobody heard.

But your memory's determined, and chances are few, Of my ever finding a replacement for you. It depserately clings to the floor of my mind, And fights for its place in the pages of time.