

Brenda Lee, I'll Only Miss Him When I Think Of H

I'll only miss him, when I think of him
And I'll think of him, all the time
Likely I'll spend my days
Hearing his turn of phrase
Things I found hard to praise
Right now would seem sublime

The truth is I'll only miss him
When some stranger laughs
'Cause it's still his laugh
My heart hears maybe in time, I guess
The longing will grow, the slightest bit less
And there will be moments, yes
When it disappears, I'll bet I'll forget him completely
In about a hundred years

I'll bet I'll forget him completely
In about a hundred years