

# Dolly Parton, The Love I Used To Call Mine

As gentle as soft breezes blowing as warm as the summer sunshine  
As sweet as the dew on the roses was the love I used to call mine  
Sweet memories keep on holding revealing the past in my mind  
But my arms are no longer holding the love I used to call mine  
Gone are the soft gentle breezes and gone is the warm summer sunshine  
And gone like the dew on the roses is the love that I used to call mine  
Sweet memories keep on holding revealing the past in my mind  
Some other arms arms are now holding the love I used to call mine  
The love that I used to call mine