

# Elvis Presley, Memories

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind  
Memories, sweetened thru the ages just like wine  
Quiet thought come floating down  
And settle softly to the ground  
Like golden autumn leaves around my feet  
I touched them and they burst apart with sweet memories,  
Sweet memories  
Of holding hands and red bouquets  
And twilight trimmed in purple haze  
And laughing eyes and simple ways  
And quiet nights and gentle days with you  
Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind  
Memories, sweetened thru the ages just like wine,  
Memories, memories, sweet memories