

George Jones, Memories

MEMORIES

Almost every Sunday we'd gather around the home place
That's badly in need of my mamma's loving hand
Us kids we offered everything from easy chairs to money
But his pride won't let us lend a helping hand.

Chorus:

Daddy's living off the memories of mama
That's what keeps him goin' everyday
The only trips he ever takes are high upon that mountain
Where mama lies a-sleeping in the shade.
From the porch I see a memory he didn't have the heart to sell
And through the dust and all the rust I can see some faded green
It's that '47 pick-up, Oh, my mama loved so well
When we loaded up and followed our dreams.

Chorus:

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Chorus:

Daddy's living off the memories of mama.