

George Strait, Fool Hearted Memory

Nickels and dimes, memories and wines - she's on his mind once again.
The same old stool, the same old fool; played by the rules, but didn't win.
There's an old love in his heart that he can't lose.
He tried forgettin', but he knows that it's no use.

[Chorus:]

He's got a fool hearted memory.
It won't let him see that she walked out the door.
He's got a fool hearted memory,
And he sits patiently here every night so it can fool him more.

She was his girl, his only whirl, that string of pearls that slipped away.
A thousand dimes, a thousand times - he doesn't mind what they say.
He fills the jukebox, and plays the same old song.
He fills his glass, and then he turns her memory on.

[Chorus:]

But it's a fool hearted memory.
It won't let him see that she walked out the door.
He's got a fool hearted memory.
And he sits patiently here every night so it can fool him more.

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