Hank Locklin, Sweet Memories

My world is like a river As dark as it is deep Night after night the past slips in And gathers all my sleep My days are just an endless string Of emptiness to me Filled only by fleeting moments Of her memory Sweet memories.... Sweet memories.... She slipped into the darkness Of my dreams last night Wandering from room to room She's turning on each light Her laughter spills like water From the river to the sea Lord I'm swept away from sandness Clinging to her memory Sweet memories.... Sweet memories....