

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....