

# Ray Price, 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 stream of emptiness for me  
Filled only by the fleeting moments of her memories  
Sweet memories sweet memories I'm clinging to her memories  
She slipped into the silence of my dreams last night  
Wandering from room to room turning on each light  
Her laughter spills like water from the river to the sea  
I'm swept away from sadness clinging to her memories  
Sweet memories sweet memories I'm clinging to her memories