Beverly Craven, Memories

My little sister sings herself to sleep she doesn't know we're listening to her lullaby, so innocent and sweet I've rocked her cradle 'til her tears were dry and chased away a sleepless night with a fairy-tale reliving the best years of my life when I look into her eyes and then I realize

Everything she's going through will be her memories when she's older, and wiser she's making her history and everything we're going through will be our memories I'm going make them worth remembering for years . . .

I'm gonna tell her when she wants to know but in the end she's on her own no more fairy-tales just giving the best years of her life as a mother or a wife a woman with a child

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