

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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