

# 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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