

Del Reeves, Things Her Memory Makes

I hear sounds from the kitchen every morning
And sounds of happy laughter through the day
It's almost morn and my poor old heart can't take
For the lonely sounds that her mem'ry makes

I see footprints in the garden by her roses
And footprints in the yard seem to stay
Each time I see the footprints my heart just breaks
For the lonely footprints that her mem'ry makes

I feel her touch on my cheek every evening
And two arms wrapped around me every night
But to feel the touch when there's no one to tuch
Is more than I can take
For these are things that her mem'ry makes
For these are things that her mem'ry makes