Don Williams, I Don't Think About Her No More

I don't think much about her no more
Seldom if ever does she cross my mind
Yesterdays gone, it's better forgotten
Like the poison red berries to die, on the vine
This morning at dawn Lord I pulled into town
Had some coffee and talked with some old friends of mine
Laughing at the good times they remembered
Then I remembered a time
Lord I can still see the bright lights back in Dallas
As yesterday moves like a dream through my mind
I didn't suppose that I'd ever forget her
And you know it took such a long time
But I don't think much about her no more
Seldom if ever does she cross my mind
Yesterdays gone, Lord it's better forgotten
Like the poison red berries that cling, to the mind