

Doug Stone, Fourteen Minutes Old

Well, I've had all the time I need to wonder,
Just how much I miss her being gone.
And I'm already wishing she was close enough to hold,
An' her memory's only fourteen minutes old.

Some big old tears just fell from my blue eyes.
And I guess they must have been there all along.
There's still some coffee in her cup, and its not even cold.
An' her memory's only fourteen minutes old.

Instrumental Break.

Well, every passing minute makes me want her,
Right back in my arms where she belongs.
And I'm already missing times when she was mine to hold,
And her memory's only fifteen minutes old.

Some big old tears just fell from my blue eyes.
And I guess they must have been there all along.
There's still some coffee in her cup, and its not even cold.
An' her memory's only fifteen minutes old.

Her memory's only sixteen minutes old.

And the coffee in her cup's not even cold.