

Jim Reeves, Throw Another Log on the Fire

Throw another log on the fire keep my golden memories aglow
I don't see the face of my loved one when the love's a burning low
Throw another log on the fire bring back all the sweetest days I've known
When our hearts were young in the springtime and her love was mine alone
There's nothing left but the embers springtime seems so long ago
Throw another log on the fire keep my golden memories aglow
[guitar]
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