

# Margaret Glaspy, Memories

Memories feel like a disease  
Or some kind of bad infection  
Spreading in all directions  
Just memories as far as my mind can see  
I don't want the good with the bad  
Why can't this be the only time I've ever had?

Memories forgive me please  
I'm lonesome without you  
But I'm a wreck thinking about you just  
Memories as far as my mind can see  
It's too sad  
Looking back

I'm alright of that I'm sure  
Until I'm crying on the kitchen floor  
I swear that I'm fine until I'm traveling back in time  
To all those memories

For an hour I forget  
And then my heart starts paying debts  
If I'm alone for a little while  
I can only see his smile  
And all those memories