

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