

# Merle Haggard, Turnin' Off A Memory

You can find me in a dim light bar-room  
If your coldness should ever turn warm  
But the chances of you ever changing  
Are as slim as your two loving arms

So I'm turning off a memory  
As quickly as time will allow  
Yes I'm turning off a memory  
And the wine seems to help me somehow

If he's lucky he'll someday forget her  
When the wine finally takes full control  
But that's not much of a future to look to  
But I can't stand to see the pain in his soul

And he's turning off a memory  
As quickly as time will allow  
yes I'm turning off a memory  
And the wine seems to help me somehow  
Yes the wine seems to help somehow  
Yes I'm turning off a memory