

Porter Wagoner, Old Memory Gets In My Eyes

Like someone drowning I reach for a stroll
Grasping for love where there's no love at all
Slowly I'm sinking as time drags by and sometimes an old memory gets in my eyes
I struggle for strenght to face the dawn
And I'm freezing to death without you to keep me warm
I hold an arm full of nothing close to my side
And sometimes an old memory gets in my eyes
Sometimes an old memory gets in my eyes
And when it does it's hard to keep my eyes dry
Don't think you see tears for I never cry
But sometimes an old memory gets in my eyes
Yes sometimes an old memory gets in my eyes