

Richard Thompson, I'm Turning Off A Memory

(Merle Haggard)

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