

Roy Orbison, Something They Can't Take Away

(Kris Kristofferson)

All too soon we were blown upon our separate ways again
And our warm summer dreams
Joined the fallen leaves that tumbled in the wind
With the echoes and traces of voices and faces
And places that I've left behind

But there's times in the morning
And there's times at the close of day
When your memory comes easy as smiling
And that's something they can't take away

I may die without ever knowing happiness again
Leaving nothing behind but a line of lonely footprints in the sand
But I know that wherever I go, I will never trade anything I'll ever find

For the times in the morning and the times at the close of day
When your memory comes easy as smiling, and that's something they can't take away
When your memory comes easy as smiling, and that's something they can't take away