

Tracy Byrd, Edge Of A Memory

(Paul Nelson/Tom Shapiro)

All at once here I am in this barroom
Oh and most any night I'd be home
But those old thoughts of her
Are beginning to stir
I need to be anywhere but alone

When you close you can call me a taxi
Until then you can call me a fool
So just bring a glass and don't bring up the past
If you did I don't know what I'd do

I'm right on the edge of memory
Lord knows I don't wanna fall
'Cause it tells me she'll always be gone
And reminds me where I went wrong

Yeah I'm right on the edge of a memory
And just hanging on

So bartender just keep 'em coming
Till she and I go out of my mind
Tonight I refuse to take on the blues
I'll just put off the truth till closing time

I'm right on the edge of memory
Lord knows I don't wanna fall
'Cause it tells me she'll always be gone
And reminds me where I went wrong
Yeah I'm right on the edge of a memory
And just hanging on

Yeah I'm right on the edge of a memory
And just hanging on