

# Willie Nelson, Local Memory

The lights go out each evening at eleven  
And up and down our block there's not a sound  
I close my eyes and search for peaceful slumber  
And just then the local mem'ry comes around  
Piles of blues against the door to make sure sleep will come no more  
He's the hardest working mem'ry in this town  
Turns out happiness again and then lets loneliness back in  
And each night the local mem'ry comes around

( guitar )

Each day I say tonight I may escape him  
I pretend I'm happy and never even a frown  
But at night I close my eyes and pray sleep finds me  
But again the local mem'ry comes around  
Rids the house of all good news then sets out my crying shoes  
What a faithful mem'ry never lets me down  
We're both up till light of day chasing happiness away  
And each night the local mem'ry comes around  
And each night the local mem'ry comes around