

Willie Nelson, Pages

Last evening, I turned by the pages of time.
And tore out the chapters when you were mine.
I attempted to cut out the memories of you.
And paste in some new ones, far better an' true.
True.

I searched through the chapters, referring to hearts,
for the one with the caption: "Till death do us part."
I ripped at each letter an' I tore at each word.
I screamed at your memory an' nobody heard.
Nobody heard.

But your memory's determined, and chances are few,
Of my ever finding a replacement for you.
It desperately clings to the floor of my mind,
And fights for its place in the pages of time.