

Delbert Mcclinton

"Your Memory, Me, And The Blues"

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I wake up each morning with you on my mind
It's funny how sweet dreams can be so unkind
Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever get over you
A creature of habit in all that I do
When I make coffee, I still make coffee for two
But it should be for three
Your memory, me, and the blues.

The day that you left I promised myself
That I was gonna be just fine
But now with you gone and I'm here all alone
I can't get you out of my mind

I just sit home nights missing your touch
Thinking about when it was the two of us
But now it's we three, your memory, me, and the blues

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