Don Williams "I Don't Think About Her No More"

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I don't think much about her no more Seldom if ever does she cross my mind Yesterday's gone, it's better forgotten Like the poison red berries to die on the vine

This morning at dawn, Lord, I pulled into town Had some coffee and talked with some old friends of mine

Laughing at the good times they remembered Then I remembered a time

Lord, I can still see the bright lights back in Dallas As yesterday moves like a dream through my mind I didn't suppose that I'd ever forget her And you know it took such a long time

But I don't think much about her no more Seldom if ever does she cross my mind Yesterday's gone, Lord, it's better forgotten Like the poison red berries that cling, to the mind

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