

Doyle Lawson and Quicksilver "She's Walking Through My Memory"

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Somewhere in my thoughts there lives a lady
She's walking back and forth across my mind
Blocking out each chance of me forgetting
Assuring me she'll be there for some time

Her golden hair is tied around my memory
The pain she left with me is here to stay
I'm doing all I can to go on living
And yet I die a little more each day

Lead Break

Now that I'm alone with just my memory
I've had some time for counting my mistakes
And loving her stands out from all the others
But that was one I couldn't help but make

Funny how some thoughts can be so painful
And how refuse to go away
I'm doing all I can to go on living
And still I die a little more each day

She lets me die a little more each day

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