

The Boxmasters

"Memories of You and I"

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I thought to leave your bed
For the street was as simple as saying goodbye
I couldn't see how blind a man can be
Lord, how quickly life can fly

As the lines in my face grow deeper
And the well of my soul runs dry
I find that I drink more and more
From the memories of you and I

The taste of fame is fire to me no more
The tension and hunger have gone
All I have left are money an' the game
I'm a prisoner too low, I'm on

As the lines in my face grow deeper
And the well of my soul runs dry
I find that I drink more and more
To the memories of you and I

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