

Irma Thomas

"Weary Memory"

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Found your mittens behind a box of pictures
You would wear them before I brewed the tea
That's one memory I can easily conjure
Weary memory I can always see

Found your rosary broken into pieces
Every night by the bed you'd kiss the beads
Those are moments that I can always relive
Weary memories I can always see

Found a photo of you when we were married
Leaning back on a broken willow tree
That's one memory that I choose to carry
Weary memory I can always see

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