

## Mac Davis "Memories"

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Memories

Pressed between the pages of my mind

Memories

Sweetened through the ages just like wine

Quiet thoughts come floating down

And settle softly to the ground

Like golden autumn leaves around my feet

I touched them and they burst apart with

Sweet memories, sweet memories

Of holding hands and red bouquets

And twilight trimmed in purple haze

And laughing eyes and simple ways

And quiet nights and gentle days with you

Memories

Pressed between the pages of my mind

Memories

Sweetened through the ages just like wine

Memories, memories, sweet memories

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