

Memories

Beverley Craven

My little sister sings herself to sleep
She doesn't know we're listening
To her lullaby so innocent and sweetI've rocked her cradle 'til her tears were dry
And chased away a sleepless night
With a fairy-tale reliving the best years of my life
When I look into her eyes and then I realizeEverything she's going through will be her memories
When she's older and wiser, she's making her history
And everything we're going through will be our memories
I'm gonna make them worth remembering for years, ohI'm gonna tell her when she wants to know
But in the end she's on her own
No more fairy-tales, just giving the best years of her life
As a mother or a wife, a woman with a childEverything she's going through will be her memories
When she's older and wiser, she's making her history
And everything we're going through will be our memories
I'm gonna make them worth remembering for years, ohEverything she's going through will be her memories
When she's older and wiser, she's making her history
And everything we're going through will be our memories
I'm gonna make them worth remembering for yearsMemories, memories

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