

# Memories

## Beverley Craven

My little sister sings herself to sleep  
She doesn't know we're listening  
To her lullaby so innocent and sweet I'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 realize Everything 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, oh I'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 child Everything 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, oh Everything 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 Memories, memories

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