

Slow Dancing With A Memory

[Darryl Worley](#)

He walked into Dusty's place last night
I said something about that boy ain't right
He drank a half a dozen double shots
Walked to the dance floor and picked his spot
Then he closed his eyes and he dropped his head
Folded his arms across his chest
Slowly started swaying side to side
That's when I walked up and said "Are you okay?"
He had big old tears running down his face
He said "Not right now, buddy, can't you see
I'm slow dancing with a memory?"
I just waited till the song was through
I asked "If there was something I could do?"
He said "Not unless you can bring her home?"
Then he stopped loving her today came home
Then he closed his eyes and dropped his head
Folded his arms across his chest
Slowly started swaying side to side
I walked back to the bar and old Dusty said
"We oughta throw that fool out on his head?"
I said "Why don't you let that poor man be
He's slow dancing with a memory?"
I hate to see somebody down that low
But that's the way life is and the way love goes
Someday that just might be you or me
Slow dancing with a memory
Slow dancing with a memory

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