Memory

Violent Femmes

I don't remember anything you said
I don't remember any books that you ever had read
I don't remember the sound of your voice

I don't remember, but it's not by choiceSo I wish I could remember something you had said

I wish that I could read every book that you ever had read

I wish that I could hear the sound of your voice I don't remember, but it's now your choiceTo come back

from that

well of the void

Come back

So that

I can tell you how I'm annoyed by the fact that...I can't remember your smile or your frown
I can't remember the name of your hometown

I don't remember the color of your eyes

I don't remember so, hey, I guess it's a little surpriseThat I want to

will you

wonder

would you

wander back from where you are

You see I see I cannot see

But I've come so far with a little guitar

And I play in bars and I'm lost in starsMemoryOh, come back

from that

well of the void

come back so that I can tell you how i'm annoyed because i've come so far with a little guitar and I play in bars and I'm lost in starsMemory

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