Memory Motel

The Rolling Stones

Hannah honey was a peachy kind of girl
Her eyes were hazel
And her nose were slightly curved
We spent a lonely night at the Memory Motel
It's on the ocean, I guess you know it well
It took a starry to steal my breath away
Down on the water front
Her hair all drenched in spray
Hannah baby was a honey of a girl
Her eyes were hazel
And her teeth were slightly curved
She took my guitar and she began to play
She sang a song to me
Stuck right in my brain
You're just a memory of a love
That used to be
You're just a memory of a love
That used to mean so much to me
She got a mind of her own
And she use it well
Well she's one of a kind
She's got a mind
She got a mind of her own
And she use it mighty fine
She drove a pick-up truck
Painted green and blue
The tires were wearing thin
She turned a mile or two
When I asked her where she headed for
"Back up to Boston I'm singing in a bar"
I got to fly today on down to Baton Rouge
My nerves are shot already
The road ain't all that smooth
Across in Texas is the rose of San Antone
I keep on a feeling that's gnawing in my bones
You're just a memory of a love
That used to mean so much to me
You're just a memory girl
You're just a sweet memory

And it used to mean so much to me
Sha la la la la
She got a mind of her own
And she use it well
Mighty fine, she's one of a kind
On the seventh day my eyes were all a glaze
We've been ten thousand miles
Been in fifteen states
Every woman seemed to fade out of my mind
I hit the bottle and hit the sack and cried
What's all this laughter on the 22nd floor
It's just some friends of mine
And they're busting down the door
Been a lonely night at the Memory Motel

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