

Memory Pain

Scott Finch

Serve me right to suffer
Serve me right to be alone
Hey, to be aloneLawd, serve me right to suffer
Oh! Serve me right to be alone
Hey, to be aloneYou know I'm still livin' with a memory
Of the days that's passed and gone
The days that's passed and goneEverytime I see a woman
Hey, hey, it make me think of mine
YeahOhh, everytime I see a woman
Oh, It make me think of mine
Make me think of mineBut the way she treat me
Lord, I just can't keep from cryin'
Oh, can't keep from cryin'
Oh yeahOhh
Serve me right to suffer
Ohh
Serve me right to be alone
Ohh yeahWhen I get home in the evenin'
Hey, hey, my woman would be gone
Yes she would be goneOhh, when I get home in the evenin'
Hmm, my old lady would be gone
Oh! she would be goneWhen I get up in the mornin'
Her lights would just be comin' home
Just be comin' homeOhh yea
Look out now
Yea
YeaOhh, serve me right to suffer
Hey, hey, serve me right to be alone
Serve me right to be aloneHmm, serve me right to suffer
Ohh, serve me right to be alone, uh
Yes to be alone'Cause I'm still livin' with a memory
Of the days that's passed and gone
The days that's passed and gone