Amy

Roy Orbison

Wish that I could wish away love
Every memory
All the things young dreams are made of
That ever used to be
'Cos if I could leave it all behind me
There'd be nothing left
To constantly remind me
Of Amy, of Amy
She comes and goes just like the seasons
Keeping me on the run
Between the fever and the reason
I'm not the only one
And I guess I'll always feel the same about love
And I'll find it hard to even live without the love
Of Amy, Amy, oh, Amy
Amy, Amy, Amy

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