

# Memories of You and I

Waylon Jennings

I thought to leave your bed  
For the street was as simple as saying goodbye  
I couldnt see how blind a man can be  
Lord, how quickly life can flyAs the lines in my face grow deeper  
And the well of my soul runs dry  
I find that I drink more and more  
From the memories of you and IThe taste of fame is fire to me no more  
The tension and hunger have gone  
All I have left are money an' the game  
Im a prisoner too low, Im onAs the lines in my face grow deeper  
And the well of my soul runs dry  
I find that I drink more and more  
To the memories of you and I

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