

# Memories

## Elvis Presley

Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind  
Memories, sweetened through the ages just like wine  
    Quiet thought come floating down  
    And settle softly to the ground  
    Like golden autumn leaves around my feet  
I touched them and they burst apart with sweet memories  
    Sweet memories  
    Of holding hands and red bouquets  
    And twilight trimmed in purple haze  
    And laughing eyes and simple ways  
    And quiet nights and gentle days with you  
Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind  
Memories, sweetened through the ages just like wine  
    Memories, memories  
    Of holding hands and red bouquets  
    And twilight trimmed in purple haze  
    And laughing eyes and simple ways  
    And quiet nights and gentle days with you  
Memories, pressed between the pages of my mind  
Memories, sweetened through the ages just like wine  
    Memories, memories, sweet memories  
    Memories, memories

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