

Memories Of You

Louis Armstrong and His Sebastian New Cotton Club

Waking skies at sunrise
Every sunset too
Seems to be bringing me
Memories of you
Here and there, everywhere
Scenes that we once knew
And they all just recall
Memories of you
How I wish, I could forget those
Those happy yesteryears
That have left a rosary of tears
Your face beams in my dreams
'Spite of all I do
Everything seems to bring
Memories of you
And your face beams in my dreams
'Spite of all I do
Everything seems to bring
Memories, just memories of you

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