

Memory Lane

Ryan Adams

I am on a street, I walk
into the store, I do not talk
I think of you, I think a lot
of what you might say

Memory lane

The old man at the store still sings
a funny ancient tune, chinese
he whistles to himself and sees
I am alone again today
He winks as if to say
"It's okay"

On memory lane
Memory lane
Oh, memory lane

sometimes when my memory fails
I look into my book of spells
cards we wrote and pictures taken by someone else
I feel the pain

Memory lane

I sleep by the windowsill
sounding out a dream for real
simple times of hands entangled
fingers engaged

Memory lane x6