

## "Your Memory, Me And The Blues"

I wake up each morning with you on my mind  
It's funny how sweet dreams can be so unkind  
Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever get over you  
A creature of habit in all that I do  
When I make coffee, I still make coffee for two  
But it should be for three  
Your memory, me, and the blues.

The day that you left I promised myself  
That I was gonna be just fine  
But now with you gone and I'm here all alone  
I can't get you out of my mind

I just sit home nights missing your touch  
Thinking about when it was the two of us  
But now it's we three, your memory, me, and the blues

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