

WHO NEEDS THE MEMORIES?

By John Lipinski

My baby was, the kind of girl, you'd meet only once in your life
Maybe because, she was my world, her love, cut like a knife
The wounds are deep, and they won't heal, reopened, any old time
I hardly sleep and lost the feel for love, get her out of my mind

Who needs the memories, who wants all that sorrow?
Who needs the agony, today, or even tomorrow?
Who needs a reminder, of a future that we had planned
And I don't want to find her, in the arms of another man
Who needs a wake-up call, no appointments, do I set
She's not in my phone, at all, I pretend that we never met
Gone from the calendar, I even forgot her birthday
Who needs the memories, any way

turnaround – same as intro

Now after all, the time gone by, you'd think I'd moved along
Questions remained, I wonder why, I drink, and what went wrong
I have decided and will confide it, some of the blame belongs with me
Never one-sided, though my pride denied it, ashamed, though I'm gonna be

Who needs the memories, who needs all the sorrow
Who needs the agony, today or even, tomorrow
Who wants the heartache, it hurts down to the core
What difference does it make, she don't want me anymore
Who needs the wake up call, or reminders that we ever met
Don't change the protocol, dear Lord, help me to forget
I'll get down on my knees, don't want to find her, ever, I pray
Who needs the memories, any way
Who needs the misery, from her mem-ries, any way