

Here's to Wishing You Were Here

Yesterday, while trying to unpack
I found your old photograph
And the memories came flooding back
The memories came flooding back

So shed a tear for the "Good Old Times"
Shed another tear for the love that died
How I hate to see a grown man cry
But your tears are no wetter than mine

And sooner or later,
Everyone must stand alone
And, it's better to be forgotten
Than never ever known
That's what they say
When you're gone

And, everybody in the place
They all remember your name
And they say, "Send my regards"
And, I will,
But it's not the same

So, I guess I'll settle back
Have another drink to relax
It so much easier thinking of the past
When your hand is holding a glass

And, here's to wishing you were here