

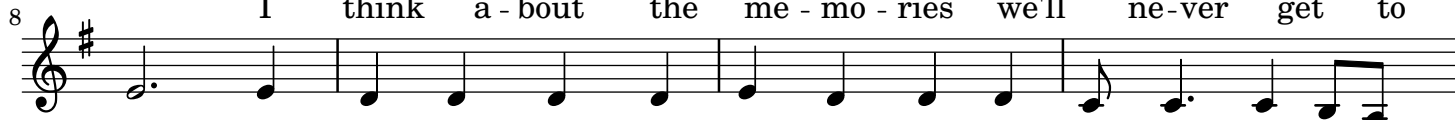
Stolen Memories



Verse 1. Oh where have the days gone with my laugh-ing, smi-ling friends,
Verse 2. Now, when I look out and I see the emp-ty streets,



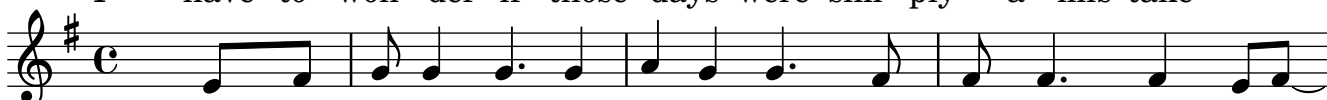
Those half re-mem-bered me-mo-ries spent free-ly was-ting
I think a-bout the me-mo-ries we'll ne-ver get to



time? I wish I'd known just how soon we'd be sca-ttered to the wind,
make, those days and nights of wan-der-ing and mar-ching to the best



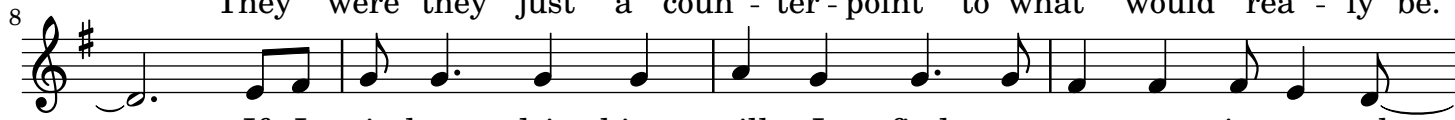
with-out a chance to say good-bye our par-tings qui-ckly came
I have to won-der if those days were sim-ply a mis-take



Chorus 1. Those sto-len days of ha-ppi-ness the mo-ments meant for me,
Chorus 2. Were those sto-len days of ha-ppi-ness the mo-ments meant for me,
Chorus 3. That those sto-len days of ha-ppi-ness weren't mo-ments meant for me,



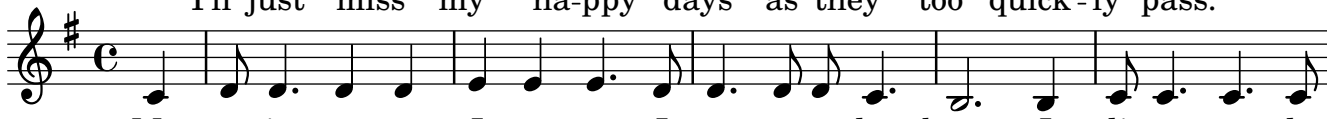
Were they just a coun-ter-point to what would rea-ly be?
Or were they just a coun-ter-point to what would rea-ly be?
They were they just a coun-ter-point to what would rea-ly be.



If I sit here drin-king, will I find an an-swer in my glass,
As I sit here drin-king, will I find an an-swer in my glass,
If I sit here drin-king, I won't find an an-swer in my glass,



Or will I miss new ha-p-py days as they too quick-ly pass?
Or am I mis-sing ha-p-py days as they too quick-ly pass?
I'll just miss my ha-p-py days as they too quick-ly pass.



Bridge My cup is emp-ty, I am too, I pour a-nother beer. I listen to the



sound that ev-ery brea-king heart will hear. As I sit there I can hear a



voice in-side of me, as-king if I'm tru-ly blind, or sim-ply will not see