**Memory Bank**

Down to the Susquehanna with the fishin’ poles—

Got a girl and a boy and a can o’ worms.

Sittin’ on the bank while the rods bend double—

Two little kids into catfish trouble!

I put another memory in the Memory Bank,

In the Memory Bank.

Savin’ up ‘til I come back

To the Memory Bank.

All day paddle and the muscles are sore—

Marshmallow campfire, makin’ some-mores.

Chocolate smeared onto everything—

Brown-ringed grins ready to sing.

I put another memory in the Memory Bank,

In the Memory Bank.

Savin’ up ‘til I come back

To the Memory Bank.

I don’t mind if have a little money, you see,

But a soft, sweet voice sayin’ “Honey” to me

Is worth much more than a bank account,

‘Specially if I hear it when the lights go out.

Got no riches of the regular kind—

Just a river of memory in this heart of mine.

Ain’t no forgettin’ while the river is flowin’—

I take a little swim just to keep me goin’.

I put another memory in the Memory Bank,

In the Memory Bank.

Savin’ up ‘til I come back

To the Memory Bank.

Know someday I’m gonna thank—

My Memory Bank.