

## Dwight Yoakam

# "Buenos Noches from a Lonely Room"

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She wore red dresses with her black shining hair  
Oh, she had my baby and caused me to care  
Then coldly she left me to suffer and cry  
Oh, she wore red dresses and told such sweet lies

Though I never knew him, he took her away  
I'm on my knees like a madman for vengeance I prayed  
While the pain and the anger destroyed my weak mind  
Oh, she wore red dresses and left the wounded behind

I searched till I found them then I cursed at the sight  
Of their sleeping shadows in the cold neon light  
In the dark morning silence, I placed the gun to her  
head  
Oh, she wore red dresses but now she lay dead

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