Dwight Yoakam "Buenos Noches From A Lonely (She Wore Red Dresses)"

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

I never knew him but he took her away On my knees like a madman for vengeance I prayed While the pain and the anger destroyed my weak mind 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 She wore red dresses but now she lay dead

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