

George Jones

"A Lovely Place To Cry"

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I know this house is the finest one around
And we are both respected in our town
But our friends don't know the truth when they drop by
That our house is such a lovely place to cry.

I keep my yard cut as close as it can be
There's no litter laying round for one to see
And I know someday I'll tell this place goodbye
But till then it's sure a lovely place to cry.

You don't need lonely things around you
When you have no love left in you
And when you're already dead before you die
But someday someone will buy this place and be happy
if they'll try.

But for us it's been a lovely place to cry.
Yes, for us it's been a lovely place to cry...

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