

George Jones "Come Sundown"

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I heard the front door closin' softly
As I waken from my sleep
With the last touch of her lips, Lord
Like a whisper on my cheek.

And I curse the sun for risin'
For the worse Lord, is yet to come
'Cause this mornin' she's just leavin'
But come sundown she'll be gone.

See the lipstick on the pillow
That I placed beneath her head
And the soft sheets still feel warm, Lord
Where she lay upon my bed.

And it hurt to know it's over
For the hurt Lord, has just begun
'Cause this mornin' she's just leavin'
But come sundown she'll be gone...

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