

## George Jones "Grand Tour, The"

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Step right up, come on in  
If you'd like to take the grand tour  
Of a lonely house that once was home sweet home  
I have nothing here to sell you  
Just some things that I will tell you  
Some things I know will chill you to the bone

Over there, sits the chair  
Where she'd bring the paper to me  
And sit down on my knee  
And whispe, "Oh, I love you"

But now she's gone forever  
And this old house will never  
Be the same without the love  
That we once knew

Straight ahead, that's the bed  
Where we'd lay in love together  
And Lord knows we had a good thing going here  
See her picture on the table  
Don't it look like she'd be able  
Just to touch me and say, "Good morning dear"

There's her rings, all her things  
And her clothes are in the closet  
Like she left them  
When she tore my world apart

As you leave you'll see the nursery  
Oh, she left me without mercy  
Taking nothing but  
Our baby and my heart

Step right up, come on in

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