

George Jones "I Can't Go Home"

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I couldn't say just where this crazy night began
With my first drink or when that pretty girl walked in
I left my lips go wild with her sweet kiss so long
Now here I stand with so much guilt, I can't go home.

I lost my head and then the wine made all a friend
I couldn't stop and now I've got these guilty hands
But I won't touch my darling, knowing I done wrong
I can't go straight into her arms, I can't go home.

--- Instrumental ---

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