

George Jones

"Will You Visit Me On Sundays"

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Just outside these prison bars the hanging tree is
waiting
At sunrise I'll meet darkness and death will say hello
Darling, touch your lips to mine and tell me that you
love me
And promise me again before you go.

Will you visit me on Sundays, will you bring me pretty
flowers
Will your big blue eyes get misty, will you brush away a
tear
A grave is filled with silence but if a sleeping man
could hear
Darling, would I hear your footsteps up there.

Promise me that time won't separate me from your
mem'ry
That you'll remember me until the days of silver hair
If not for you I know I'd lose my mind before the
morning
Hold me close and tell me that you care.

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flowers
Will your big blue eyes get misty, will you brush away a
tear
A grave is filled with silence but if a sleeping man
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Darling, would I hear your footsteps up there.

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