

## Carl Smith

# "Washing My Dreams In Tears"

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Oh once my heart was light and gay and didn't realize  
Until you vanished from my side and opened up my  
eyes  
I balanced up the books on you the answer's very clear  
The final total comes into exactly nothin' dear  
I'm fillin' up a washing tub of tears I shed for you  
And dumpin' in my oldest dreams I've got a job to do  
I'm washing all my dreams in tears to rid my misery  
And hangin' out on the line that you handed me  
[ guitar ]  
At night when I lie down to rest instead of coutin' sheep  
I count the many lies you told to put myself to sleep  
I count the times you cheated to and knowing how you  
are  
I'd like to count them everyone but I can't count that far  
I'm fillin' up a washing tub...  
[ steel ]  
I'll take the brush you used and given me to brush all  
fear  
And brush away my thoughts of you that linger round  
so near  
Put on my walking shoes I got when you gave me the  
air  
Go out and found somebody new someone who really  
care  
I'm fillin' up a washing tub...

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