

Kay Adams

"Old Fashioned Cry"

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(Gene Davis)

Each night when the lights of the city go on
I'm at home with them old friends of mine
I talk with a mem'ry about thing I miss
While the hands of the clock drag the time.

From the dresser your picture smiles back at me
Then the tears start to fall from my eyes
I turn off the lights and for the rest of the night
I have me an old fashioned cry.

--- Instrumental ---

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