

Conway Twitty "There Stands The Glass"

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There stands the glass,
That will ease all my pain
It will settle my brain,
It's my first one today

There stands the glass,
Fill it up to the brim
Till my troubles grow dim,
Then I'll be on my way.

I wonder where you are tonight
I wonder if you are all right
I wonder if you think of me
In my misery.

There stands the glass,
Fill it up to the brim
Till my troubles grow dim,
Then I'll be on my way.

I wonder where you are tonight
I wonder if you are all right
I wonder if you think of me
In my misery.

There stands the glass,
Fill it up to the brim
Till my troubles grow dim,
Then I'll be on my way...

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