

Robert Cray

"Won't Be Coming Home"

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As her car pulls out the driveway
And she don't wave goodbye
Her last words echo in my mind
Listen honey, I gotta get away

I'm standing here watching her tail lights
As if they're some kind of sign
Fading into a memory
I just got tired of trying

So long, I hate to see you go
So I save my tears for later on down the road
How come I keep I holding on
Knowing you won't be coming home

Two days later I get a letter
A picture of a room in some hotel
Sitting framed up on the table,
A picture I know so well
You've painted yourself in to a corner
Now you're trying to paint something new
And your lipstick on the letter
Is a goodbye kiss from you

So long, I hate to see you go
So I save my tears for later on down the road
How come I keep I holding on
Knowing you won't be coming home

I still set the table
Still set it for you and me
It's become a habit
My own personal make believe

So long, I hate to see you go
So I save my tears for later on down the road
How come I keeW I holding on
Knowing you won't be coming home

So long, I hate to see you go
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How come I keep I holding on
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