

The Smith Sisters

"Blues Song For Sopranos In A Minor"

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Don't touch a dial on that radio
I don't wanna to hear the news
Just some sweet songs way down low
Singin' anything but the blues

You've got something on your mind
And a kindness it might be
You've been keepin' it under wraps
And you've been keeping it from me

This place is getting' cold at night
And the wind cuts razor keen
And it moans like mourin' dog but who knows the
trouble it's seen

I can face the morning and I can face the night
But I can't face the truth that's why I'm askin' you to lie
tonight
Askin' you to lie tonight

Sun bursts in through my window bulldozers clear the
trees
My hands are up in the air babe, and my love is down
on it's knees
You've been sneaking around it's as clear as it can be
Your so good at hidin things keep a hidin them from
me

I can face the morning and I can face the night
But I can't face the truth that's why I'm askin' you to lie
tonight
Askin' you to lie tonight

You just come on home tonight
I wont ask you where you been
And if you just say you love me baby we can both
pretend
You are ever bit a rascal I can see it in your eyes
I don't love your foolin' round and I sure don't love
good bye

I can face the morning and I can face the night

But I can't face the truth that's why I'm askin' you to lie
tonight
Askin' you to lie tonight

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