

Norma Jean "Come Sundown"

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I heard the front door closing softly as I weaken from
my sleep
With the last touch of his lips Lord like a whisper on my
cheek
And I cursed the sun for rising cause the worst Lord is
yet to come
Cause this morning he's just leaving but come
sundown he'll be gone

I see his mem'ry on his pillow that I placed beneath his
head
And the soft sheets still feel warm Lord where he lay
upon my bed
And it hurts to know it's over cause the hurt Lord has
just begun
For this morning he's just leaving but come sundown
he'll be gone

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