

## Norma Jean "Shirt"

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Last night I was goin' to the closet and on the rack with  
my dresses  
I found the shirt he'd worn when he held me in his arms  
for the very last time  
The shirt I knew that he'd never wear again  
As I took it from the rack all my dreams came racin'  
back  
The faint perfume of sweet love filled the night  
I could see his face again he kissed my lips as then  
And I almost felt his arms around me tight  
A shirt that even the Gods must envy  
For its arms once encircled the dream that only heaven  
can bring  
Inside this shirt had beaten the most wonderful heart in  
the whole wide world  
And forever each thread shall remind me of him  
I turned down a rolled up sleeve and I scaresly could  
believe  
When I looked and saw a strand of my own hair  
It was clinging like a vine to the shirt he left behind  
As if to let him know that I still care  
I walked to the window sill and my eyes began to fill  
And I thought I heard the soft wind call his name  
And the shirt across my arm grew strangely soft and  
warm  
As if I'd reached and held it to a flame  
And there I stood hearing only the beat of my own  
aching heart  
Lost in the dreams that might have been  
And the shirt seemed as sorrowful as I and just as  
empty body and soul

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