

Ray Price "Curtain In The Window"

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These lyin' lips said, they'd forget
Those same lovin' arms that I miss
This foolish heart that let me part
From those sweet, tender lips, I long to kiss

I hear the ticking of the clock, as it begged me then to
stop
Each picture on the wall seemed to cry
And that old rusty gate, I can hear it beg me, wait
While the curtain in the window waves goodbye

Turn around

In memory, I still can see
Two arms, that once held me tight
Oh, how I miss a tender kiss
From those lovin' lips that I kissed goodbye

I hear the ticking of the clock, as it begged me then to
stop
Each picture on the wall seemed to cry
And that old rusty gate, I can hear it beg me, wait
While the curtain in the window waves goodbye
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