

Roy Drusky "Come Sundown"

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I heard the front door closing softly
As I weaken from my sleep
With the last touch of her lips
Lord like a whisper on my cheek

And I cursed the sun for rising
For the worst Lord is yet to come
'Cause this morning she's just leaving
But come sundown, she'll be gone

See the lipstick on the pillow
That I placed beneath her head
And the soft sheets still feel warm
Lord where she lay upon my bed

And it hurts to know it's over
For the hurt Lord had just begun
'Cause this morning she's just leaving
But come sundown, she'll be gone

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