

Kristofferson Kris

"Come Sundown"

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I heard the front door closing softly,
as I wakened from my sleep;
With the last touch of her lips, Lord,
like a whisper on my cheek;

And I cursed the sun for risin',
'cause the worst, Lord, was yet to come;
'Cause this morning, she's just leavin',
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, has just begun.
'Cause this morning, she's just leavin',
but, come sundown, she'll be gone.

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