

## **Terri Clark**

# **"Lonesome's Last Call"**

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He drinks while he stares  
At the smoke in the air  
For him, time seems to crawl  
He's got no one at home  
So he sits there alone  
Waiting on lonesome's last call

She came in by chance  
Longing to dance  
She once was the belle of the ball  
But flowers will fade  
She's showing touches of gray  
And she's waiting on lonesome's last call

While the fiddles are playing  
The dance floor is swaying  
To the beat of an old fashioned waltz  
Their watching the hands  
Of the clock on the wall  
And waiting on lonesome's last call

Soon the lights will go on  
But the empty they've known  
Won't be felt in this moment at all  
There was love in the air  
And it found their hearts there  
Waiting on lonesome's last call

While the fiddles are playing  
The dance floor is swaying  
To the beat of an old fashioned waltz  
Their watching the hands  
Of the clock on the wall  
And waiting on lonesome's last call

They're waiting on lonesome's last call

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