

# Carl Smith, Washing My Dreams In Tears

Oh once my heart was light and gay and didn't realize  
Until you vanished from my side and opened up my eyes  
I balanced up the books on you the answer's very clear  
The final total comes into exactly nothin' dear  
I'm fillin' up a washing tub of tears I shed for you  
And dumpin' in my oldest dreams I've got a job to do  
I'm washing all my dreams in tears to rid my misery  
And hangin' out on the line that you handed me

[ guitar ]

At night when I lie down to rest instead of coutin' sheep  
I count the many lies you told to put myself to sleep  
I count the times you cheated to and knowing how you are  
I'd like to count them everyone but I can't count that far  
I'm fillin' up a washing tub...

[ steel ]

I'll take the brush you used and given me to brush all fear  
And brush away my thoughts of you that linger round so near  
Put on my walking shoes I got when you gave me the air  
Go out and found somebody new someone who really care  
I'm fillin' up a washing tub...