

Connie Smith, There Are Some Things

You can't see a mem'ry of love that's untrue
hear a tearfall or a heart break in two
You can't draw on paper the picture of pain
There are some things you just can't explain
You can't see where love disappears when it dies
A heart sheds no tears still you know that it cries
You can't see how empty a soul is inside
There are some things words just won't describe
[fiddle]
You can't see the future though you've known the past
Or know how long a love hurt will last
Blue mem'ries burn though you don't see the flame
There are some things you just can't explain
You can't see where love disappears...
There are some things you just can't explain