

Ernest Tubb, Four Walls

Out where the bright lights are glowing you're drawn like a moth to a flame
You laugh while the wine's overflowing while I sit and whisper your name
Four walls to hear me four walls to see four walls too near me closing in on me
Sometimes I ask why I'm waiting but my walls have nothing to say
I'm made for love not for haiting but here where you left me I'll stay
One night with you is like heaven and so while I'm walking this floor
I listen for steps in the hallway and wait for your knock on my door
Four walls to hear me four walls to see four walls too near me closing in on me