

George Jones, Grand Tour, The

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Step right up, come on in
If you'd like to take the grand tour
Of a lonely house that once was home sweet home
I have nothing here to sell you
Just some things that I will tell you
Some things I know will chill you to the bone

Over there sits the chair
Where she brang the paper to me
And sit down on my knee and whisper oh I love you
But now she's gone forever
And this old house will never be the same
Without the love that we once knew

Straight ahead that's the bed
Where we lay and love together
And lord knows we had a good thing going here
See her picture on the table
Don't it look like she'd be able
Just to touch me and say good morning dear

There's her rings all her things
And her clothes are in the closet
like she left them when she tore my world apart
As you leave you'll see the nursery
Oh she left me without mercy
Taking nothing but our baby and my heart
Step right up, come on in