

George Strait, I Just Can't Go On Dying Like This

I'm driving in my car alone
You called me on the telephone
How many times will it take till I'm convinced
That you're using me, I'm just a used-to-be
It's a lie, I know it's a lie
But I just can't go on dying like this

Can I see you tonight,
Baby I'll act just like you want me to
Or is that just exactly what I'm not supposed to do?
I'll just stop in here, have a glass of beer
I'm just a fool I guess
But I just can't go on dying like this

--- Instrumental ---

Here I am again, it's 4 a.m.
I think I'll play that song again
The one called "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"
And I'll wonder where you are tonight
I don't know, I just don't know
But, I just can't go on dying like this

Can I see you tonight,
Baby, I'll act just like you want me to
Or is that just exactly what I'm not supposed to do?
I'll just stop in here, have a glass of beer
I'm just a fool I guess
But I just can't go on dying like this

Lord, knows I just can't go on dying like this...