

# Lucero, In Lonesome Times

In lonesome times, I picture your face  
It's so easy to find but you're so hard to place  
In lonesome times, I still hear your voice  
It brings me to my knees with the feelings I can not avoid  
I don't find much comfort in goin' out at night  
Walkin' these streets underneath the bright city lights  
Dark country roads don't take me anywhere  
I'm stuck and I'm tired, and it ain't no fair  
To be this worn out, to feel this lone down  
In lonesome times  
In lonesome times, I still feel you breathe  
Quiet in the dark as you lay there next to me