

# Norma Jean, Come Sundown

I heard the front door closing softly as I weaken from my sleep  
With the last touch of his lips Lord like a whisper on my cheek  
And I cursed the sun for rising cause the worst Lord is yet to come  
Cause this morning he's just leaving but come sundown he'll be gone

I see his mem'ry on his pillow that I placed beneath his head  
And the soft sheets still feel warm Lord where he lay upon my bed  
And it hurts to know it's over cause the hurt Lord has just begun  
For this morning he's just leaving but come sundown he'll be gone