

Patsy Cline, Three Cigarettes in an Ashtray

Two cigarettes in an ashtray,
My love and I in a small cafe.
Then a stranger came along,
And everything went wrong.
Now there's three cigarettes in the ashtray.
I watched her take him from me,
And his love is no longer my own.
Now they are gone, and I sit alone,
And watch one cigarette burn away.
I watched her take him from me,
And his love is no longer my own.
Now they are gone, and I sit alone,
And watch one cigarette burn away.