

# 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.