

# Robert Cray, He Don't Live Here Anymore

I still remember  
The day I went home  
The taxi dropped me on the street  
And I stood there all alone

I saw a lady on the porch  
That I knew from years before  
She said, "Sorry about your father."  
From behind the closed screen door

"Sorry about your father."  
"He don't live here, no more."  
"Sorry about your father."  
"I saw them close the hearse door."  
"He don't live here no more."

Unopened letter  
Unanswered calls  
We were two separate men  
Behind our stone walls

A chilled wind was blowin'  
A cold October rain  
And, as I stood before the house  
It was silently saying:

"Sorry about your father."  
"He don't live here, no more."  
"Sorry about your father."  
"I saw them close the hearse door."  
"He don't live here no more."

"Sorry about your father."  
"I remember that day."  
"Sorry about your father."  
"I saw them take him away."  
"Yes, I did."  
"I remember that day."

"Sorry about your father."  
"I remember that day."  
"Ohh, when I went home, fell down on my knees."  
"Raised up my right hand."  
"And I cried please, please, please."  
"If I had just a little more time."  
Yeah