

Roy Drusky, Come Sundown

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

See the lipstick on the pillow that I placed beneath her head
And the soft sheets still feel warm Lord where she lay upon my bed
And it hurts to know it's over for the hurt Lord had just begun
Cause this morning she's just leaving but come sundown she'll be gone