

Always...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