Bill Anderson, Come Sundown

(Kris Kristofferson)

I heard the front door closing softly As I wakened 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.

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 And the hurt Lord, has just begun 'Cause this morning she's just leaving But come sundown she'll be gone...