

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...