

# Bill Anderson, Shirt

(Bill Anderson - Mike Strickland)

Last night I was preparing to go to a party  
And on the rack with my suits  
I found the shirt that I'd worn  
When I held her in my arms  
For the very last time  
The shirt that I vowed I'd never wear again.

As I took it from the rack  
All my dreams came racin' back  
The faint perfume of sweet love filled the night  
I could see her face again  
She kissed my lips as then  
And I almost felt my arms around her tight.

A shirt that even the Gods must envy  
For its arms once encircled  
The dream that only heavens could bring.

Against this shirt once beat  
The most wonderful heart in the whole wide world  
And forever each thread shall remind me of her  
I rolled down, I turned up sleeve and scarcely could believe  
For I found a strand of her soft golden hair  
I slowly took it down like a star from an angel's crown  
I closed my eyes and softly said a prayer.

Then I walked to the window sill  
My eyes began to fill  
I thought I heard the soft wind call her name  
And the shirt across my arm  
Grew strangely soft and warm  
As if I'd reached and held it to a flame.

And there I stood hearin' only the beat  
Of my own aching heart  
Lost in the dreams of what might have been  
And the shirt seemed as sorrowful as I  
And just as empty body and soul...