

# Billy "Crash" Craddock, There Won't Be Another

Porch swing is squeaking, and the night is like it should be.  
The stars in the sky on putting on a show for you and me  
I got a lot of words to say, if only I knew how.  
There may be another morning, but there won't be another  
now.

We were kids together, and I loved you all the years I known  
you.

With hungry eyes I watched you, as your young body has  
out grown you.

Something deep inside of me, makes me want to show you  
how.

There may be another morning, but there won't be another  
now.

I need you, I want you, I love you, can't you feel it. If you  
don't give your love to me, I just may have to steal it.

Your eyes hold the secret, and I like the look your using,  
A certain look of innocence, is fighting but still loosing,

Slowly the oak tree disappears, and the willow starts to bow.

There may be another morning, but there won't be another now.

Your the one that I been waiting for, there won't be another now.