

Buck Owens, Everything Reminds Me You're Gone

Walking down the highway looking for a place
To lay down my tired and weary bones
Sun came up this morning another day to face
everything reminds me that you're gone.

The leaves on the trees are starting to fall
Summer has sang its final song
Off in the distance I hear a lonely call
Everything reminds me that you're gone.

--- Instrumental ---

The grass in the meadow is turning
The ground listen to that cold wind moan
The snowflakes of winter will soon be on the ground
Everything reminds me that you're gone... uh huh.