

Buck Owens, The Key's In The Mailbox

Oh jealous me and careless you
The odds were just too great
I couldn't stand those lonely nights
You made me sit and wait
But I'd thought I'd seen the last of you
When you walked out of site
Instead I see you in my dreams each night
Oh the key's in the mailbox, come on in
I'm sitting here wishin' dear, I'd have your love again
And I'll never even ask you where you've been
The keys in the mailbox, come on in
Well I said I'd rather stay alone
Than share your company
I said don't come around at all
If you want more than me
But sitting here alone I can't deny the flame that burns
And I'd gladly take you back on any terms