

Connie Smith, On And On And On

(On and on on and on)

All the things come to an end yes that means we'll never love again

The end of our love the end of my dreams the end of almost everything it seems

Except these heartaches these teardrops and this loneliness goes on and on and on

On and on and on as if there were no tomorrow

As if the night had come to stay and there would be no dawn

Love has stopped time has stopped everything on this earth has stopped

Except these heartaches these teardrops and this loneliness goes on and on and on

(On and on on and on on and on)

On and on and on...