

Conway Twitty, House on Old Lonesome Road (1

Every night it's the same old time,
I leave work at five-o-five
Been doing my best to forget about her
But she's driving me out of my mind.

When I get home, I know what I'll find,
How I wish that it wasn't so
There'll be no one there to hold me tonight,
In that house on old lonesome road.

I recall how we laughed
When we read the name
In the paper before we moved in,
After we did our friends all asked
If that house was lonesome back then.

We were so young, our dreams were so new,
There's just no way that we could have known,
The irony of that place where we loved,
That house on Old lonesome road.

Chorus:
It's Only shingles and shutters
And a case of worn out stairs
And just like my old heart they need repair,
Maybe I should sell it,
Yeah, maybe that would be the best,
Maybe then someone else could find
Some love at that address.

I used to love that old house so much
Back before she went away
Now everything there is just gathering dust,
I should clean it up if I'm going to stay.

I don't have too much time anymore,
I'm too busy talking to ghosts,
'Cause her memory, keeps me compay,
In that house on old lonesome road.

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