

Conway Twitty, Sadness Of It All

She works day and night in a dingy cafe
Feedin' locals and passers by
She never complains of a heartache and pain
But sometimes she breaks down to cry
And her honky tonk husband spends most of his time
Drinking whiskey and watching TV
And now rumor has it he's foolin' around
But the rumor she she does not believe

And the sadness of that all is I could fall
Like rain from the sky for you
Sadness of that all is I could fall
Like rain from the sky for you

Each night at nine around closin' time
He drops by to say hello
We sit down and talk and go for walk
It gets just as far as it goes

And the sadness of it all...
And the sadness of it all...