

Dottie West, Suffertime

After sundown comes suffertime for me.
And I go to that small cafe where we used to meet.
I'll have the special for today, cause nothing matters to me,
Just make my coffee cold and black, oh like my future's gonna be
And let me cry to a sad song for he's still on my mind
And excuse me for not talking it's my suffertime
I know I'll never crave a new love I had a taste of one so fine
And for this love I'll go on starving and suffer my whole lifetime
Oh would you play just one more sad song yes he's still still on my mind
Then I'll see you again tomorrow at suffertime