

# Dwight Yoakam, Buenas Noches From A Lonely Room

She wore red dresses  
with her black shining hair  
She had my baby  
and caused me to care  
Then coldly she left me  
to suffer and cry  
'Cause, She wore red dresses  
and told such sweet lies

I never knew him  
but he took her away  
And on my knees like a madman  
for vengeance I prayed  
While the pain and the anger  
destroyed my weak mind  
She wore red dresses  
and left the wounded behind

Instrumental

I searched til I found them,  
then I cursed at the sight  
Of their sleeping shadows  
in the cold neon light  
In the dark morning silence  
I placed the gun to her head  
'Cause, She wore red dresses,  
but now she lay dead...

Instrumental