

Dwight Yoakam, Buenos Noches From A Lonely

(dwight yoakam)

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
She wore red dresses and told such sweet lies

I never knew him but he took her away

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

I searched till 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
She wore red dresses, but now she lay dead