

# Ernest Tubb, (All My Friends Are Gonna Be) Strangers

All the love you promised would be mine forever I would have bet my bottom dollar on  
Well it sure turned out to be a short forever  
Just once I turned my back and you were gone  
From now on all my friends are gonna be strangers I'm all through ever trusting anyone  
The only thing I can count on now is my fingers

I was a fool believing you and now you are gone

( guitar )

It amazes me not knowing any better than to think I had a love that would be true  
Why I should be taken out tarred and feathered to have let myself be taken in by you  
From now on all my friends...