

George Jones, (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 in you and now you are gone
(steel - fiddle)
It amazes me not knowing any better
than to think I'd find a love that could be true
Oh I should be taken out and tarred and feathered
to have let myself be taken in by you
From now on all my friends...