

Hank Locklin, Foreign Love

Harbor lights are ahead and bright they're shining I can feel the thrill of coming home
But I know my heart will not be willing to forget a foreign love I've known
I will soon be in the arms that waited faithfully each day that I've been gone
But my heart could never be contented to forget a foreign love I've known
(guitar)

What on earth could be the right decision it's no good to find a memory
Should I tell the one that calls me darling that a foreign love is haunting me
Can I live with one and love another and go on and face what is to be
In the sea of dreams my heart is anchored and the foreign love is haunting me