

Hank Snow, Colorado Country Morning

Looking through the window of the greyhound station down in San Antone
Watching people come and people go and feeling so alone
And every face I see reminds me of the one I've left behind me crying
Knowing I should go back home and heaven knows how hard I'm trying

To see that Colorado country morning with the dusty roads and warm sunshine
I've got the Colorado country morning and a Denver woman on my mind
[fiddle]
I remember standing at the door and looking back as she lay sleeping
And very gently through the window pane the morning sun was creeping
And without a sound I turned around and softly kissed her goodbye
Now with all behind I often find myself wondering why
I left that Colorado country morning...
I left that Colorado country morning...