

Hank Thompson, I Cast A Lonesome Shadow

I CAST A LONESOME SHADOW

Writers Hank Thompson, Lynn Russwurm

Every evening when the sun goes down I sit here in my room
And the lamplight streaming over me projects my lonely gloom
My counterpart in agony mocks each tear that falls
And I cast a lonesome shadow on these lonely, lonely walls

He's always by my side at night no matter where I go
He lurks out in the darkness or in the neon's glow
He follows me across the steps and up and down the hall
And I cast a lonesome shadow on these lonely, lonely walls

I sit and watch the candle and the flicker of the flame
My writhing shadow twists and turns as though it is in pain
I'm trying to escape the memory my mind recalls
And I cast a lonesome shadow on these lonely, lonely walls

The image of a love I lost and all the things I'd planned
Are as empty as this bottle that I hold in my hand
My soul is buried in the depths of love and life's pitfalls
And I cast a lonesome shadow on these lonely, lonely walls

I cast a lonesome shadow on these lonely, lonely walls