

Hank Thompson, Where My Sweet Baby Used To

Every room seems empty now since she's gone away
The music of her laughter is a thing of yesterday
The patter of her footsteps when she'd meet me at the door
The smiling face I loved to see is gone forever more

I see a cozy love seat when we used to sit and talk
My tears fall on the carper where my sweet bay used to walk
[fiddle]
A dozen other women I might get to take her place
But none to touch her sweetness none would have her grace
When her footsteps pleaded from me it cut me like a sword
A goodbye told me she was gone my baby I adore
I see a cozy love seat...
My tears fall on the carper where my sweet bay used to walk