

# Jack Greene, Key That Fits Her Door

I can't seem to lose a key that fits her door  
It's late and all the barrooms are closing  
I start walking down the street search my car  
And temptation overtakes me when my conscience says go home  
I had that way but never get that far  
Look ahead if I turn right the road to take me home  
But passion whispers make a left and see her just once more  
When it happens I keep hidden cause our moments are forbidden  
But I can't seem to lose a key that fits her door  
[ steel ]  
Look ahead if I turn right...