

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...