

Jan Howard, Last Time

Somewhere outside the wind is wailing this time tomorrow you'll be sailing
Oh my love hold me as if it was our last time
Somewhere outside the bird is crying sounds like a million souls are dying
Oh my love hold me as if it was our last time
The trumpet sounds and you have things to do
Don't worry darling while you're gone I'll wait right here for you
Somewhere outside tomorrow's calling too many tears will soon be falling
Oh my love hold me as if it was our last time
[guitar]
The trumpet sounds...
Hold me as if it was our last time hmm hmm