

Kitty Wells, Don't Call Me Your Darling

The sun goes down another night you've left me here alone
You still don't know I understand just what's been going on
When morning come your conscience make your hand pick up the phone
Don't call me your darling from another woman's home
How would you like someone's arms around me while you're gone
And see him touch my lips and share the true love you have known
Someday the phone will ring and you will find your girl has gone
Don't call me your darling from another woman's home
[guitar]
How would you like someone's arms...