Lorrie Morgan, Behind His Last Goodbye

BEHIND HIS LAST GOODBYE

With a gentle hand he sweeps a strand of hair back from my eyes
And sees me cry And with a tenderness he'll press his lips to mine and for a while
He holds me tight And oh he's careful not to close the door behind his last goodbye He leaves me
In the night Though he leaves but when he leaves He leaves more than just a woman satisfied And
And sees me cry And with a tenderness he'll press his lips to mine And against my will he says goo