

# 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 good