

Lorrie Morgan, Far Side Of The Bed

All the feeling lived and died
In the miles left between us
And "I love you" doesn't mean much
From the far side of the bed

Now there's time for looking back
And choosing memories for keeping
And I cried as you lay sleeping
On the far side of the bed

There was once a raging bull?
On the far side of the bed
Where just touching was enough
To ease the pain inside my head
Now I can't turn back time
And I can not raise the dead
And love is just a favorite memory
On the far side of the bed

At the close of everyday
There's another day I've missed you
And an empty good night whisper
From the far side of the bed
With all my memories packed away
Like the suitcase I'll be taking
I'll be gone when you awaken
On the far side of the bed

There was once a raging bull?
On the far side of the bed
Where just touching was enough
To ease the pain inside my head
Now I can't turn back the time
And I can not raise the dead
And love is just a favorite memory
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