

Marty Robbins, Tonight Carmen (Columbia) (1967)

Carmen..Carmen...Carmen...

Tonight I am aching, my body is shaking
Tonight Carmen's coming back home
Tonight there'll be no room for tears in my bedroom
Tonight Carmen's coming back home.

Tonight as I stand here I notice my hand here
Is trembling as never before
My feelings I can't hide, resistance has all died
My pride will rush outside
The moment she walks through the door.

The lips that have kissed her,
That's loved her and missed her
Are lips that have cursed her at night
In anguish and torment, I've cursed as the night went
From darkness till dawn's golden light
I thought of just taking these two hands and breaking
The body I'm waiting to touch
I find while I'm waiting, there's no time for hating
While anticipating, the woman I've wanted so much.

I've placed pretty flowers to brighten the hours
I put brand new sheets on the bed
I'm nervous, I'm trembling, recalling remembering
The way that she tosses her head.

I've given much thought to the fact that I ought to
have more control over my life
How can I fight it, how can I deny it,
There's no way to hide it
The love that I have for my wife.

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