Mel Tillis, These Lonely Hands Of Mine

Any girl who hangs out in a honky tonk who smokes my cigarettes and drinks my wine
Some call her a bad girl but to me she means the world
Cause she's holding these lonely hands of mine

She listens while I cry on her shoulder she runs her slender fingers through my hair
Other men may hold her tight but right now tonight
She's holding these lonely hands of mine
She's holding the hands that once held you so tight
She smiles each time I call her by name
She listens to my same sad story every night
She says I'm right and she gives you the blame
Any girl who hangs out...
Holding these lonely hands of mine