

# Merle Haggard, I Die Ten Thousand Times A Day

I come home and I sat down by the door  
I just sat and dream my lonely life away  
I just can't stand a thought that I won't see you anymore  
I guess I die ten thousand times a day  
If that soulful life comes to its end  
I ceased to live the night you went away  
If you walk through that door then I'll start to live again  
I guess I die ten thousand times a day  
I pick up each thing you used to touch  
I call to mine each tender word you say  
If I've hurt you it's just because I love you much too much  
I guess I die ten thousand times a day