

# Mickey Gilley, Tears Of The Lonely

(Wayland Holyfield)

Faded pictures, yellow from time  
Well worn memories of days gone by  
Needing someone and nobodys there  
These are the things broken dreams are made of,  
Lord theyre everywhere.

Oh, the tears of the lonely  
Keep falling all the time,  
Oh, Tears of the lonely  
They never dry.

Another nighttime that just never ends  
A helpless longing for what might have been  
Another morning to face all alone  
These are the things broken dreams are made of,  
They go on and on.

Oh, the tears of the lonely  
Keep falling all the time,  
Oh, Tears of the lonely  
They never dry.

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Keep falling all the time,  
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