

# Porter Wagoner, Lonely Comin' Down

I woke up this morning in a strange place looked into the mirror at a strange face  
Then I looked for you but you could not be found then I felt the lonely comin' down  
Then I felt the lonely dripping down my face as I realized no one could take your place  
I wondered where the love had gone that we had found  
As I felt the lonely comin' down

I walked across our room to the empty bed  
Saw the imprint on the pillow where you layed your head  
The fragrance of you still lingered all around again I felt the lonely comin' down  
Then I felt the lonely...  
As I felt the lonely comin' down