

Reba McEntire, The Last One To Know

(Matraca Berg/Jane Mariash)

I didn't see the fire burn to ashes
Couldn't feel the winds of change
I was lost inside the passion
Blinded by a memory of a flame

Guess I should of felt it when you touched me
Should of seen it in your eyes
I beleived you really loved me
Why can't i beleive you said goodbye

Why is the last one to know
The first one to cry and the last to let go
Why is the one left behind the one left alone
With no one to hold
The last one to know

Now it would be easier to face the morning
If you were holding me tonight
But you left me without a warning
Holding on to a heartache while she's holding you tight

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