

Tammy Wynette, Til I Can Make It on My Own

(George Richey/Billy Sherrill/Tammy Wynette)

I'll need time,
To get you off my mind.
And I may sometimes bother you;
Try to be in touch with you.
Even ask too much of you from time to time.

Now and then,
Lord you know I'll need a friend.
'Til I get used to losing you,
Let me keep on using you.
'Til I can make it on my own.

I'll get by,
But no matter how I try,
There'll be times you know I'll call.
Chances are my tears will fall,
And I'll have no pride at all, from time to time.

But they say,
Oh, there'll be a brighter day.
But 'til then I'll lean on you,
That's all I mean to do.
'Til I can make it on my own.

Surely someday I'll look up and see the morning sun,
Without another lonely night behind me.
Then I'll know I'm over you and all my crying's done.
No more hurtin' memories can find me.

But 'til then,
Lord, you know I'm gonna need a friend.
'Til I get used to losing you,
Let me keep on using you.
'Til I can make it on my own.

'Til I can make it on my own.