

# Tex Williams, Where The Sad People Are

Where the lights are too low and the music's too slow  
Where the whisper is loud that's my crowd  
They're selling forgetting by the drink at the bar  
I'm at home with the lonely where the sad people are

Where the sad ones the mad ones and the bad ones I guess  
And I found no way but down away from happiness  
In the darkness the heartless just whisper and cry  
For you left me no heart and no way to die  
(For you left me no heart and no way to die)  
Where the lights are too low...  
I'm at home with the lonely where the sad people are