

# Trace Adkins, Snowball In El Paso

She left her boots she wears in the rain  
She left her lady razor  
She left a note that I can't explain  
On the refrigerator  
She left a book she's been reading for days  
Beside her chest of drawers  
She left her nightgown hanging  
Behind the bathroom door  
But she left me no choice as far as I can tell  
When it comes to getting over her  
She didn't leave me a chance in hell  
Like a snowball in El Paso  
Like a feather in the wind  
Without a prayer I'll ever find someone like her again  
A fast train is comin'  
And my heart's a penny on the rail  
No she didn't leave me a chance in hell  
She left me wondering what I'm gonna do  
With all these pieces left of me  
She left her scent all over the room  
So even in the dark I'd see  
She left a thirsty man with no water in the well  
And without a single storm cloud overhead  
She didn't leave me a chance in hell  
Like a snowball in El Paso  
Like a feather in the wind  
Without a prayer I'll ever find someone like her again  
A fast train is comin'  
And my heart's a penny on the rail  
No she didn't leave me a chance in hell  
A fast train is comin'  
And my heart's a penny on the rail  
No, she didn't leave me a chance in hell  
No, she didn't leave me a chance in hell