

Tracy Lawrence, Cards

Here's one from last August that came out of the blue
Says summer's been a scorcher baby and I'm still hot on you
There must be twenty-five or more you signed them everyone
Now I'm sittin' in this lonely room wonderin' what went wrong
Now the cards'are on the table hallmark at its best
Valentines and anniversaries forever yours and all the rest
I'm sortin' through these mem'ries still searching for a clue
Now the cards're on the table and he's holding you

[piano]

The sun comes through the curtains but I'm still in the dark
These cards that used to touch me are tearing me apart
I'm torn between tossin' them away or back up on the shelf
Guess my poor heart don't want to play the hand that it's been dealt
Now the cards're on the table...
I'm sortin' through these mem'ries...