

VINCE GILL, This New Heartache

Oh here I sit with my first glass of whiskey
Wondering where I went wrong
How I wish she was still right here with me
I long to hear all those old country songs

Like old Hank Williams when he'd sing about lonesome
And Hag about misery and gin
If the jukebox would play Patsy's 'Crazy'
Then I could let this new heartache begin

The band just quit and the lovers are leaving
And the bartender said it's closing time
Oh I wonder if she's having trouble sleeping
And if those songs keep on runnin' through her mind

Like 'Crazy Arms' and 'A-11'
The 'Lovers Blues' we're 'Together Again'
Why baby, why must you and 'I Fall To Pieces'
It's time to let this new heartache begin
Why baby, why must you and 'I Fall To Pieces'
It's time to let this new heartache begin