

# Come Sundown

George Jones

I heard the front door closin' softly  
As I waken from my sleep  
With the last touch of her lips, Lord  
Like a whisper on my cheek.

And I curse the sun for risin'  
For the worse Lord, is yet to come  
'Cause this mornin' she's just leavin'  
But come sundown she'll be gone.

See the lipstick on the pillow  
That I placed beneath her head  
And the soft sheets still feel warm, Lord  
Where she lay upon my bed.

And it hurt to know it's over  
For the hurt Lord, has just begun  
'Cause this mornin' she's just leavin'  
But come sundown she'll be gone...