

## Come Sundown

Bill Anderson

I heard the front door closing softly  
As I weaken from my sleep  
With the last touch of her lips  
Lord like a whisper on my cheek

And I cursed the sun for rising  
For the worst lord is yet to come  
'Cause this morning she's just leaving  
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 hurts to know it's over  
And the hurt lord has just begun  
'Cause this morning she's just leaving  
But come sundown she'll be gone