

Everything Reminds Me You're Gone

Buck Owens

Walking down the highway looking for a place to lay down my tired and weary bones
Sun came up this morning another day to face everything reminds me that you're gone
The leaves on the trees are starting to fall summer has sang its final song
Off in the distance I hear a lonely call everything reminds me that you're gone
The grass in the meadow is turning the ground listen to that cold wind moan
The snowflakes of winter will soon be on the ground
Everything reminds me that you're gone uh huh