

Washing My Dreams In Tears

Carl Smith

Oh once my heart was light and gay and didn't realize
Until you vanished from my side and opened up my eyes
I balanced up the books on you the answer's very clear
The final total comes into exactly nothin' dear
I'm fillin' up a washing tub of tears I shed for you
And dumpin' in my oldest dreams I've got a job to do
I'm washing all my dreams in tears to rid my misery
And hangin' out on the line that you handed me
At night when I lie down to rest instead of coutin' sheep
I count the many lies you told to put myself to sleep
I count the times you cheated to and knowing how you are
I'd like to count them everyone but I can't count that far
I'm fillin' up a washing tub...
I'll take the brush you used and given me to brush all fear
And brush away my thoughts of you that linger round so near
Put on my walking shoes I got when you gave me the air
Go out and found somebody new someone who really care
I'm fillin' up a washing tub...