

I Won't Be Home To You

Connie Francis

When you come knockin' at my door I won't be home to you
Don't want to see you anymore I won't be home to you
So henoeey now I know the score and you and I are through

You might as well be passing by I won't be home to you
Well you can beg and you can cry I won't be home to you
Without you I'll be even high the moment I lose you

You kept tellin' me you love me you kept makin' pretty
sounds
And I really thought you loved me

Till I caught you messin' around and around and around

Don't even call me on the phone I won't be home to you
Don't want to be here all alone but I won't be home to
you
Well you can weep and you can moan you and I are through
(Let me hear it like it is now yeah yeah)

You kept tellin' me you love me...
Don't even call me on the phone...
Well you can weep and you can moan you and I are through