

Will You Visit Me On Sunday

Conway Twitty

Just outside these prison bars
The hanging tree is waitin'
At sunrise I'll meet darkness
And death will say hello

Darling, touch your lips to mine
And tell me you love me
Promise me again before you go

Will you visit me on Sundays?
Will you bring me pretty flowers?
Will your big blue eyes be misty?
Will you brush away a tear?

A grave is filled with silence
If a sleeping man could hear
Darling, would I hear
Your footsteps up there?

Promise me that time won't
Separate me from your mem'ry
That you'll remember me
Until the days of silver hair

If not for you, I know
I'd lose my mind before morning
Hold me close and
Tell me you still care

Will you visit me on Sundays?
Will you bring me pretty flowers?
Will your big blue eyes be misty?
Will you brush away a tear?

A grave is filled with silence
If a sleeping man could hear
Darling, would I hear
Your footsteps up there?