

## 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?