Dwight Yoakam

I watch as you take off your clothes and slip under the sheets Then I turn and kick the boots off my feet I pull you close without a word 'cause there's no need to speak Girl, beauty like yours is hard to beat

But I'll be gone in the morning, in the morning I'll be gone 'Cause I'm not one for hanging on Hey, please don't think that you done something wrong In the morning when you wake and find me gone

Just a look from those fiery eyes can all but erase
The memory of any other's face
And the passion they unleash could cause me to misplace
And lose all track of time without a trace

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The sun intrudes and throws across the room its golden tracks Shake the dreams, now it's back to facts
As I turn to leave, I know you had what so many lack
Maybe some day that'll bring me back

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