

# Making the Rounds

George Jones

I'm making the rounds with someone new now that you've gone away  
But making the rounds it's not the fun if it was with you  
The glamor has gone from all the spots that seem so bright and gay  
But making the rounds is all that's left for me to do.

I never go home till the last hide away place has closed its door  
There's too much at home to remind me that we're through  
I laugh and pretend that I'm not wishing for a bygone day  
When we were in love and I was making the rounds with you.

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