

THAT SINGING FRIEND OF MINE

George Jones

He could take and sing a heart songs
And twist every heartache out
And the way he walked out on the stage
Made folks scream and shout
And he had a way with the women
And could put away the wine
I sure miss that singing friend of mine

I can hear him singing now
He could sure sing a good memory
When he'd sing about the grass of home
I'd always cry
I sure miss that singing friend of mine

He loved fast cars and night life
He seemed to thrive on danger
He had to fight most all his life
So he was quick to anger
But when he'd sing a country song
He face would light with a smile
And I sure miss that singing friend of mine

From a show in Kansas City
I guess he was Nashville bound
The radio playing softly
The Bottle Let Me Down
And somehow he missed that big curve
And a giant looked down in time
I sure miss that singing friend of mine

I can hear him singing now...