

Will You Visit Me On Sunday

George Jones

Just outside these prison bars the hanging tree is waiting
At sunrise I'll meet darkness and death will say hello
Darling, touch your lips to mine and tell me that you love me
And promise me again before you go.

Will you visit me on Sundays, will you bring me pretty flowers
Will your big blue eyes get misty, will you brush away a tear
A grave is filled with silence but if a sleeping man could hear

Darling, would I hear your footsteps up there.

Promise me that time won't separate me from your memory
That you'll remember me until the days of silver hair
If not for you I know I'd lose my mind before the morning
Hold me close and tell me that you care.

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