

Miss Emily's Picture

John Conlee

I wake up in the morning in a state of fright
On the wrong side of the bed all night
Clingin' to the broken heart inside my head
Open my eyes and I move my hand
'Round her pillow to the night stand
And straighten Miss Emily's picture by my bed

Go to the office The works piled up
Pour three fingers bourban in my coffee cup
And cry on my best friend's shoulder down the hall
Feels so lonely when I close the door
Bite my nails and I walk the floor
And straighten Miss Emily's picture on my wall

Look out my window and what do I see?
Nothing but pain looking back at me
All that my future means to me
Is tossin yesterday's love out into the wind
And straighten Miss Emily's picture now and then

Leave my office and I go downtown
To a little bar we all hang around
Laugh, drink, shoot pool, and have a ball
When the laughter stops and the hurtin' takes hold
Reach in my pocket for my billfold
And show Miss Emily's picture to 'em all

I stagger in the house and I slam the door
Scatter my clothes all over the floor
Wishin' I could do the same thing in my head
Drink a beer and I eat a bite
And just before I turn out the light
Straighten Miss Emily's picture by my bed

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