

## Late In The Day

Kathy Mattea

Late in the day,  
When shadows start to play on my backdoor,  
And up and down this alleyway.  
I think back on the times,  
With your hand in mine,  
We sat talking low,  
Late in the day.

It seems you never know,  
A good thing till it goes, slippin' through your fingers,  
That's just the price I pay.  
For being on my own,  
And doin' the best I can,  
Now I'm alone without a plan,  
Late in the day.

Now I pour whiskey, break the ice,  
Put my feet up and close my eyes.  
I try hard to listen to what my heart might say.  
Try to find the rhyme,  
To take me back in time,  
And be with you here,  
Late in the day.

Instrumental break.

Now, I look out over tops,  
Of houses and the shops as the sun sets,  
Another day does wind down.  
And my life is still the same,  
My lips still call your name,  
And my heart can't hide the pain,  
Late in the day.

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