The Night Before

Lee Hazlewood

I wake up Sunday morning With my mind all in a haze Tearstains on my pillow And make-up on my face I see those empty whiskey bottles And records scattered on the floor And from the next room, I hear crying Then I remember the night before

I saw her dancing at the party So young with laughter in her face And when the others had departed Convincing words and she stayed late And now those empty whiskey bottles They stand accusing from the floor That I hear footsteps as she's leaving Yes, she remembers the night before

If I could turn back the clock Turn it back to yesterday There are things I wouldn't do And things I wouldn't say

But now those empty whiskey bottles Within my mind forevermore And in the silence, I hear crying Yes, I remember the night before