

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