

## Behind His Last Goodbye

Lorrie Morgan

With a gentle hand he sweeps a strand of hair back from my eyes  
And sees me cry  
And with a tenderness he'll press his lips to mine  
And for a while he holds me tight  
And oh he's careful not to close the door behind his last goodbye

He leaves me breathless and he makes the woman in me come alive  
And I'm a fool who, who let's him in time and again don't ask me why  
While the moments turn to precious memories  
The questions go unanswered in my mind  
And though he's careful not to burn the bridge behind his last goodbye

He wanders in and out my life  
Through the shadows like a thief would in the night  
Though he leaves but when he leaves  
He leaves more than just a woman satisfied  
And though he's careful not to close the door behind his last goodbye

He leaves me breathless and he makes the woman in me come alive  
And I'm a fool who, who let's him in time and again don't ask me why  
While the moments turn to precious memories  
The questions go unanswered in my mind  
And though he's careful not to burn the bridge behind his last goodbye

With a gentle hand he sweeps a strand of hair back from my eyes  
And sees me cry  
And with a tenderness he'll press his lips to mine  
And against my will he says goodbye