

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