

When I Stop Loving You

Trace Adkins

I was sitting in a truck stop, overheard a conversation
He was spilling out his heart and soul to her
He had that diamond in his hand, he was a lovesick, desperate man
Trying with all his might when he found the words
And he said

There'll be no peaches down in Georgia, no oil in Oklahoma
No sun in Arizona, no stars in California
No cowboys out in Texas, no wheat fields in Kansas
No Colorado skies of blue
When I stop loving you
When I stop loving you

For a moment he was heart broke, as she smiled and hesitated
She was looking like she couldn't make up her mind
Then he went down on one knee in front of God, the crowd and me
Swallowed hard and gave it one more try

There'll be no cars in Detroit City, no cotton in Mississippi
No mountains in Montana, no red clay in Alabama
No bluegrass in Kentucky, Vegas won't be lucky
And Memphis won't be home of the blues
When I stop loving you

Everybody in that truck stop held their breath
As he waited to hear what she would say
They all stood up and cheered when she said yes
And he promised her until his dying day

There'll be no peaches down in Georgia, no oil in Oklahoma
No sun in Arizona, no stars in California
No cowboys out in Texas, no wheat fields in Kansas
No Colorado skies of blue

There'll be no cars in Detroit City, no cotton in Mississippi
No mountains in Montana, No red clay in Alabama
No bluegrass in Kentucky, Vegas won't be lucky
And Memphis won't be home of the blues

When I stop loving you (no peaches down in Georgia)
When I stop loving you (no oil in Oklahoma)
Girl, when I stop loving you