

# Leona

Conway Twitty

Leona Leona you tell him you're through  
You tell him Leona about me and you  
You tell him we're married with a baby of two  
You tell him Leona you tell him you're through

You laughed as I pleaded and walked out the door  
To meet him to kiss him to shame me once more  
I knew where to find you just follow the sign  
Dancing and dining cocktails and wine

The sidewalk was crowded in front of the bar  
I heard the siren of black police car  
Two bodies lay crumbled a woman a man  
His wife stood there by you a gun in her hand

Leona Leona it's over and through  
The baby is crying and calling for you  
For me there's no difference I've known for so long  
That some day you'd leave me and now you are gone