

Whispers of Your Name

Kacey Musgraves

Maybe I won't find,
Any old love letters,
Maybe I won't wish,
You'd come down the hall.

Maybe my picture frames,
Won't look so empty,
I have to take 'em down,
Off the wall.

Maybe the rain will come,
After I'm sleeping,
Maybe in my dreams,
I won't feel this pain.

Maybe I'll find my way,
Back to morning,
Without hearing whispers of your name.

Maybe I'll find some things,
To keep my mind busy,
Maybe I'll sell this car,
Sell this ol' ring.

Maybe that'll be enough,
To finally convince me,
That you're not here,
And I really don't have anything.

Maybe I'll try,
Try to get out some,
Maybe our favorite places,
Will still feel the same.

Maybe when I sit alone,
At our old table,
I won't hear whispers of your name.
I won't hear whispers of your name.