

In Lonesome Times

Lucero

In lonesome times
I picture your face
It's so easy to find
But you're so hard to please
In lonesome times
I still hear your voice
Brings me to my knees
With the feelings I can not avoid
Well I don't find much comfort going out at night
Walking these streets beneath the bright city lights
And the dark country roads don't take me no where
And I'm stuck, and I'm tired,
and it ain't no fair to be this worn out
To feel this low down
In lonesome times.
In lonesome times, I still feel you breath
Quietly in the dark
As you lay there next to me
And I don't find much comfort going out at night,
beneath the bright city light,
and the dark country roads don't take me nowhere,
And I'm stuck, and I'm tired,
and it ain't no fair to be this worn out
To feel this low down
In lonesome times
In Lonesome times
In lonesome times