

# House On Old Lonesome Road

Conway Twitty

Every night it's the same old plan  
And I leave work at five-o-five  
Been doing my best to forget about her  
But she's driving me out of my mind

When I get home, I know what I'll find  
How I wish that it wasn't so  
There'll be no one there to hold me tonight  
In that house on old lonesome road

I recall how we laughed  
When we read the name  
In the paper before we moved in  
And after we did our friends all asked  
If that house was lonesome back then

We were so young, our dreams were so new  
There's just no way that we could have known  
The irony of the place where we loved  
That house on old lonesome road

It's only shingles and shutters  
And a case of worn out stairs  
Just like my old heart they need repair  
Maybe I should sell it  
Yeah, maybe that would be the best  
Maybe then someone else could find  
Some love at that address

I used to love that old house so much  
Back before she went away  
Now everything there is just gathering dust  
I should clean it up if I'm gonna stay

But I don't have too much time anymore  
I'm too busy talking to ghosts  
'Cause her memory, keeps me company  
In that house on old lonesome road

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