Buenas Noches from a Lonely Room (She Wore Red Dresses)

Dwight Yoakam

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She wore red dresses
with her black shining hair
She had my baby
and caused me to care
Then coldly she left me
to suffer and cry
'Cause, She wore red dresses
and told such sweet lies

I never knew him
but he took her away
And on my knees like a madman
for vengeance I prayed
While the pain and the anger
destroyed my weak mind
She wore red dresses
and left the wounded behind

I searched til I found them,
then I cursed at the sight
Of their sleeping shadows
in the cold neon light
In the dark morning silence
I placed the gun to her head
'Cause, She wore red dresses,
but now she lay dead...
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