

## Miss Emily's Picture

John Conlee

I wake up in the morning in a state of fright  
On the wrong side of the bed all night  
Clingin' to the broken heart inside my head  
Open my eyes and I move my hand  
'Round her pillow to the night stand  
And straighten Miss Emily's picture by my bed

Go to the office The works piled up  
Pour three fingers bourban in my coffee cup  
And cry on my best friend's shoulder down the hall  
Feels so lonely when I close the door  
Bite my nails and I walk the floor  
And straighten Miss Emily's picture on my wall

Look out my window and what do I see?  
Nothing but pain looking back at me  
All that my future means to me  
Is tossin yesterday's love out into the wind  
And straighten Miss Emily's picture now and then

Leave my office and I go downtown  
To a little bar we all hang around  
Laugh, drink, shoot pool, and have a ball  
When the laughter stops and the hurtin' takes hold  
Reach in my pocket for my billfold  
And show Miss Emily's picture to 'em all

I stagger in the house and I slam the door  
Scatter my clothes all over the floor  
Wishin' I could do the same thing in my head  
Drink a beer and I eat a bite  
And just before I turn out the light  
Straighten Miss Emily's picture by my bed

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