

Six Lonely Hours

Kitty Wells

When the clock strikes one I stare at the door
By the time it reaches two I'm walking the floor
When the hands oh so gently drop down on the three
I'm alone in a world where love used to be
There are six lonely hours before dawn and each one is a lifetime since you are gone
I can't face up the living with the sun in the sky but for six lonely hours I die

When the chimes ring out a lonesome old choir
Sweet memories rush in till I can't stand much more
At five all the heartaches I've ever known are there right with me that last hour alone
There are six lonely hours...