

Nathan Jones

Paul Davis

You packed your bags as I recall
And you walked slowly down the hall
You said you had to get away to ease your mind
And all you needed was a little of time

Oh winter's passed spring and fall
You never rung me, you never called
Nathan Jones you've been gone too long
Gone too long

If a woman could die of tears
Nathan Jones, well, I wouldn't be here
The key that you're holding won't fit my door
And there's no room in my heart for you no more

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