

Blue Side of Lonesome

George Jones

I'm calling to tell you it's over
Yes Darling, you're now free to go
You're saying you're sorry you hurt me
But you can't hurt me no more, I know.

You're asking me where this call comes from
Oh, I hope that it won't interfere
If your new romance turns out a failure
Well, here's where to find me my dear.

I'm just on the blue side of lonesome
Right next to the heartbreak hotel
In a tavern that's known as Three Tear Drops
On a bar stool not doin' so well.

The floor has a carpet of sorrow
But no one can weep in the aisle
And they say someone broke the bar mirror
With only the ghost of a smile.

The hands on the clock never alter
For things never change in the place
There's no present, no past, no future
We're the ones who have lost in lifes race.

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