

Lonesome's Last Call

Terri Clark

He drinks while he stares
At the smoke in the air
For him, time seems to crawl
He's got no one at home
So he sits there alone
Waiting on lonesome's last call

She came in by chance
Longing to dance
She once was the belle of the ball
But flowers will fade
She's showing touches of gray
And she's waiting on lonesome's last call

While the fiddles are playing
The dance floor is swaying
To the beat of an old fashioned waltz
Their watching the hands of the clock on the wall
And waiting on lonesome's last call

Soon the lights will go on
But the empty they've known
Won't be felt in this moment at all
There was love in the air
And it found their hearts there
Waiting on lonesome's last call

While the fiddles are playing
The dance floor is swaying
To the beat of an old fashioned waltz
Their watching the hands of the clock on the wall
And waiting on lonesome's last call
They're waiting on lonesome's last call