

# When I Stop Loving You

Trace Adkins

I was sitting in a truck stop, overheard a conversation  
He was spilling out his heart and soul to her  
He had that diamond in his hand, he was a lovesick, desperate man  
Trying with all his might when he found the words  
And he said

There'll be no peaches down in Georgia, no oil in Oklahoma  
No sun in Arizona, no stars in California  
No cowboys out in Texas, no wheat fields in Kansas  
No Colorado skies of blue  
When I stop loving you  
When I stop loving you

For a moment he was heart broke, as she smiled and hesitated  
She was looking like she couldn't make up her mind  
Then he went down on one knee in front of God, the crowd and me  
Swallowed hard and gave it one more try

There'll be no cars in Detroit City, no cotton in Mississippi  
No mountains in Montana, no red clay in Alabama  
No bluegrass in Kentucky, Vegas won't be lucky  
And Memphis won't be home of the blues  
When I stop loving you

Everybody in that truck stop held their breath  
As he waited to hear what she would say  
They all stood up and cheered when she said yes  
And he promised her until his dying day

There'll be no peaches down in Georgia, no oil in Oklahoma  
No sun in Arizona, no stars in California  
No cowboys out in Texas, no wheat fields in Kansas  
No Colorado skies of blue

There'll be no cars in Detroit City, no cotton in Mississippi  
No mountains in Montana, No red clay in Alabama  
No bluegrass in Kentucky, Vegas won't be lucky  
And Memphis won't be home of the blues

When I stop loving you (no peaches down in Georgia)  
When I stop loving you (no oil in Oklahoma)  
Girl, when I stop loving you