

Next Sunday Darling Is My Birthday

[Hank Williams](#)

Next Sunday, darling is my birthday
A day that should be free from care
Best wishes and congratulations
But only sorrow fills the air While friends are singing happy birthday
There'll be smile upon my face
But when they're gone, the smile will vanish
A broken heart will take it's place Another year has come and gone now
The plans I made have gone a stray
The day that should be filled with laughter
Will only be another day The little house we planned together
Is empty now without you dear
But in my dreams you're there beside me
So let me dream that you are here

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