Keys In the Mailbox

Buck Owens

Oh jealous me and careless you the odds were just too great
I couldn't take those lonely nights you made me sit and wait
I thought I'd seen the last of you when you walked out of sight
Instead I see you in my dreams each night
So the key's in the mailbox come on in
I'm sitting here wishing dear I had your love again
I'll never even ask you where you've been the key's in the mailbox come on in
[steel - fiddle]
I said I'd rather be alone than share your company
I said don't come around at all if you want more than me
But sitting here alone I can't deny the flame that burns
I'd gladly take you back on any terms
So the key's in the mailbox...

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