

Johnson's Love

Dwight Yoakam

She had left him lost and broken like no other had before
Now his heart was just a token of the pain it had endured
And his memories were clouded with all the hurtful things she'd said
Yes, for all intent and purpose he might just as well been dead
And some people claim they still hear him call
her name
"Hey, hey, Maureen", swear they hear it just that plain
Deep in the night, oh, and sometimes right at dawn
See, his body died some years ago but around here
Mr. Johnson's love lives on
He seemed far away and distant with that cold and silent stare
Never moving, never speaking and just barely breathing air
No one really knew her reason and who can judge her right or wrong
The only true and solemn fact is the man we'd known was all but gone
And some people claim they still hear
him call her name
"Hey, hey, Maureen", swear they hear it just that plain
Deep in the night, oh, and sometimes right at dawn
See, his body died some years ago but around here
Mr. Johnson's love lives on
Sissy Thompson said she'd seen him late that night on Shelby road
About a mile from there they found him, it seems he'd died out in the snow
I hear'd the preacher at the service say, "From love he's finally free"
But I say love, it knows no season, it haunts the soul eternally
And some people claim they still hear him call her
name
"Hey, hey, Maureen", swear they hear it just that plain
Deep in the night, oh, and sometimes right at dawn
See, his body died some years ago but around here
Mr. Johnson's love lives on
Yes, his body died some years ago but around here
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