

Three Cigarettes in an Ashtray

[Patsy Cline](#)

Two cigarettes in an ashtray
My love and I, in a small cafe
Then a stranger came along and everything went wrong
Now there's three cigarettes in the ashtray I watched her take him from me
And his love is no longer my own
Now they are gone and I sit alone
And watch one cigarette burn away I watched her take him from me
And his love is no longer my own
Now they are gone and I sit alone
And watch one cigarette burn away

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