

# Don't Leave Without Taking Your Silver

[George Jones](#)

You said I'm taking everything that is mine right down to the clock on the wall. I watched as you packed up your things. Then you turned and said, "Well, that's all." Oh but you've overlooked just one item. It's as much yours as the clothes that you wear.

Don't leave without taking your silver. You left it right here in my hair.

It's yours, for I didn't have it the moment you captured my soul. First a little streak showed then slowly it wove it's way right in with the gold. I don't see how you overlooked it. For we both know that you put it there.

Don't leave without taking your silver. You left it right here in my hair. No don't leave without taking your silver. You left it right here in my hair.

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