

House On Old Lonesome Road

Conway Twitty

Every night it's the same old plan
And I leave work at five-o-five
Been doing my best to forget about her
But she's driving me out of my mind
When I get home, I know what I'll find
How I wish that it wasn't so
There'll be no one there to hold me tonight
In that house on old lonesome road
I recall how we laughed
When we read the name
In the paper before we moved in
And after we did our friends all asked
If that house was lonesome back then
We were so young, our dreams were so new
There's just no way that we could have known
The irony of the place where we loved
That house on old lonesome road
It's only shingles and shutters
And a case of worn out stairs
Just like my old heart they need repair
Maybe I should sell it
Yeah, maybe that would be the best
Maybe then someone else could find
Some love at that address
I used to love that old house so much
Back before she went away
Now everything there is just gathering dust
I should clean it up if I'm gonna stay
But I don't have too much time anymore
I'm too busy talking to ghosts
'Cause her memory, keeps me company
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And a case of worn out stairs
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