

Almost Persuaded

George Jones

Last night, all alone in a barroom
Met a girl with a drink in her hand
She had ruby red lips and coal black hair
And eyes that would tempt any man
Then she came and sat down at my table
And as she placed her soft hand in mine
I found myself wanting to kiss her
For temptation was flowing like wine
And I was almost persuaded
To strip myself of my pride
Almost persuaded
To push my conscience aside
Then we danced and she whispered, "I need you
Take me away from here and be my man"
Then I looked in her eyes and I saw it
The reflection of my wedding band

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