

Bobby Bare, Chicago Story

At the airport in Chicago Sunday night a soldier and his pretty wife came by
She had brought him there to send him off to war
I heard him say now don't cry anymore
Unashamed they kissed each other there he ran his fingers through her pretty hair
Once or twice she tried but could not speak
I saw the teardrops rolling down her cheeks
She said now don't you worry I'll be true I'll hope and pray no harm will come to you
I thought to myself good Lord what a shame
It made me stop and wonder who's to blame
That airport looked so big and then so small I couldn't hold a teardrop back at all
He turned and ran to catch his waiting plane
She stood there crying calling out his name
She watched his plane go up into the sky she waited until it was out of sight
Then she smiled and I thought Lord she's lost her mind
But she reached into her purse and got a dime
She was smiling as she dropped the money in
She was smiling as she let the number ring
And as I left I heard her say into the phone I'll be over later lover boy he's gone