

Lucero, In Lonesome Times

In lonesome times, I picture your face
It's so easy to find but you're so hard to place
In lonesome times, I still hear your voice
It brings me to my knees with the feelings I can not avoid
I don't find much comfort in goin' out at night
Walkin' these streets underneath the bright city lights
Dark country roads don't take me anywhere
I'm stuck and I'm tired, and it ain't no fair
To be this worn out, to feel this lone down
In lonesome times
In lonesome times, I still feel you breathe
Quiet in the dark as you lay there next to me