

# Marty Robbins, Tonight Carmen (Columbia) (1967)

Carmen..Carmen...Carmen...

Tonight I am aching, my body is shaking  
Tonight Carmen's coming back home  
Tonight there'll be no room for tears in my bedroom  
Tonight Carmen's coming back home.

Tonight as I stand here I notice my hand here  
Is trembling as never before  
My feelings I can't hide, resistance has all died  
My pride will rush outside  
The moment she walks through the door.

The lips that have kissed her,  
That's loved her and missed her  
Are lips that have cursed her at night  
In anguish and torment, I've cursed as the night went  
From darkness till dawn's golden light  
I thought of just taking these two hands and breaking  
The body I'm waiting to touch  
I find while I'm waiting, there's no time for hating  
While anticipating, the woman I've wanted so much.

I've placed pretty flowers to brighten the hours  
I put brand new sheets on the bed  
I'm nervous, I'm trembling, recalling remembering  
The way that she tosses her head.

I've given much thought to the fact that I ought to  
have more control over my life  
How can I fight it, how can I deny it,  
There's no way to hide it  
The love that I have for my wife.

Carmen..Carmen...Carmen...