

After the Fire Is Gone

Conway Twitty & Loretta Lynn

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Love is where you find it,
When you find no love at home
And there's nothing cold as ashes,
After the fire is gone. The bottle is almost empty;
The clock just now struck ten
Darling, I had to call you
To our favorite place again.
We know it's wrong for us to meet
But the fires gone out at home
And there's nothing cold as ashes,
After the fire is gone. Love is where you find it,
When you find no love at home
And there's nothing cold as ashes,
After the fire is gone. --- Instrumental --- Your lips are warm and tender;
Your arms hold me just right
Sweet words of love you remember
That the one at home forgot. Each time we say it's the last time,
But we keep hanging on
And there's nothing cold as ashes,
After the fire is gone.
Love is where you find it,
When you find no love at home
And there's nothing cold as ashes,
After the fire is gone...

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