

# Rita Mae Young

## The Record Company

Good morning, Rita, don't you miss your wine?  
Don't you miss your body being next to mine?  
Got a hollow heart and I'm feeling wrong  
Got a dollar in my pocket for a midnight song  
When your lover's gone and the music's over  
Oh no, don't wanna be alone any more  
When your lover's gone, can't rest at night  
Threading through the crowd in a low-tavern light  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita was a light in my bright shining morning  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita Mae Young  
Good morning, Rita, hope you're doing right  
I couldn't give you what you wanted, but you stayed on my mind  
Got a tired heart, and it's been too long  
Put a dollar in the jukebox for a midnight song  
When your lover is gone, there's cloud in your eyes  
It might be the bourbon, all the lies that you hide  
When the evenings done, that feels warm  
The soft southern air and a jukebox morning  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita was a light in my bright shining morning  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita Mae Young  
My blue-eyed woman  
Oh, she's gone  
My blue-eyed woman  
Good morning, Rita, don't you miss your wine?  
Don't you miss your body being next to mine?  
Got a hollow heart and I'm feeling wrong  
Got a dollar in my pocket for a midnight song  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita was a light in my bright shining morning  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita Mae Young  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita was a light in my bright shining morning  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita Mae Young  
child  
Long gone, child  
Come back, woman  
Come back, woman  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita was a light in my bright shining morning  
Yeah, she's gone, yeah, she's gone  
My Rita Mae Young

