

Cecelia

Cecelia don't love me no more. What am I gonna do?

Cecelia don't love me no more. What am I gonna do?

I'm gonna get down on Broadway, pick up on somebody new

She called me this morning, early on the telephone

Called me this morning, early on the telephone

She said, "You hear me now, but this afternoon I'm gone"

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I never trusted that gal. Always knew that she was no good

Never trusted her. Always knew that she was no good

Nobody can keep her, but I sure as hell wish I could

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If you see Cecelia, won't you tell her that I lover her still

If you see Cecelia, won't you tell her that I always will

You'll know her when you see her, she's the one that's never standing still

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