HERE COMES GOODBYE

Words and Music by
CLINT LAGERBERG
and CHRIS SLIGH

Moderate country feel $j = 72$

$Bm$  $Asus$  $G$  $G2$  $D$

$Bm$  $Asus$  $G$  $G2$  $mp$

I can

$Bm$  $Asus$  $G$  $G2$  $D$

hear the truck tires coming up the gravel road, and it's not

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like her to drive that slow;
nothing's on the radio.

Foot-steps on the front porch,
I hear my door-bell. She usu-ally comes.

right in, now I can tell, here comes "good-bye,"

here comes the last time, here comes the start.
of ev'ry sleepless night, the first of ev'ry tear I'm gonna cry.

Here comes the pain, here comes me

wishing things had never changed, and she was right here in my arms

To Coda

tonight, but here comes
“good-bye.”

I can hear her say, “I love you,” like it was yesterday.
And I can see it written on her face that she had never felt this way.

One day I thought, I’d see her with her daddy by her side, and violins...
would play "Here Comes the Bride." But here comes "good-bye,"

but here comes "good-bye." Why's it have to go from good
to gone, before the lights turn on, yeah, and you're left

all a-lone, all a-lone?
But here comes "good-bye."

Oh.

Here comes "good-bye."
here comes the last time, here comes the start-

of ev'-ry sleep- less night, the first of ev'-ry tear I’m gon-na cry.

Here comes the pain, here comes me

wishing things had nev-er changed, and she was right here in my arms