

Alan Jackson, The Sounds

I can hear her heart beat
It seems a little strong
I can hear the things I did wrong
I can hear her thoughts
By looking in her eyes
I can hear her all the times she cried
I can hear the memories
As they echo off the wall
Falling from the pictures down the hall
I can hear regret
Building up in side of me
And I can hear all the things
I could not see
Those are the sounds of a woman leaving
Stronger then the wind in a willow tree
Those are the sounds of a heart breaking
You can't hear it
But the noise is killing me

I should of heard it coming
But I chose to pretend
I should of recognizes that sound
Way back then
But I just wouldn't listen didn't want to all those years
Now the truth is ringing clear
In my ears
Those are the sounds of a woman leaving
Stronger then the wind in willow tree
Those are the sounds of a heart breaking
You can't hear it
But the noise is killing me
Those are the sounds of a heart breaking
You can't hear it
But the noise is killing me
I can hear it
And the silent is killing me