

## Coming Home Tonight

I oughta dust off my paper wings  
I best shine up my boots to glow  
Roll another number, smoke another cigarette  
Get the show out on the road  
Get the fellas in their pickups, guitars in their cases  
I've got money in my pocket and a sleeve full of aces  
I'm gonna ride that breeze straight outta town lord I'm coming home tonight

Well the cocaine bars ain't got no soul  
They got it hanging on the walls  
But it's Billy Joe down at the long gone saloon  
With Merle Haggard and Tom T Hall  
They got a tiger by the tail, got him dancing like a clown  
Well it's whiskey by the bottle and it's roxies by the pound  
I'm gonna ride that breeze straight outta town lord I'm coming home tonight

Mama's on the ringer howlin something bout rain and snow  
Well strap your boots on mama cause the band's all set to roll

I've been from Twin Butte onto Dodger town  
Just looking for a place to hide  
They got a sign up pointing that a way  
Too young to know and too old to decide  
They got a hundred naked miles laying on every gravel road  
There ain't nothing like a ghost town waiting to explode  
I'm gonna ride that breeze straight outta town lord I'm coming home tonight.