

Jesse, go to sleep  
We're still a long way off  
I'm just filling Junior up at Texaco  
There's a schedule that we've got to keep  
And every time we're late, I think  
But every time we've made it to the show  
So don't you cry

See Aedan, he's alright  
He's laughing on the stage  
And the people stop and tell me that he's fine  
It's one more night at the Hampton Inn  
It's breakfast on the house again  
Well, it isn't home, but it'll do just fine  
Still, it isn't home

We've got planes to catch, bills to pay  
We won't make it home today  
We've got shows from Boston clear to Venus  
But if America is listening, as long as I've got songs to sing  
We can always make a home right here between us  
Well, your mama's got her eyes on you  
And mine are on the road  
And Gabe's are staring off at Kansas City  
We'd all swear that it's a precious view  
That's seen by such a precious few  
And it'll change you just as sure as it is pretty  
But that ain't a bad thing

## CHORUS

Well I've never seen the spirit wind,  
but I have seen the tall grass bend  
So I'll follow it wherever it may bring us  
And as long as I've got songs to sing  
I hope somebody's listening  
'Cause we can always find a home right here between us  
So don't you cry