

## Tomorrow Night in Baltimore

Waylon Jennings

Her head rolls back and forth  
Against the billows of her long black shiny hair  
As she contemplates the ecstasy  
Of another love she wishes was there.

If she could only realize  
That the love I have could beckon her command  
Instead of laughing endlessly  
And pushin' back advances with her hands.

Every night I see her leave  
A nightmare of illusions when she's gone  
And it leaves a granite statue  
In a man with a pain that lingers on.

The gaudy goodbye can't replace  
The girlish giggle of her sweet hello  
But tonight I've made my crumbled mind up  
That I'll never, ever let her go.

Many nights I've watched her tease  
By shifting all her weight from hip to hip  
And with her hands brush back the falling strands  
That cover up her satin lips.

She struts upon the stage and her fallen victims  
Are calling out for more  
But she leaves 'em stranded helplessly  
And exits to her dressing room door.

Tonight I'm gonna take her  
I've infiltrated past the guarded door  
But she just hurries by me  
Carrying all those scanty costumes that she wore.

And asks a sawed off cigar smoking cat  
If he would open up the door  
Then she told them to load the baggage  
'Cause they open tomorrow night in Baltimore.

God if I have to crawl  
I'm gonna be there tomorrow night in Baltimore...