

The End Is Not In Sight

Brian Burns

Guess I knew it all along,
I'd have to come back home,
'Cause this livin' on the road
Only made me tired and sore
Like a bird without a nest,
Like a stranger in the night...
And my soul cries out for rest...
And the end is not in sight.

Tastes like sweet magnolia wine,
Honey drippin' from your mouth,
And that sweet little gal of mine,
She's the finest in the south.
Now the days are gettin' longer,
And the nights are gettin' colder.
I just wanna come back home,
Lay my head down on your shoulder.

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