

Is Anybody Going To San Antone

Charley Pride

Rain dripping off the brim of my hat
It sure is cold today
And here I am'a walking down sixty-six
Wish she hadn't done me that way

Sleeping under a table at a road side park
A man could wake up dead
But it sure seems warmer than it did
Sleepin in our king size bed

Is anybody goin to San Antone
Or Pheonix Arizona
Anyplace is alright as long as I
Can forget I've ever known her

Wind whipping down the neck of my shirt
Like I ain't got nothing on
But I'd rather fight the wind and rain
Than what I've been fighting at home

Yonder comes a truck with the US mail
People writing letters back home
Tomorrow she'll probably want me back
But I'll still be just as gone

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