It's the Song

Chely Wright

Different day, different town Set it up to tear it down Oh I ain't been home in almost fifty days Houston Baton Rouge Poor girl's gotta pay her dues And the speeder bus is always driving away

Oh I love what I do But I wonder what I do it all for But when I sing, they sing along I forget where I am But I know where I belong The reason why I'm standing here It's not the miles It's not the miles It's not the pay It's not the show It's not the fame that makes this home It's the song

Her birthday was in Alabama Father's day was in Montana And on Mother's day I was nowhere near the phone Every hotel bed feels the same As the last one where I stayed And it's bending in my sheet And falling asleep alone

Oh I love what I do But I wonder what I do it all for When I sing, they sing along I forget where I am But I know where I belong The reason why I'm standing here It's not the miles It's not the pay It's not the show It's not the fame that makes this home It's the song

Dolly and Loretta Maybe some Patsy Cline I'm so lonesome I could cry But when I sing, they sing along I forget where I am But I know where I belong The reason why I'm standing here It's not the ride It's not the name It's not just staying in the game It's not the miles It's not the pay It's not the show It's not the fame that makes this home It's the song It's the song