

To Get Back Home

Chris Knight

Twenty-one days out on the road,
the van broke down in a foot of snow.
Don't even know where the hell we are,
the batteries gone and the phone won't charge.
Wanted let you know, I'm doing my best to get back home.

I ain't had no sleep, ain't washed my clothes
but everybody says it's a damn good show.
The pay's enough and the crowds are good,
but sometimes I'd rather be chopping wood
or rolling rocks up a hill,
but it's the only way I know to pay the bills.

And the songs I sing can't get through and my mind fills up with you
and I drift off in a dream, about you and me.

When I wake up to a wild ass crowd, the guitar amp is way too loud.
Well the drummer's been cheating on his wife
and the bass man is too drunk to drive
That's the way it goes
I'm just doing my best to get back home

And the songs I sing can't get through and my mind fills up with you
and I drift off in a dream, about you and me

Well the manager called, we've got five more shows,
let me talk to the kids and then I got to go.
Your man's got to do what a man's got to do to bring that money
on home to you.
I want to let you know, I'm just doing my best to get back home
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I'm just doing my best to get back home.
I'm just doing my best to get back home.