

# Drinkin' My Way Back Home

Gene Watson

I sobered up in Houston  
In the bed of my pickup truck  
My head was hangin' so heavy  
I could hardly hold it up

I got to thinkin' 'bout  
Sweet little woman I left all alone  
And that's when I started rollin'  
Drinkin' my way back home

Drinkin' my way back home  
Listenin' to a honky tonk song  
I hope the Devil in my soul don't steer me wrong  
'Cause I'm drinkin' my way back home

I can feel that Texas sun  
Down on this redneck of mine  
Every time I pop top  
I'm getting closer to the Arkansas line

I left a trail of Lone Star beers  
From here to San Antone  
So, baby, here I come, don't worry  
Drinkin' my way back home

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Here I come, baby