

# Too Long In The Wasteland

James McMurtry

Hear the trucks on the highway, And the tickin' of the clocks  
There's a ghost of a moon in the afternoon, Bullet holes in the mailbox

Bullet holes in the mailbox, Keyholes in my mind  
Too long in the wasteland  
Too long in the wasteland  
I've fallin' behind

She said won't you come see me, When the sun goes down  
It'll be just like the old days, When I used to let you hang around  
Well I don't know, I might not speak the language any more  
Too long in the wasteland  
Too long in the wasteland  
I've closed some doors

People in the village, Watch the children play  
At the sight of a stranger, They call the kids away  
Just leave that man alone, I hear the mothers say  
Too long in the wasteland  
Too long in the wasteland  
What's made him that way

I hadn't intended, To bend the rules  
Whiskey don't make liars, It just makes fools  
So I didn't mean to say it, But I meant what I said  
Too long in the wasteland  
Too long in the wasteland  
Must have gone to my head

Jet trails in the sunset, a long way away  
cuttin' cross the horizon, At the edge of the day  
And it calls out to me, Come fly away, I've been  
Too long in the wasteland  
Too long in the wasteland  
I believe I'll have to stay

Too long in the wasteland  
Too long in the wasteland  
I'll have to stay

There's a ghost of a moon in the afternoon  
Bullet holes in the mailbox  
Bullet holes in the mailbox