

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 ar
ound

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