

My Way Back Home

Mark Chesnutt

After one of my huntin', fishin' party weekends
I could hardly wait to hold my baby again
A man will never see a more beautiful sight
Than home sweet mobil home in his truck headlights
But except for a cedar deck and cinder blocks
All I saw was a vacant lot

So I'm drivin' around, all over town
Wonderin' where she hauled it away
Yeah she's on a roll, which way do I go
I've been through every single trailer park and KOA
She's been mad before, but never this sore
You can surely bet from now on
I won't wander from from her lovin' arms
If I ever find my way back home

Guess my homeless situation is partly my fault
For another thousand dollars down I could have bought
That house in the country that she loved so much
With all that brick and wood there ain't no way it would budge
It's easy now to figure out where I went wrong
But a little harder finding love that's gone

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If I ever find my way back home
Yeah the next time I leave, I'm taking her or the keys
If I ever find my way (If he ever find my way)
If I ever find my way back home
Boy I'm as lost as an Easter egg