

Glory Bound

Martin Sexton

Freedom came my way that night
Just like a jet plane in and out of sight
I was hauling last at a million miles an hour
Wondering how hard I'd hit

Singing sweet cheri, cheri, cheri won't you dare to
Leave a message and your number please?
Wrap them in a big red bow
And then send them care of me

I'm taking my chance on the wind
I'm packing up all my bags
Taking a mistake, I gotta make
Oh, then I'm glory bound, oh, oh

So I packed it up and I went to the winds
And I lived out of my VW bus for a year or two
Ain't nothin' but this pipe dream and my guitar
Livin' off apple fields and old cigars

Diggin' this microphone
Checking it out every night all alone
Oh, my car battery is dead again
So I got my head dead set against it

Singing sweet cheri, cheri, cheri won't you dare?
Say cheri, cheri, cheri won't you dare to
Leave a message and your number, please
Wrap up all these fantasies and send them care of me

I'm taking my chance on the wind
I'm packing up all my bags
Taking a mistake, I gotta make
Oh, then I'm glory bound, yes I'm bound

I'm livin' [Incomprehensible]