

# Won't Be Home

Old 97's

You're a bottle cap away  
From pushing me too far  
Well, the problem's getting big  
And it's a compact car

So I won't feel so bad  
I did all I could do  
Now I'm on wounded knee  
And we're at Waterloo  
So please get out of my car

I was born in the backseat of a Mustang  
On a cold night in a hard rain  
And the very first song that the radio sang  
Was, 'I won't be home no more'

You're a rattle-trap tonight  
My ears are getting tired  
So listen for awhile  
Before this thing expired

It was bound to fail  
Because of where I'm from  
Now the moon's at four o'clock  
And it's high time kingdom come  
So please get out of my car

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And the very first song that the radio sang  
Was, 'I won't be home no more'  
And I won't be home no more

I'm pulling off the road, I'm opening the door  
I'm giving you the pavement, I'm telling you what for  
You're no more than a thought  
No more than a thought

Oh you're getting smaller in my rear view mirror  
And you're getting smaller in my rear view mirror  
Getting smaller in my rear view mirror  
Getting smaller

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And I won't be home no more  
And I won't be home no more