

Tomorrow Night in Baltimore

Waylon Jennings

Her head rolls back and forth
Against the billows of her long black shiny hair
As she contemplates the ecstasy
Of another love she wishes was there.

If she could only realize
That the love I have could beckon her command
Instead of laughing endlessly
And pushin' back advances with her hands.

Every night I see her leave
A nightmare of illusions when she's gone
And it leaves a granite statue
In a man with a pain that lingers on.

The gaudy goodbye can't replace
The girlish giggle of her sweet hello
But tonight I've made my crumbled mind up
That I'll never, ever let her go.

Many nights I've watched her tease
By shifting all her weight from hip to hip
And with her hands brush back the falling strands
That cover up her satin lips.

She struts upon the stage and her fallen victims
Are calling out for more
But she leaves 'em stranded helplessly
And exits to her dressing room door.

Tonight I'm gonna take her
I've infiltrated past the guarded door
But she just hurries by me
Carrying all those scanty costumes that she wore.

And asks a sawed off cigar smoking cat
If he would open up the door
Then she told them to load the baggage
'Cause they open tomorrow night in Baltimore.

God if I have to crawl
I'm gonna be there tomorrow night in Baltimore...