

The Highway's Home

Will Hoge

been beat up and kicked around, i picked myself up off the ground,
i head east to another town, i'm movin' on.
barroom fights and breakin' glass,
a broken nose and a smoker's laugh,
i'm sure i've probably cut my life in half.

with a suitcase full of empty dreams,
a guitar with broken strings,
a busted heart that longs to sing the blues,
a mind that always leads me wrong,
a head full of hank williams songs.
i'm sorry, honey, but this highway's home.

i've loved pretty women and some that ain't.
i'm a burned-out junkie, truck stop saint.
so check the tires and fill the tank, i'm movin' on.
interstate markers and highways signs,
18 wheels and thin white lines,
dodge a speed trap one more time, i'm gone.

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a guitar with broken strings,
a busted heart that longs to sing the blues,
a mind that always leads me wrong,
a head full of hank williams songs.
i'm sorry, honey, but this highway's home.

it's so hard to leave you here this way,
with a white dress and a goodbye wave,
but there's mouths to feed and bills to pay.
i'm sorry, honey, i've got to go.

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