

Guitar Town

Emmylou Harris

Hey sweet daddy, are you ready for me
It's your good rockin' mama down from Tennessee
Well I'm just outta Austin bound for San Antone
With the radio blastin' and the bird dog on

There's a speed trap up ahead south of town
But no local yokel's gonna shut me down
'Cause me and my boys got this rig unwound
And we've come a thousand miles from the guitar town

Well nothin' ever happened round my home town
And I ain't the kind to just hang around
But I heard someone callin' my name one day
And I followed that voice down the lost highway

Well everybody told me you can't get far
On 37 dollars and a Jap guitar
Now I'm smokin' into Texas with the hammer down
And a rockin' little combo from the guitar town

Hey pretty baby, don't you know it ain't my fault
Love to hear the steel belts hummin' on the asphalt
Wake up in the middle of the night in a truck stop
Stumble in the restaurant, wonderin' why I don't stop

Well, I gotta keep rockin' while I still can
Got a two-pack habit and a motel tan
When my boots hit the boards it's a brand new hand
And my back to the risers and make my stand

Hey pretty baby, won't you hold me tight
I'm loadin' up and rollin' out of here tonight
But one of these days I'm gonna settle down
And I'll take you back with me to the guitar town