

Tour Song (Demo)

Robert Ellis

She'll find someone to talk to
When she's feeling all alone
She'll find someone to cook for
And to care for when I'm gone
She'll find someone to go with her
To all the hokey parks
She'll find someone to dance with her
When the jukebox plays our song Though I can't be with her
She's always on my mind
But there's many things I can't do from
'Carolina
Soon she'll start wondering what it is that I provide
Why the hell of husband can't by his woman's side
It's the choice I make
It's the price I pay
Just to hang out in a cheap bar
And to spend ten hours in a car
And to sing a couple of songs
But they don't let us play too long
For they shut us down and kick us out
And move to some other town
Well it ain't so glamorous as it sounds
And I need her now She'll find someone to help her
With all the handy work
When she wants to see a movie
He will take her to the show
And maybe she will ask him
What he thinks of me and her
Will he probably' in control and insecure
When I ain't there to help with all the duties of a man
Well, she'll probably wondering what I'm doing and where I am Maybe she'll imagine me alone with someone
else
And maybe she'll think she'll find someone herself
And it's so hard to let
In this bed I made
In a back of a dirty crapped car
I'm driving to some hipster bar
With people that I don' want to see
But I appreciate the company

On an end string of one night stands
With okay girls and shitty bands
And the good one comes now but I want to be back home again
Home again,
I hope she'll be there when I come back home again
Home again
I hope she'll be there when I come back home again She'll find someone to tell her
That she looks good in a dress
That moment that I can send her from a 'express
And in the shoes I bought her
She will walk by other man
And every one will stare and hope
That she walks by again
I know that she loves me and I know her love is true
But when she needs some company
What else she could do?
She'll have some tough decisions
That may try in her heart
But everything seems different from a million miles apart I know just how to cope
How to keep my worried trapped I'll go out to the nearest bar
I'll shoot some and play some cards
Put the jukebox on the 32
The song that makes me think of you
I'll get so drunk that I'll can't stand
And think of you with another man
And cloud the pieces of my mind
That remind me what I left behind

Songwriters

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