

I'm Not Going Out Tonight

Bobby Long

There is a place where she smiles a lot,
in the darkened corner of a parking lot,
before men walked upon the moon
when you played the swinging doors of a lonely saloon
She waits for me there There is a place where she still goes,
in the wintry night where her story flows,
before we all sold our souls for money
and the jokes we told were still considered funny,
she waits for me there,
in the cold hours of the morning with the wind in her hair I'm not going out tonight
until the songs we know are all played inside,
and the old cars empty rust
and the CD players start to gather dust
somewhere only she knows
in the cheap thrills of the morning
with the cold spill of my woes There is a place where we are together
where the mountain thyme grows around the heather,
before the drive-thru cinema died
and a truthful word replaced with one big lie
She waits for me there There is a place where I last saw her,
with a hushed out tone and a borrowed fur,
just as the maps were changed
I took a wrong turn looking for her golden plain,
She waits for me there
in the cold hours of the morning with the wind in her hair There is a place, and it's not to be seen
where the air is young and the water's clean,
where the juggernaut cut the sailor's scar
but on the moons above riding a shooting star,
She waits for me there

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