

Attack On the Settlers Cabin

This Old Ghost

So we drove from the coast down the long country roads
Found a cabin to rest, local wine we request
And we spent most that day in my white 98
Singing loud, knowing we had a lot left to see
Im going back
Crossed the line, another state, sun beats down on
our face
Had the good flow of tunes, Keepin us moving through
Goodnight Tex, stay the same, never lost wed proclaim
Traveled far, still had more, 100 miles to the French quarter
Were going back
So call me what you will
Cant and wont sit still
Im not running away from anything
Im running towards it all
City that never sleeps must make time for a dream
Though I wont be around, swear I wont let you down

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