

# Is Anybody Goin' to San Antone

## Charley Pride

Rain drippin' off the brim of my hat,  
It sure looks cold today.  
Here I am a-walkin' down 66,  
Wish she hadn't done me this way.

Sleepin' under a table in a roadside park,  
A man could wake up dead;  
But it sure seemed warmer than it did  
Sleepin' in my king-size bed.

[Chorus]

Is anybody goin' to San Antone or Phoenix, Arizona?  
Any place is all right as long as I can forget I've ever known her.

Wind whippin' down the neck of my shirt  
Like I aint got nothin' on;  
But I'd rather fight the wind and rain  
Than what I was fightin' at home.

[Chorus]

Yonder comes a truck with the U.S. mail  
For people writin' letters back home.  
Well, tomorrow she'll want me back again  
But I'll still be just as gone.

[Chorus]

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