My Montgomery

Parmalee

Leaving the ground tonight, trading these Chicago lights for fireflies.
A couple fives in my pocket.
A couple whiskeys just might stop these wheels of mine from spinning all the time.

I've been running so fast, now I'm running out of gas.
I've got nothing left.

Yeah, I'm going home.
Yeah, I'm going home to my Montgomery.

Somewhere between Birmingham and Mobile, Alabama she waits for me.
She knows that a star-filled summer night
and one look from those wild eyes is gonna set me free.

I can't wait to touch down 'cause I need her touch now.
She's where I belong.

Yeah, I'm going home.
Yeah, I'm going home to my Montgomery.

Wait for me, wait for me.
Aw wait for me, wait for me.
Aw wait for me, wait for me.
Oh wait for me, wait for me.
Wait for me, wait for me.

Yeah, I'm going home.
Yeah, I'm going home to my Montgomery.

(That's where I'm going, that's where I'm going, that's where I'm going) to my Montgomery.

(That's where I'm going, that's where I'm going, that's where I'm going) to my Montgomery.

Leaving the ground tonight, trading these Chicago lights for fireflies.

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