

# Telephone Road

Steve Earle

My brother Jimmy, my other brother Jack  
Went off down to Houston and they never come back  
Mama wasn't gonna let her baby go yet  
But there ain't nobody hirin' back in Lafayette I'm workin' all week for the Texaco check  
Sun beatin' down on the back of my neck  
Tried to save my money but Jimmy says no  
Says he's got a little honey on Telephone Road Come on, come on, come on, let's go  
This ain't Louisiana  
Your Mama won't know  
Come on, come on, come on, let's go  
Everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road Telephone Road's ten miles long  
Fifty car lots and a hundred honky-tonks  
Jukebox blastin' and the beer bottles ring  
Jimmy banging on a pinball machine Come on, come on, come on, let's go  
This ain't Louisiana  
Your Mama won't know  
Come on, come on, come on, let's go  
Everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road Mama never told me about nothin' like this  
I guess Houston's 'bout as big as a city can get  
Sometimes I get lonesome for Lafayette  
Someday I'm goin' home but I ain't ready yet Come on, come on, come on, let's go  
This ain't Louisiana  
Your Mama won't know  
Come on come on come on let's go  
Everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road Come on, come on, come on, let's go  
This ain't Louisiana  
Your Mama won't know  
Come on, come on, come on, let's go  
Everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road

Songwriters

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