

# My Way Back Home

Mark Chesnutt

After one of my huntin', fishin' party weekends  
I could hardly wait to hold my baby again  
A man will never see a more beautiful sight  
Than home sweet mobile home in his truck headlights  
But except for a cedar deck and cinder blocks  
All I saw was a vacant lot  
So I'm drivin' around all over town  
Wonderin' where she hauled it away  
Yeah she's on a roll which way do I go?  
I've been through every single trailer park and KOA  
She's been mad before but never this sore  
You can surely bet from now on  
I won't wander for from her lovin' arms  
If I ever find my way back home  
I guess my homeless situation is partly my fault  
For another thousand dollars down I could've bought  
That house in the country that she loved so much  
With all that brick and wood there ain't no way it would budge  
Oh, it's easy now to figure out where I went  
wrong  
But a little harder finding love that's gone  
So I'm drivin' around all over town  
Wonderin' where she hauled it away  
Yeah, she's on a roll which way do I go?  
And I've been through every single trailer park and KOA  
She's been mad before but never this sore  
But you can surely bet from now on  
And I won't wander for from her lovin' arms  
If I ever find my way back home  
Yeah the next time I leave I'm taking her or the keys  
If I ever find my way  
(If he ever find his way)  
If I ever find my way back home  
Boy I'm as lost as an Easter egg  
And I [Incomprehensible]

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