

It's the Song

Chely Wright

Different day, different town
Set it up to tear it down
Oh, I ain't been home in almost fifty daysHouston, Baton Rouge
Poor girl's gotta pay her dues
And this beat up bus is always drivin' awayOh, I love what I do
But I wonder what I do it all for
But when I sing, they sing along
I forget where I am but I know where I belongThe reason why I'm standing here
It's not the miles, it's not the pay
It's not the show, it's not the fame that makes it home
It's the songHer birthday was in Alabama
Father's Day was in Montana
And on Mother's Day, I was nowhere near the phoneEvery hotel bed feels the same
As the last one where I stayed
And it's vending machines and fallin' asleep aloneYeah, I love what I do
But I wonder what I do it all forBut when I sing, they sing along
I forget where I am but I know where I belong
The reason why I'm standing here
It's not the miles, it's not the pay
It's not the show, it's not the fame that makes this home
It's the songDolly and Loretta
Maybe some Patsy Cline
I'm so lonesome, I could cryBut when I sing, they sing along
I forget where I am but I know where I belongThe reason why I'm standing here
It's not the ride, it's not the name
It's not just staying in the gameIt's not the miles, it's not the pay
It's not the show, it's not the fame that makes this home
It's the song, ooh, it's the song

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