

# Raelene Wheeler

## Dallas Wayne

Raeleen wheeler was the first girl I loved  
Through the last year of high school, we were thicker than blood  
Holed up in Mississippi, and starvin' for fun  
We made love and dreamed up places to run  
I was burnin' that summer with the big dreams I had  
And the songs I'd written, well, the world needed bad  
But a pretty girl needs more comfort and gold  
Than a beat-up black notebook is likely to hold  
Hey, Raelene, it's a wide world between pearl river and the  
bright L.A. lights  
And if I'd done it all without dreamin' I'd still be in Jackson tonight  
Hollywood hopefuls ain't an endangered  
breed  
But luck is like lightnin', and it sure struck me  
The hit songs, the women, the standing-room halls  
And twenty years of hard labor, holdin' on to it all  
Louisiana i-20 headed east from Monroe  
A bus bound for Jackson and a homecoming show  
Staring through the dark glass at the flat miles beyond  
Tryin' not to look at a face that is gone  
Hey, Raelene, a wife at 19, but I heard you made out all right  
And every now and again, I wonder are you somewhere in Jackson tonight  
Well, we killed 'em, we crushed 'em,  
burned the place to the ground  
And in the dressing room quiet, I was still coming down  
When in the doorway appeared an old flame, full-grown  
Looking pretty as ever, and entirely alone  
She said the divorce nearly broke her, she was learning to stand  
And as she talked it came clearer that she wanted a hand  
So I drew her close to me, and I kissed my sweet rae  
And the miles and the memories just melted away  
Then I glanced in the mirror, and in a split second's time  
Just before recognizing that old face as mine  
I saw a strange, sad man in a cheap rhinestone shirt  
And a woman he held onto like his last hope on earth  
He was worn and trod down as the road he'd been on  
And his eyes were half-dead, lookin' too hard, too long  
His life measured in nights that flashed and grew dim  
Leaving no one really happy, least of all him  
Then the loading gate slammed, and I let my arms fall  
We traded numbers, small talk, promised to call  
And as she faded from me, and the night closed around  
I picked up a black notebook and I let it spill down  
Hey, Raelene, it's a long way between the wantin' and the  
makin' it right  
And if I was the one that you needed I'd never leave Jackson tonight

(Tag) yeah, if I had it all to do over I'd still be in Jackson tonight

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