Drinkin' My Way Back Home

Gene Watson

I sobered up in Houston
In the bed of my pickup truck
My head was hangin' so heavy
I could hardly hold it upI got to thinkin' 'bout
Sweet little woman I left all alone
And that's when I started rollin'
Drinkin' my way back homeDrinkin' my way back home
Listenin' to a honky tonk song
I hope the Devil in my soul don't steer me wrong
'Cause I'm drinkin' my way back homeI can feel that Texas sun
Down on this redneck of mine
Every time I pop top
I'm getting closer to the Arkansas lineI left a trail of Lone Star beers
From here to San Antone
So, baby, here I come, don't worry
Drinkin' my way back homeDrinkin' my way back home
Listenin' to a honky tonk song
I hope the Devil in my soul don't steer me wrong
'Cause I'm drinkin' my way back homeDrinkin' my way back home
Listenin' to a honky tonk song
I hope the Devil in my soul don't steer me wrong
'Cause I'm drinkin' my way back homeHere I come, baby

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