

# Too Long In the Wasteland

James McMurtry

hear the trucks on the highway  
and the ticking of the clock  
there's a ghost of a moon in the afternoon  
bullet holes in the mailbox  
bullet holes in the mailbox  
key holes in my mindtoo long in the wasteland  
too long in the wasteland  
I've fallen behindshe said why don't you come see me  
when the sun goes down  
it'll be just like the old days  
when I used to let you hang around  
well I don't know  
I might not speak the language anymoretoo long in the wasteland  
too long in the wasteland  
will close some doorsthe people in the village  
watch their children play  
at the sight of a stranger  
they call the kids away  
just leave that man alone  
I hear the mother sayhe's been  
too long in the wasteland  
too long in the wasteland  
's what made him that waywell, I hadn't intended  
to bend the rules  
but whiskey don't make liars  
it just makes fools  
so I didn't mean to say it  
but I meant what I saidtoo long in the wasteland  
too long in the wasteland  
must've gone to my headjet trail in the sunset  
a long way away  
cutting 'cross the horizon  
at the edge of the day  
and it calls Jimmy  
come fly awaybut I've been  
too long in the wasteland  
too long in the wasteland  
I believe I'll have to stayyeah, I've been  
too long in the wasteland

too long in the wasteland  
I believe I'll have to stay

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