

# Shotgun in My Soul

## Cowboy Mouth

We have a conversation almost every night  
In a motel room across a telephone line  
And I want to hold you and I wish that I could  
We got lucky tonight 'cause our connection was good I count the white lines I count the pot holes  
You're riding shotgun in my soul  
Shotgun in my soul Well do you save the teardrops I'm causing to fall  
To drown me with when you've collected them all  
Dry your eyes girl I'm coming home soon  
I want to kiss you from the kitchen all the way to the bedroom We'll count the time till I'm on the road and  
You're riding shotgun in my soul  
Shotgun in my soul I really wanted to be there  
Knowing you're in bed sleeping alone  
And yes I know that it's not fair  
To have to say I love you on the phone So the tires hiss and the highway it winds  
And the hours feel like they're forever in time  
But don't be mad I'm going fast as I can  
And I won't see a thing til I can see you again I felt like half til you made me whole and  
You're riding shotgun in my soul  
Shotgun in my soul Shotgun in my soul --- shotgun!  
Shotgun in my soul --- shotgun!  
I said shotgun in my soul ---

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