

# Out of My Way Back to You

## Cowboy Mouth

I'm walking down this road  
And in my hand I hold a gun  
I'm thirty-four years old  
and I've got no where left to run I'm just about out of floors that I can sleep on  
I'm just about out of friends to see me though  
I'm just about out of my mind but I keep on  
I'm just about out of my way back to you I walk these empty streets  
Of this dirty drunken town  
And the earth beneath my feet  
That's where I will lie down I'm just about out of floors that I can sleep on  
I'm just about out of friends to see me though  
I'm just about out of my mind but I keep on  
I'm just about out of my way back to you Don't treat me like I'm a criminal  
Don't act like I'm a bad dream  
Don't act like I'm a stranger  
I know I've been a fool Now I'm nearly to your door  
Will you let me in  
Or will you laugh and say  
Oh here we go again I'm just about out of floors that I can sleep on  
I'm just about out of friends to see me though  
I'm just about out of my mind but I keep on  
I'm just about out of my way back to you I'm just about out of floors that I can sleep on  
I'm just about out of friends to see me though  
I'm just about out of my mind but I keep on  
I'm just about out of my way back to you Out of my way back to you  
Out of my way back to you  
Out of my way back to you  
Wooooo!

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