

# Home To Houston

Steve Earle

Yeah!

When I pulled out of Basra, they all wished me luck  
Just like they always did before  
With a bulletproof screen on the hood of my truck  
And a Bradley on my back door  
And I wound her up and I shifted her down  
And I offered this prayer to my Lord  
I said, "God get me back home to Houston alive"  
And I won't drive a truck anymore  
Yes, early in mornin', I'm rollin' fast  
Haulin' nine thousand gallons of high test gas  
Sergeant on the radio hollerin' at me  
Said, "Look out up ahead here come a R P G"  
If I ever get home to Houston alive  
Then I won't drive a truck anymore

Well, I've driven the big rigs for all of my life  
And my radio handle's train  
Down steep mountain roads on the darkest of nights  
I had ice water in my veins  
And I come over here 'cause I just didn't care  
Now I'm older and wiser by far  
Yeah, if I ever get home to Houston alive  
Then I won't drive a truck anymore  
Yeah, great God Almighty, what was wrong with me?  
I know the money's good, buddy can't you see  
You can't take it with you and ain't no lie  
I don't wanna let 'em get me, I'm too young to die  
If I ever get home to Houston alive  
Then I won't drive a truck anymore

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