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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