

# Cigarettes & Truckstops

[Lindi Ortega](#)

I'm gonna board this greyhound  
And ride it all the way down to L.A.  
You see I'm missin' you like crazy  
And I can't stand to be so far away  
Cigarettes and truckstops remind me of you when I pass them by  
And my mama always told me:  
"Hold on to the good things that you find" So I guess I gotta tell ya that I'm comin' out to meet you  
That I really gotta see you one more time,  
I'd rather have you still beside me  
Than have you always runnin' through my mind  
Oh look out California, I'm comin' for my lover's heart tonight  
In Evanston, Wyoming I kissed you underneath  
a painted sky  
We were travellin' like gypsies,  
Singin' to each other in the night  
From highway to hotel room and every place we stopped at in between  
Oh I'd hear Dolly singin': you and I were islands in the stream  
So I guess I gotta tell ya that I'm comin' out to  
meet you  
That I really gotta see you one more time  
I'd rather have you still beside me  
Than have you always runnin' through my mind  
Oh look out California, I'm comin' for my lover's heart tonight

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