

# It's the Song

Chely Wright

Different day, different town  
Set it up to tear it down  
Oh, I ain't been home in almost fifty daysHouston, Baton Rouge  
Poor girl's gotta pay her dues  
And this beat up bus is always drivin' awayOh, I love what I do  
But I wonder what I do it all for  
But when I sing, they sing along  
I forget where I am but I know where I belongThe reason why I'm standing here  
It's not the miles, it's not the pay  
It's not the show, it's not the fame that makes it home  
It's the songHer birthday was in Alabama  
Father's Day was in Montana  
And on Mother's Day, I was nowhere near the phoneEvery hotel bed feels the same  
As the last one where I stayed  
And it's vending machines and fallin' asleep aloneYeah, I love what I do  
But I wonder what I do it all forBut when I sing, they sing along  
I forget where I am but I know where I belong  
The reason why I'm standing here  
It's not the miles, it's not the pay  
It's not the show, it's not the fame that makes this home  
It's the songDolly and Loretta  
Maybe some Patsy Cline  
I'm so lonesome, I could cryBut when I sing, they sing along  
I forget where I am but I know where I belongThe reason why I'm standing here  
It's not the ride, it's not the name  
It's not just staying in the gameIt's not the miles, it's not the pay  
It's not the show, it's not the fame that makes this home  
It's the song, ooh, it's the song

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