

My Way Back Home

Mark Chesnutt

After one of my huntin', fishin' party weekends
I could hardly wait to hold my baby again
A man will never see a more beautiful sight
Than home sweet mobile home in his truck headlights
But except for a cedar deck and cinder blocks
All I saw was a vacant lot
So I'm drivin' around all over town
Wonderin' where she hauled it away
Yeah she's on a roll which way do I go?
I've been through every single trailer park and KOA
She's been mad before but never this sore
You can surely bet from now on
I won't wander for from her lovin' arms
If I ever find my way back home
I guess my homeless situation is partly my fault
For another thousand dollars down I could've bought
That house in the country that she loved so much
With all that brick and wood there ain't no way it would budge
Oh, it's easy now to figure out where I went
wrong
But a little harder finding love that's gone
So I'm drivin' around all over town
Wonderin' where she hauled it away
Yeah, she's on a roll which way do I go?
And I've been through every single trailer park and KOA
She's been mad before but never this sore
But you can surely bet from now on
And I won't wander for from her lovin' arms
If I ever find my way back home
Yeah the next time I leave I'm taking her or the keys
If I ever find my way
(If he ever find his way)
If I ever find my way back home
Boy I'm as lost as an Easter egg
And I [Incomprehensible]

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