

## Waifs, The "Three Down"

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Three months on the road  
But I've still got four more to go

There's a full moon and it's rising over Austin  
I can see a big old Texas flag flying in the wind  
I can't sleep for all the bright lights of this cheap hotel  
This is some kind of hellhole I'm living in  
Three months on the road  
But I've still got four more to go  
Then I'm going home

I got my sister crying at me  
"C'mon lets go downtown  
You spend all day in this hotel room just lazing around"  
So she takes me to a bar down on 6th street  
And she orders me to drink them down  
I got three under my belt  
Just four more to go  
Then I'm going home

(Take me home!)

Well we were driving out of Nashville and the clock it  
said 12am  
We've got a give hour drive to Jackson  
And no map to get us there  
We get lost somewhere off the parkway  
We have to stop and ask some guy who look like he  
don't care  
I said we've been three hours on the road  
He said you've got four more to go  
Till' you'll be home

Three under my belt  
But I've still got four more to go  
Then I'm going home

Well I've been three months on the road  
But I've still got four more to go

