

Chuck Pride

"Is anybody goin' to San Antone"

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Rain drippin' off the brim of my hat,
It sure looks cold today.
Here I am a-walkin' down 66,
Wish she hadn't done me this way.

Sleepin' under a table in a roadside park,
A man could wake up dead;
But it sure seemed warmer than it did
Sleepin' in my king-size bed.

CHORUS:

Is anybody goin' to San Antone or Phoenix, Arizona?
Any place is all right as long as I can forget I've ever
known her.

Wind whippin' down the neck of my shirt
Like I aint got nothin' on;
But I'd rather fight the wind and rain
Than what I was fightin' at home.

CHORUS

Yonder comes a truck with the U.S. mail
For people writin' letters back home.
Well, tomorrow she'll want me back again
But I'll still be just as gone.

CHORUS

(REPEAT & FADE)

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