

Clint Black "Nobody's Home"

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Move slowly to my dresser drawers
Put my blue jeans on
Find my cowboy boots, my button down
Strap my timepiece on my arm

Grab my billfold, my pocket change
Just a mindless old routine
Then it's out the door and down the street
But it's not really me

I still comb my hair the same
Still like the same cologne
And I still drive that pick-up truck
That the same old bank still owns

But since you left, everybody says
I'm not the guy they've known
The lights are on
But nobody's home

Cup of coffee in the morning
It's just food for the brain
But I've been numb since our last goodbye
I haven't felt a thing

But now there's pains in my head
And pains in my chest
And I think I'm losing my hair
I'm a half a man with half a mind
To think you didn't care

I still comb my hair the same
Still like the same cologne
And I still drive that pick-up truck
That the same old bank still owns

But since you left, everybody says
I'm not the guy they've known
The lights are on
But nobody's home

Since you left, everybody says

I'm not the guy they've known
The lights are on
But nobody's home
The lights are on
But nobody's home

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