

## **Bill Staines**

# **"I Must Be Going Home"**

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I Must Be Going Home

by Bill Staines

All the city lights, they burn outside our window

With the fleeing of an autumn afternoon;

I'll shed a tear if I look down upon our river

Feeling close and knowing I'll be going soon.

I grew lonesome on the road

Until I met you here that night

We talked and drank some wine

And I was blinded in your light,

But there's a lady in Montana

And I love her, so I must be going home

I should have kept on going when I had the mind to;

I should have left you here so many times before.

Now your eyes reflect a face that's quite unknowing

If this pain inside is worth the open door.

But the highway's ringing clear,

And the morning sun is low

Blue November winds are blowing,

I must leave before the snow

Cause there's a lady in Montana

And I love her, so I must be going home.

There were many times I wanted to forget her

In the early morning hours here with you,

But my heart, it lies among the Rocky Mountains

With a lady there who's always been so true.

I could hold you here forever,

I could try and find a way

We could spend our time together,

But it's morning, and I pray

That there's a lady in Montana

And I love her, so I must be going home.

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