

Gene Vincent

"Drinkin' My Way Back Home"

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I sobered up in Houston in the bed of my pickup truck
My head was hangin so heavy I could hardly hold it up
I got to thinkin bout sweet little woman I left all alone
And that's when I started rollin, drinkin my way back
home.

Chorus:

Drinkin my way back home

Listenin to a honky tonk song

I hope the devil in my soul don't steer me wrong

'Cause Im drinkin my way back home.

--- Instrumental ---

I can feel that Texas sundown on this redneck of mine
Everytime I pop a top, Im getting closer to the Arkansas
line

I left a trail of Lone Star beers from here to San Antone
So baby here I come, don't worry, drinkin my way back
home.

Chorus:

Drinkin my way back home

Listenin to a honky tonk song

I hope the devil in my soul don't steer me wrong

'Cause Im drinkin my way back home.

Chorus:

Drinkin my way back home

Listenin to a honky tonk song

I hope the devil in my soul don't steer me wrong

'Cause Im drinkin my way back home...

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