

James McMurtry **"Tired Of Walking"**

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They went about it in the wrong way
I'da told 'em, but it wasn't my job
It's on the news, it's in the paper
What could they've been thinking of?

I saw 'em heading out that morning
I guess I'll never know why
I didn't mean nothing by it
Gave 'em the finger when they waved goodbye

And it's pretty tragic, pretty glory
I knew 'em all, personal like
I got the inside story
I'm gonna sell the rights

'Cause I'm tired of walking, I wanna ride
Tired of walking

This kinda thing, it's bound to happen
Part of the job, we do it all day
We try not to think about it
Of course, it's pretty good pay

But I'm just like anybody
I got things in my past
No, I won't be specific
But I can make it go away fast

And I'm tired of walking, I wanna ride
Tired of walking

Last night just for a moment
Down at the drive-in picture show
I coulda swore, I heard 'em calling
From in the speaker hanging on the door

And they were so real, calling to me
I couldn't quite tell what they've said
But up on the screen it was just the movie
It musta all just been in my head

And you can go ahead and call me a vulture

Call me any kind of name
Nothing sells in this culture
Quite like disaster, I'm not to blame

I'm tired of walking, I wanna ride
Tired of walking

Just to let it burn in the ashtray
Kinda gets old
Waiting 'til they call my number
Just letting my coffee get cold

I'm tired of walking
I'm tired of walking

They went about it in the wrong way
I'da told 'em, but it wasn't my job

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