

Mac**"Texas In My Rear View Mirror"**

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I was just fifteen and outta control
Lost to James Dean and rock and roll
I knew down deep in my country soul
That I had to get away

Hollywood was a lady in red
Who danced in my dreams
As I tossed in bed
I knew I'd wind up
In jail or dead
If I had to stay

I thought happiness
Was Lubbock, Texas
In my rear view mirror
My momma kept calling me home
But I just did not want to hear her
And the vision was getting clearer
In my dreams

So I laid out one night in June
Stoned on the glow of the Texas moon
Humming an old Buddy Holly tune
Called Peggy Sue

With my favorite jeans
And a cheap guitar

I ran off chasing a distant star
If Buddy Holly could make it that far
I figured I could too

And I thought happiness
Was Lubbock, Texas
In my rear view mirror
My momma kept calling me home
But I just did not want to hear her
And the vision was getting clearer
In my dreams

But the Hollywood moon didn't

Smile the same old smile
That I'd grown up with
The lady in red
Just wanted my last dime

And I cried myself to sleep at night
Too dumb to run, too scared to fight
And too proud to admit it at the time

So I got me some gigs on Saturday nights
Not much more than orchestrated fights
I'd come home drunk and I'd try to write
But the words came out wrong

Hell bent and bound for a wasted youth
Too much gin and not enough vermouth
And no one to teach me
How to seek the truth
Before I put it into song

I still thought happiness
Was Lubbock, Texas
In my rear view mirror
My momma kept calling me home
But I just could not, would not hear her
And the vision was getting clearer
In my dreams

Well, I thank God each and every day
For giving me the music and words to say
I'd-a never made it any other way
He was my only friend

Now I sleep a little better at night
When I look in the mirror
In the morning light
The man I see was both wrong and right
He's going home again

I guess happiness was Lubbock, Texas
In my rear view mirror
But now happiness is Lubbock, Texas
Growing nearer and dearer
And the vision is getting clearer
In my dreams

And I think I finally know
Just what it means
And when I die you can bury me
In Lubbock, Texas, in my jeans

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