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## Coretta Scott "Cross My Fingers"

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He caught a train heading to sea-town from LA A paper soon to be money well spent but not enough to forgive him for what he's done still home, he heads

Somebody's outlaw might make it home tonight Somebody's outlaw might make it home tonight, yeah, oh, yeah

Mom always told me this was how to be a man slit her throat and disregard her only son I cross my fingers, hope to god I won't become a fake, a lie

Somebody's outlaw might make it home tonight, yeah Somebody's outlaw might make it home tonight

Somebody's outlaw might make it home tonight, yeah Somebody's outlaw might make it home tonight, tonight, yeah, tonight, tonight Somebody's outlaw (somebody's outlaw) might make it home tonight Somebody's outlaw (somebody's outlaw) might make it home tonight

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