

Coretta Scott "Cross My Fingers"

Visit "[Cross My Fingers](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Coretta Scott](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.