

Steve Spurgin "Going Back To San Antone"

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A little south of New York City and Iâ€™m looking for a ride
Drinking truck-stop coffee to choke down a little pride
I been up here about a year, and itâ€™s just too dang cold
The weather ainâ€™t much better, Iâ€™m going back to San Antone
My wallet and my big ideas are both just busted flat
I been sleepinâ€™ at the mission, and some sucker stole my hat
Had to sell my Cadillac and Iâ€™m down to skin and bone
I need some good home cookinâ€™, Iâ€™m going back to San Antone
I want to find a cool mimosa tree along that river walk
Watch those Texas girls smile and twirl â— man, I love to hear â€™em talk
Hey mister, arenâ€™t those Texas plates â— I hope youâ€™re headed home
Can I jump inside â— sure need a ride going back to San Antone
Iâ€™ll go junkyard crazy if I donâ€™t get out in time
I want to hit that hacienda and let Angel ease my mind
â€™Cause Iâ€™m tired of eating tofu and going home alone
I need a hot enchilada â— Iâ€™m going back to San Antone
I want to find a cool mimosa tree and hear some southern talk
Watch those Texas girls smile and twirl â— man, I love to watch â€™em walk
Hey mister, arenâ€™t those Texas plates â— I hope youâ€™re headed home
Can I jump inside â— sure need a ride going back to San Antone
Can I jump inside â— sure need a ride going back to San Antone

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