

Tanya Tucker

"WHITE ROCKET"

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Old man passes time of day begging dimes in the
alleyway
He's got no family, he's got no home, can't remember
ever having one
One dollar and he's off again, on a trip back to where
he's been

He's on a white rocket through the night
Sailing on a white rocket that takes him on his high
flight
Every night he gets right where he belongs
And his white rocket keeps him smiling 'til its all gone

Morning traffic starts to hit the street, the old man
looks to be asleep
Little boy passes by the man, sees the empty bottle
he's holding in his hand
"Hey mama, tell me what's wrong with him?"
She said, "Come along boy, he's just a bad man"

That drives a white rocket through the night
Sailing on a white rocket that takes him on his high
flight
Every night he gets right where he belongs
And his white rocket keeps him smiling 'til its all gone

Old man in the alleyway won't be rising with the break
of day
Won't be begging money anymore, or sleeping next to
some lonely door
'Cause last night he took a trip and then, he never did
come down again

He's on a white rocket through the night
Sailing on a white rocket that took him on his high flight
Every night he got right where he belonged
And his white rocket kept him smiling, now its all gone

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