

Emmy the Great

"Guitar Town"

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(Steve Earle)

Hey pretty baby are you ready for me
It's your good rockin' daddy down from Tennessee
Well I'm just outta Austin bound for San Antone
With the radio blastin' and the bird dog on
There's a speed trap up ahead South of town
But no local yokel's gonna shut me down
Cause me and the boys got this rig unwound
And we've come a thousand miles from the guitar town

Nothin' ever happened round my home town
And I ain't the kind to just hang around
But I heard someone callin' my name one day
And I followed that voice down the lost highway
Everybody told me you can't get far
On \$37 and a Jap guitar
Now I'm smokin' into Texas with the hammer down
And a rockin' little combo from the guitar town

Hey pretty baby don't you know it ain't my fault
Love to hear the steel belts hummin' on the asphalt
Wake up in the middle of the night in a truck stop
Stumble in the restaurant, wonderin' why I don't stop
Well I gotta keep rockin' while I still can
Got a two-pack habit and a motel tan
When my boots hit the boards it's a brand new hand
Put my back to the risers and make my stand
Hey pretty baby won't you hold me tight
I'm loadin' up and rollin' out of here tonight
One of these days I'm gonna settle down
And I'll take you back with me to the guitar town

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