

Old 97's "Won't Be Home"

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You're a bottle cap away
From pushing me too far
Well, the problem's getting big
And it's a compact car

So I won't feel so bad
I did all I could do
Now I'm on wounded knee
And we're at Waterloo
So please get out of my car

I was born in the backseat of a Mustang
On a cold night in a hard rain
And the very first song that the radio sang
Was, 'I won't be home no more'

You're a rattle-trap tonight
My ears are getting tired
So listen for awhile
Before this thing expired

It was bound to fail
Because of where I'm from
Now the moon's at four o'clock
And it's high time kingdom come
So please get out of my car

I was born in the backseat of a Mustang
On a cold night in a hard rain
And the very first song that the radio sang
Was, 'I won't be home no more'

I was born in the backseat of a Mustang
On a cold night in a hard rain
And the very first song that the radio sang
Was, 'I won't be home no more'
And I won't be home no more

I'm pulling off the road, I'm opening the door
I'm giving you the pavement, I'm telling you what for
You're no more than a thought
No more than a thought

Oh you're getting smaller in my rear view mirror
And you're getting smaller in my rear view mirror
Getting smaller in my rear view mirror
Getting smaller

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