

This Old Ghost "Attack On The Settler's Cabin"

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So we drove from the coast down the long country
roads

Found a cabin to rest, local wine we request
And we spent most that day in my white 98
Singing loud, knowing we had a lot left to see

I'm going back

Crossed the line, another state, sun beats down on our
face

Had the good flow of tunes, Keepin' us moving
through

Goodnight Tex, stay the same, never lost we'd
proclaim

Traveled far, still had more, 100 miles to the French
quarter

We're going back

So call me what you will

Can't and won't sit still

I'm not running away from anything

I'm running towards it all

City that never sleeps must make time for a dream

Though I won't be around, swear I won't let you
down

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