

Robert Earl Keen "I'm Comin' Home"

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Packed my suitcase, I racked my brain
Bought a ticket on the late night train
Took a taxi through the pourin' rain
I'm comin' home to you

Flew from Boston out to San Jose
Saw our old friends in Monterey Bay
When they asked me if I'd like to stay
I said I'm comin' home to you

I'm comin' home
Made up my mind that's what I'm gonna do
Can't love nobody on the telephone
I'm comin' home to you

They threw a party there from dusk 'til dawn
Seems like everybody knows old Sleepy John
He said next time I better bring you along
I'm comin' home to you

They had fresh caught salmon on the bareques
There were people jammin' all night to the blues
Life is good out in Santa Cruz
But I'm comin' home to you

I'm comin' home
Made up my mind that's what I'm gonna do
Can't love nobody on the telephone
I'm comin' home to you

I drove forever out to God knows where
Come ten-thirty there was no one there
They couldn't pay me but I didn't care
I'm comin' home to you

I'm feelin' better since I got your card
I read it over and over when the road gets hard
Ain't nothin' better than your own backyard
I'm comin' home to you

I'm comin' home
Made up my mind that's what I'm gonna do

Can't love nobody on the telephone
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