

## Texas Renegade "Coming Home"

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Well it's 32 degrees  
Ain't seen the sun in seven days  
I'm five miles east where the Balcones breaks  
It gets light and dark again  
I get so high that I'm right back down again

I saw your face on the TV screen  
I read your name in a magazine  
I heard your voice on the radio  
I can't believe that I let you go  
Where the stars are burning out like kerosene  
You're here tonight in every one of my dreams  
And I've come to hate the things I know  
Cause I miss you, and I don't believe you're ever  
coming home.

I fall for you quicker, than the winter sun in the western  
plains  
My mind gets sicker, but your memory remains  
Where ever you are, that's where I wanna be  
Not alone in this bar on Fredericksburg and 7th street

I saw your face on the TV screen  
I read your name in a magazine  
I heard your voice on the radio  
I can't believe that I let you go  
Stars are burning out like kerosene  
You're here tonight in every one of my dreams  
And I've come to hate the things I know  
Cause I miss you, and I don't believe you're ever  
coming home.

Well I can't pretend I don't know where you've been  
Or where you'll be sleeping tonight  
I can't drown it in sin, down underneath the deep end  
of my soul  
No matter how hard I try

I saw your face on the TV screen  
I read your name in a magazine  
I heard your voice on the radio

I can't believe that I let you go  
Stars are burning out like kerosene  
You're here tonight in every one of my dreams  
I've come to hate the things I know  
Cause I miss you, and I don't believe you're ever  
coming home.

So I miss you, and I don't believe you're ever coming  
home.

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