

Steve Earle "Telephone Road"

Visit "[Telephone Road](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

My brother Jimmy, my other brother Jack
Went off down to Houston and they never come back
My mama wasn't gonna let her baby go yet now
But there ain't nobody hirin' back in Lafayette

I'm workin' all week for the Texaco check
As sun beatin' down on the back of my neck
I tried to save my money but Jimmy says no
Says he's got a little honey out on Telephone Road

Come on, come on, come on let's go
This ain't Louisiana your mama won't know
Come on, come on, come on let's go
Here everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road

Telephone Road is ten miles long
Fifty car lots and a hun-hundred honky-tonks
Jukebox blastin' and the beer bottles ring
And Jimmy banging on a pinball machine

Well come on, come on, come on let's go
Well this ain't Louisiana your mama won't know
Come on, come on, come on let's go
Here everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road

My mama never told me about nothin' like this now
I guess Houston's 'bout as big as a city can get
Sometimes I get a lonesome for Lafayette
Someday I'm goin' home but I ain't ready yet

Well come on, come on, come on let's go
Well this ain't Louisiana your mama won't know
Come on, come on, come on let's go
Here everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road

Come on, come on, come on let's go
Well this ain't Louisiana your mama won't know
Come on, come on, come on let's go
Here everybody's rockin' out on Telephone Road

