

# Way back home

Words & Music by Dave James Hendrikse

I spend last night in Tuscon  
With time hangin' heavy on my hands  
I've been so high, and i've been low  
But the Whiskey has been a friend

I poured it on, and i poured it out  
Tired of words, too hoarse to shout  
Beaten by the dashboard, I'll stand out  
in the crowd

Now i'm on my way, my way back home  
I'm gonna catch the black tar  
And I'll be gone  
When you realize that the hurt has gone  
That's the place where you belong  
Now I'm on my way, On my way back home

Peoples voices kind of floating  
Carried by the wind  
The days are quick like an indian arrow  
That i don't know where i've been  
The booze just kept me going  
But after been hit by a train  
my mind couldn't even comprehend  
what he was saying

Now i'm on my way, On my way back home  
I'm gonna catch the black tar  
And I'll be gone  
When you realize that the hurt has gone  
That's the place where you belong  
Now I'm on my way, On my way back home

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