

Jesse, go to sleep
We're still a long way off
I'm just filling Junior up at Texaco
There's a schedule that we've got to keep
And every time we're late, I think
But every time we've made it to the show
So don't you cry

See Aedan, he's alright
He's laughing on the stage
And the people stop and tell me that he's fine
It's one more night at the Hampton Inn
It's breakfast on the house again
Well, it isn't home, but it'll do just fine
Still, it isn't home

We've got planes to catch, bills to pay
We won't make it home today
We've got shows from Boston clear to Venus
But if America is listening, as long as I've got songs to sing
We can always make a home right here between us
Well, your mama's got her eyes on you
And mine are on the road
And Gabe's are staring off at Kansas City
We'd all swear that it's a precious view
That's seen by such a precious few
And it'll change you just as sure as it is pretty
But that ain't a bad thing

CHORUS

Well I've never seen the spirit wind,
but I have seen the tall grass bend
So I'll follow it wherever it may bring us
And as long as I've got songs to sing
I hope somebody's listening
'Cause we can always find a home right here between us
So don't you cry