

Never Coming Home

Bryan Martin

My granddaddy was a trucker, took his fair share of uppers
Chasing white lines for a dollar, but he never let us down
Now I'm a different breed of drifter, I do my kind of drifting
With a guitar and a bottle and I play it good and loud
I cut tail and run too often to a bar down in Austin
If I forget the words, you can blame it on the Crown

But you can bet I know
About a lonesome road
You can bet I know
About a heavy load
They call it playing for a living, but the truth is, it isn't
As easy as a-writin' a song
Tell my babies I love 'em
But their daddy ain't never coming home

Well, I still remember hearing the roaring of the engine
Rolling in the drive after one long run
And he worked himself to death, but on his death bed
He looked at me and said, "The job ain't done"
And I've seen all I can see, just a guitar and me
Chasing every honky-tonk and the setting sun

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Ain't never coming home