

It's the Song

Chely Wright

Different day, different town
Set it up to tear it down
Oh I ain't been home in almost fifty days
Houston Baton Rouge
Poor girl's gotta pay her dues
And the speeder bus is always driving away

Oh I love what I do
But I wonder what I do it all for
But when I sing, they sing along
I forget where I am
But I know where I belong
The reason why I'm standing here
It's not the miles
It's not the pay
It's not the show
It's not the fame that makes this home
It's the song

Her birthday was in Alabama
Father's day was in Montana
And on Mother's day I was nowhere near the phone
Every hotel bed feels the same
As the last one where I stayed
And it's bending in my sheet
And falling asleep alone

Oh I love what I do
But I wonder what I do it all for
When I sing, they sing along
I forget where I am
But I know where I belong
The reason why I'm standing here
It's not the miles
It's not the pay
It's not the show
It's not the fame that makes this home
It's the song

Dolly and Loretta
Maybe some Patsy Cline
I'm so lonesome I could cry
But when I sing, they sing along
I forget where I am
But I know where I belong
The reason why I'm standing here
It's not the ride
It's not the name
It's not just staying in the game
It's not the miles
It's not the pay
It's not the show
It's not the fame that makes this home
It's the song
It's the song