

Shotgun in my Soul

Cowboy Mouth

We have a conversation almost every night
In a motel room across a telephone line
And I want to hold you and I wish that I could
We got lucky tonight 'cause our connection was good

I count the white lines I count the pot holes
You're riding shotgun in my soul
Shotgun in my soul

Well do you save the teardrops I'm causing to fall
To drown me with when you've collected them all
Dry your eyes girl I'm coming home soon
I want to kiss you from the kitchen all the way to the bedroom

We'll count the time till I'm on the road and
You're riding shotgun in my soul
Shotgun in my soul

I really wanted to be there
Knowing you're in bed sleeping alone
And yes I know that its not fair
To have to say I love you on the phone

So the tires hiss and the highway it winds
And the hours feel like they're forever in time
But don't be mad I'm going fast as I can
And I won't see a thing til I can see you again

I felt like half til you made me whole and
You're riding shotgun in my soul
Shotgun in my soul

Shotgun in my soul --- shotgun!
Shotgun in my soul --- shotgun!
I said shotgun in my soul ---