

If you're headed west on 84
You're in her driveway
She'll greet you with the welcome mat of cotton Fields
And a wind turbine bouquet
Sinking summer sun's her porch light
It's so bright I look away
Mac Davis playing on my stereo
Brings a smile to my face
God, I miss this place

Take me home where the air is dry
The cotton and winter wheat grow knee-high
I tell ya friend I ain't seen a prettier sunset sky
A little windy, but I don't mind
Little breeze through my hair suits me just fine
Oughta see them stars burn at night
Feeling low from the road
Time to head back home
Nothing like a little bit of Lubbock to get me high

Quite an artsy lady, she gave birth to rock 'n' roll
But if you asked her where her heart's at
She'd tell you she's got country in her soul
You can hear 'em singing on Broadway
Or down in The Depot
The ghost of Buddy Holly's
Still alive and singing this song

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Farmers working hard all week breaking their backs
Sending prayers to an autumn harvest moon
And on Saturdays they paint that town Scarlet and Black
Off 19th street down where the lights are blue

Take me home where the air is dry
The cotton and winter wheat grow knee-high
I tell ya friend I ain't seen a prettier sunset sky
A little windy but I don't mind
Little breeze through my hair suits me just fine
Oughta hear them Victory Bells
Ringing on a Saturday Night
Feeling low from the road
Time to head back home
To the friendliest place I've ever known
Nothing like a little bit of Lubbock to get me high
Go on, get me high, yeah!

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