Never been a millionaire And I tell you mama I don't care Never gonna own a race-horse Or a fast back mid-engine Porsche Don't think I'll own a private jet On the Stock Exchange I'm no threat So won't you help me make up my mind Don't you think I'd better get myself back home Sitting in the moonlight glow Excuse me if my feelings show Watching all the trucks roll by Dreaming up an alibi You see, back home I'm considered the fool But maybe they're right I don't know So can't you help make up my mind Don't you think I'd better get myself back home Who cares

Daddy says he'll buy me car
To drive just as far as I need
He wants me back at any expense
He's got a lot more money than sense
Funny but now that I'm gone
They all wanna be concerned
Oh please can you make up my mind
Don't you think I'd better get myself back home
Just don't know what to do
Maybe I'll walk, maybe I'll ride, maybe I'll never ever decide

Get out da way
I gotta get on home
I gotta get home as soon as I can