

Johnny Walker

Hudson Westbrook

Hey, Johnny Walker, what you do in Louisiana?
Don't you call East Texas home?
Just a moondog chasin' a Greyhound station
While he's young enough to roam
I guess I like the songs you write
And the hurt you're gettin' into
Do some waitin' around, I heard they're shakin' the ground
Over what you're goin' through

So, tell me what you gonna do, oh-woah
When you up and run out the rest of your highway tunes
You're gonna pack it up, gonna sell your stuff
And stumble back alone
Hey, Johnny Walker, gonna miss you when you're gone

Hey, Johnny Walker, what you do in Chattanooga?
Heard you're playin' songs for free
Ain't talked in a while, I heard you changed your style
Started chasin' Hollywood dreams
Sure, you sound pretty, but I don't think
Anybody else is gonna listen to you
If you don't mind, I'm gonna send a little money
Get you by for a day or two

So, tell me what you gonna do, oh-woah
When you up and run out the rest of your highway tunes
You're gonna pack it up, gonna sell your stuff
And stumble back alone
Hey, Johnny Walker, gonna miss you when you're gone

Yeah
Oh-oh, oh-oh

Hey, Johnny Walker, what you do in California?
Don't you know where you come from
Went a real long way from where your family stays
But look at everything you've done
So don't mind me, I'm just calling to see
That you're in from out the rain
And if you want me to, I'll be there in a few
I'm just a couple states away

So, tell me what you gonna do, oh-woah
When you up and run out the rest of your highway tunes
You're gonna pack it up, gonna sell your stuff
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Hey, Johnny Walker, gonna miss you when you're gone

Miss you when you're gone