

Write My Ticket Home

Tift Merritt

This city must belong to someone,
But it don't belong to me.
From the window I got here,
I count the traffic through my tears,
Wanting to write me ticket, write my ticket home.

I got to get back in the arms of the man who loves me,
I got to get back to the people who have always been proud of me.
Take me back, I was wrong.
Write my ticket home.

A place called Suzy's, I'm a waitress.
Sue says, "Girl, you'll get used to all this."
But there is now way she could see
How much that cold rain gets to me,
How much I traded for a picture in my mind

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I got to get back to the people who have always been proud of me.
Take me back, I was wrong.
Write my ticket home.

I can hear 'em sitting 'round joking,
"She talks so big, come back broken."
Well, I had to try.
I ain't so proud.
I wish I were talking 'bout nothing with them right now.

I got to get back in the arms of the man who loves me,
I got to get back to the people who have always been proud of me.
Take me back, I was wrong.
Write my ticket home.