

## Write My Ticket

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 my ticket  
Write my ticket home.

I got to get back in the arms  
Of a man who loves me  
I got to get back to the people  
Who have always been about me  
Take me back  
I was wrong  
Write my ticket home

Place called Suzie's and the waitress  
She says, girl, you'll get used to all this  
There is no way she could see  
How much that cold rain gets to me  
How much I've traded for a picture in my mind

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I can hear them sitting and joking  
She talks so weird  
Though she come back broken  
Well I had to drive  
I eat some pies  
I wish I would talk?

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