

## Next Flight Home

Troy Cartwright

Drivin' down 161, it's five in the morning  
Got my stereo playin', my headlights on  
Engine light is flashing, why, I don't know  
But I'd hate to get stuck on the side

I'll be on the next flight home, in your arms that's where I be  
long  
And the city's grey, but it's you that makes me  
Come around here, spend my time

And I know that you're burdened by my lifestyle  
But I got dreams, they need tending, It might take me awhile  
Hope you know I love you, and I'll always stay true  
If it's ever too much for you

I'll be on the next flight home, in your arms that's where I be  
long  
And the city's grey, but it's you that makes me  
Come around here, spend my time

I know it's not what you prefer, still I hope you understand  
I'm stuck somewhere in-between  
What I want and what I can't stand

If I could I would, dear, but you know I can't stay  
I've got to keep on working, I've got dues I have to pay  
When the night is over all my thoughts turn to you  
And the next time I get a chance to

I'll be on the next flight home, in your arms that's where I be  
long  
And the city's grey, but it's you that makes me  
Come around here, spend my time  
My time