

## Long Road Home

Whitey Morgan and the 78's

He's on a lonely road, on a highway alone  
He's looking for a reason not to leave his home  
A wife and kid on the way, feels like he's livin' a lie  
In someone else's dreams, through someone else's eyes

And he rides, hell every night down that same highway  
And he dies a little more inside  
And that road, the road is long  
And now he knows  
Well, he was wrong about comin' home

Twenty years now gone, and twenty years he's seen  
He think he only take so much, you gotta let him be  
Rollin' cross these dark lands, livin' a life less traveled  
He turns to that old friend, anytime the memories leave him

And he rides, every night down that same highway  
And he dies a little more inside  
And the road, the road is long  
And now he knows  
That he was wrong about comin' home