

Bob Sinclar, Tennessee

Wild city living
It takes my breathe away
But I'm not living
The way I ought to be
Check it out, there's surely
Something missing
Got to move, on, before I kiss the ground

I hear you calling
I see your beauty in my mind
A piece of heaven
A place where living in crazy
Check it out, I still recall the feeling
Got to find me a way
Somehow, got to make it back... to Tennessee

Chasing the rainbow- shooting for the moon
Aiming much too high - getting so confused
I'm all out of luck
I'm all out of love
Guess I... I just had enough

Now my western tears
Remin me of my home
And my western heart reminds me I'm alone
But my heart is sure that love will guide the way
Now my western soul goes... back... to Tennessee