

Dwight Yoakam, Turn It On, Turn It Up, Turn Me Loose

Well, I'm back again for another night,
Of trying to break free from this sadness that I can't lay to rest.
This old honky-tonk sure does feel like home,
And the music with the laughter seem to soothe my loneliness.

So turn it on, turn it up, turn me loose,
From the memory that's driving me lonely, crazy and blue.
It helps me forget her, so the louder the better:
Hey mister, turn it on, turn it up, turn me loose.

If a tear should fall, if I should whisper her name,
To some stranger I'm holdin' while we're dancin' to an old Buck Owens song.
I know she won't mind, she won't even know.
She'll be dancing with a memory, crying teardrops of her own.

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So turn it on, turn it up, turn me loose,
From the memory that's driving me lonely, crazy and blue.
It helps me forget her, so the louder the better:
Hey mister, turn it on, turn it up, turn me loose.
Yeah, mister, turn it on, turn it up, turn me loose.