

# Emmylou Harris, Guitar Town

(Steve Earle)

Hey pretty baby are you ready for me  
It's your good rockin' daddy down from Tennessee  
Well I'm just outta Austin bound for San Antone  
With the radio blatin' and the bird dog on  
There's a speed trap up ahead South of town  
But no local yokel's gonna shut me down  
Cause me and the boys got this rig unwound  
And we've come a thousand miles from the guitar town

Nothin' ever happened round my home town  
And I ain't the kind to just hang around  
But I heard someone callin' my name one day  
And I followed that voice down the lost highway  
Everybody told me you can't get far  
Now I'm smokin' into Texas with the hammer down  
And a rockin' little combo from the guitar town

Hey pretty baby don't you know it ain't my fault  
Love to hear the steel belts hummin' on the asphalt  
Wake up in the middle of the night in a truck stop  
Stumble in the restaurant, wonderin' why I don't stop  
Well I gotta keep rockin' while I still can  
Got a two-pack habit and a motel tan  
When my boots hit the boards it's a brand new hand  
put my back to the risers and make my stand  
Hey pretty baby won't you hold me tight  
I'm loadin' up and rollin' out of here tonight  
One of these days I'm gonna settle down  
And I'll take you back with me to the guitar town