

Martin Sexton, Glory Bound

Freedom came my way that night
just like a jet plane IN and out of sight
I was hauling ass at a million miles an hour
wondering how hard I'd hit
When they came into the station
they said I was bad beyond repair
But I got no qualms with my situation
say here I am
So say cheri cheri won't you dare to
say cheri cheri won't you dare to
leave a message and your number please
Tie them up all my old fantasies
Put them in a big red bow and send them care of me
I'm taking a chance on the wind
I'm packing all my bags
Taking a mistake I gotta make
then I'm glory bound
So I packed it up and I went to the winds
and I lived out of a VW bus for a year or two
Ain't nothing but a pipe dream and my guitar
livin off of apple fields and old cigars
Diggin this microphone checking it out every night all alone
the car battery is dead again so I got my head dead set against it
So say cheri cheri won't you dare to
say cheri cheri won't you dare to
leave a message and your number please
Take the time to want to satisfy me
Take all those fantasies and send them care of me
Chorus