

# Steve Earle, Guitar Town

Hey pretty baby are you ready for me  
It's your good rockin' daddy down from Tennessee  
I'm just out of Austin bound for San Antone  
With the radio blastin' and the bird dog on  
There's a speed trap up ahead in Selma Town  
But no local yokel gonna shut me down  
'Cause me and my boys got this rig unwound  
And we've come a thousand miles from a Guitar Town  
Nothin' ever happened 'round my hometown  
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  
On thirty-seven dollars and a jap guitar  
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  
I 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  
Gotta keep rockin' why I still can  
I gotta two pack habit and a motel tan  
But when my boots hit the boards I'm a brand new man  
With my back to the riser I make my stand  
And hey pretty baby won't you hold me tight  
We're loadin' up and rollin' out of here tonight  
One of these days I'm gonna settle down  
And take you back with me to the Guitar Town