

# Tracy Byrd, Walking To Jerusalem

(Sam Hogin/Mark D. Sanders)

I dressed up in my best  
My Ropers and my vest  
And waited by the door with these roses  
Till you came walkin' in  
With your high falutin' friends  
So busy lookin' down your noses  
Now here you are ignorin' me  
Girl I might as well be

Walkin' to Jerusalem  
Marchin' with Methuselah  
Readin' signs in Arabic  
Ravin' like a lunatic  
By the time you tell me I'm the one  
I'll be stickin' out my thumb  
And walkin' to Jerusalem

You wore your boots last night  
You kissed me and held me tight  
You said you'd always be my cowgirl  
But tonight you're hangin' out  
With that Christian Dior crowd  
So where does that leave me now girl  
You're as cold as Polar regions

I oughta join the French Foreign Legion And Go

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I can see me in a long robe  
Studyin' the book of Job and

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I'll be stickin' out my thumb  
And walkin'  
By the time you tell me I'm the one  
I'll be stickin' out my thumb  
And walkin' to Jerusalem  
And walkin' to Jerusalem  
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