

# Bob Sinclair, Tennessee

Wild city living  
It takes my breathe away  
But I'm not living  
The way I ought to be  
Check it out, there's surely  
Something missing  
Got to move, on, before I kiss the ground

I hear you calling  
I see your beauty in my mind  
A piece of heaven  
A place where living in crazy  
Check it out, I still recall the feeling  
Got to find me a way  
Somehow, got to make it back ... to Tennessee

Chasing the rainbow - shooting for the moon  
Aiming much too high - getting so confused  
I'm all out of luck  
I'm all out of love  
Guess I... I just had enough

Now my western tears  
Remin me of my home  
And my western heart reminds me I'm alone  
But my heart is sure that love will guide the way  
Now my western soul goes... back... to Tennessee