

Dwight Yoakam, Fair To Midland

Fair to Midland is all that I need
If I had fare to Midland
I'd take the first seat
On a fast train, bus, or plane
Which ever proved the quickest
Way for me

I left her in Midland
Near one last promise
I couldn't keep
To chase a future paved with fools
Small county roads
Don't ever reach
But for every cloudless mile
The sun has shone
There's been a hundred
Nights alone, at least
The shame is how it took so long
To figure out, fare to Midland
Don't come cheap

My eyes keep lonely
Thoughts reminding me
With every dusty truck that I see
I'm only closer to
How far away can be
And all the time that's left
Is an eternity

To make myself west Texas bound
The fare to Midland is all I need

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I'd take the first seat...