

Hal Ketchum, Till The Coast Is Clear

Last drag on a Lucky
One more swallow in the glass
Spend my time like dirty money
Each hour longer than the last
It's easy to remember
All the times she met me here
In the safety of these shadows
Waiting till the coast is clear

Bob Wills on the jukebox
No one in here knows my name
Just a wide spot on the highway
Where everybody looks the same
Pull the change out of my pocket
The waitress brings another beer
Outside a welcome sign keeps flashing
Waiting till the coast is clear

When the coast is clear she'll call my name
Like a whisper in my ear
And in my mind I know that nothing's changed
She's waiting till the coast is clear

Left my suitcase at the station
Hitched a ride back into town
I know there'd be a mess of trouble
If they knew I was around
I'll be living these memories
If I live a hundred years
I'm not running, I'm not hiding
I'm waiting till the coast is clear