

Jamie O'Hara, Some People (Just Can't Walk The

Some people just can't walk the line.
Like the wind they are restless all the time.
Searchin' for that elusive peace of mind:
Some people just can't walk the line.

He's out on the highway with his thumb in the wind,
A pint of Old Crow on his hip.
Unfiltered Camels rolled up in his sleeve,
Last night's fight on his lip.

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Honky-tonks and bus stops and cheap old motel rooms,
Painted the lonesome in his eyes.
Tonight he'll be sleepin' wherever he lands,
When the Old Crow drops him from the sky.

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Tomorrow at daybreak he'll be up and gone,
Over the Mexican line.
A girl named Juanita is waiting for him,
To show him one helluva time.

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