

Patty Loveless, On Your Way Home

(Matraca Berg/Ronnie Samoset)

I heard you slippin' down the hall:
Tell me, did your shadow trip an' fall,
Over you, babe, movin' that slowly?
Did you think you could waste my time,
Come a-messin' round with my mind?
Did you think you could? You don't know me.
Where'd you get that alibi?
Did it fall out of a midnight sky,
Or did you find it on the side of the road?
Tell me: Did you have to make a deal,
Or wrestle for control, of the wheel, from your conscience?
I'd like to know,
Where do you go,
On your way home?

You know, someday, I'd like to fly,
Like a bat outta Nashville. Why don't you help me?
An' tell me the truth.
'Cause the truth is gonna set you free.
If you keep on lyin' to me, I might stay right here,
Just to spite you.

Where'd you get that alibi?
Did it fall out of a midnight sky,
Or did you find it on the side of the road?
Tell me: Did you have to make a deal,
Or wrestle for control, of the wheel, from your conscience?
I'd like to know.
Where do you go?
Where do you go?
Where do you go,
On your way home?
On your way home?
On your way home?
Mmmmm.
Mmmmmmmmmmm.

Where'd you get that alibi?
Did it fall out of a midnight sky,
Or did you find it lyin' on the side of the road?
Was it ever a long, long drive?
Did you ever stop once to cry, or was I worth it?
I think I know.
Where do you go?
Where do you go?
Where do you go,
On your way home?
On your way home?