

Ryan Adams, Tomorrow

Pulled into the station
And they're playing Waylon Jennings
When you're driving through so late at night
You'll see the lights are blinding
Yeah, and I'll be thinking of you
Home, my baby's going home
My baby's going home
Tomorrow

A million miles of nothing
Yeah, you're driving all alone
I can smell you on the pillow
Of the hotel room
Baby, make it and call me soon
Home, my baby's going home
My baby's going home
Tomorrow
Home, my baby's going home
My baby's going home
Tomorrow