

# Staines Bill, I Must Be Going Home

I Must Be Going Home

by Bill Staines

All the city lights, they burn outside our window  
With the fleeing of an autumn afternoon;  
I'll shed a tear if I look down upon our river  
Feeling close and knowing I'll be going soon.  
I grew lonesome on the road  
Until I met you here that night  
We talked and drank some wine  
And I was blinded in your light,  
But there's a lady in Montana  
And I love her, so I must be going home  
I should have kept on going when I had the mind to;  
I should have left you here so many times before.  
Now your eyes reflect a face that's quite unknowing  
If this pain inside is worth the open door.  
But the highway's ringing clear,  
And the morning sun is low  
Blue November winds are blowing,  
I must leave before the snow  
Cause there's a lady in Montana  
And I love her, so I must be going home.  
There were many times I wanted to forget her  
In the early morning hours here with you,  
But my heart, it lies among the Rocky Mountains  
With a lady there who's always been so true.  
I could hold you here forever,  
I could try and find a way  
We could spend our time together,  
But it's morning, and I pray  
That there's a lady in Montana  
And I love her, so I must be going home.