

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.