

Steve Earle, Tennessee Blues

Sunset in my mirror, pedal on the floor
Bound for New York City and I won't be back no more
Won't be back no more, boys won't see me around
Goodbye guitar town

Ghosts out on the highway, voices on the wind
Tellin me that we may never pass this way again
Voices on the highway angels beckonin
Like a long lost friend

Fare thee well I'm bound to roam
This ain't never been my home

Stranger in my mirror, lines around my eyes
String around my finger but I don't remember why
Don't remember why, boys don't remember how
Goodbye guitar town

Fare thee well I'm bound to roam
This ain't never been my home

Blue dog on my floorboard, redhead by my side
Cross the mighty Hudson river to the New York City side
Redhead by my side, boys sweetest thing I've found
Goodbye guitar town