

# Steve Earle & The Dukes, 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