Tracy Lawrence, My Second Home

There's a honky tonk on the edge of town I used to call my second home It's a place I'd go just to get away when I wanted to be alone Well early one morning had a fight with my darling that went from bad to worse It ended when she said your second home just became your first Now the jukebox is my alarm clock I wake up in a corner booth I don't have a tab don't need no cab cause the dance floor's my living room Well I might die from a broken heart but I'll never die of thirst Now that my second home has become my first [dobro - fiddle]

Well I don't have to pay no mortgage I don't have to mow no lawn A lot of frieds come see me some stay till the break of dawn I can paint the town without leavin' the house I can feel good till it hurts Now that my home sweet second home just became my first Now the jukebox is my alarm clock...

Lord now that my second home has become my first