

Anybody Going to San Antone

^GRain dripping off the ^Cbrim of my hat
^DSure is cold today
Here I am walking down ^Csixty-six
^DWish she hadn't done me that ^Gway

Wind whipping down the neck of my shirt
Like I ain't got nothing on
But I'd rather fight the wind and rain
Than what I've been fighting at home

Chorus

Is anybody goin to San Antone
Or Phoenix Arizona
Anyplace would be all right
As long as I forget I've known her

Sleeping under a table at a road side park
A man could wake up dead
But it sure seems warmer than it did
Sleeping in our king size bed

Yonder comes a truck with the US mail
People writing letters back home
Tomorrow she'll probably want me back
But I'll still be just as gone

Chorus