

# Cigarettes & Truckstops

[Lindi Ortega](#)

I'm gonna board this greyhound and ride it all the way down to L.A.  
You see I'm missin' you like crazy and I can't stand to be so far away  
Cigarettes and truckstops remind me of you when I pass them by  
And my mama always told me "hold on to the good things that you find" So I guess I gotta tell  
ya that I'm comin' out to meet you  
That I really gotta see you one more time,  
I'd rather have you still beside me  
Than have you always runnin' through my mind  
Oh look out California, I'm comin' for my lover's heart tonight  
In Evanston, Wyoming I kissed you underneath a painted sky  
We were travellin' like gypsies, singin' to each other in the night  
From highway to hotel room and every place we stopped at in between  
Oh I'd hear Dolly singin': you and I were islands in the stream So I guess I gotta tell ya that I'm  
comin' out to meet you  
That I really gotta see you one more time  
I'd rather have you still beside me  
Than have you always runnin' through my mind  
Oh look out California, I'm comin' for my lover's heart tonight  
So I guess I gotta tell ya that I'm comin' out to meet you  
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Oh look out California, I'm comin' for my lover  
I'm comin' for my lover's heart tonight

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>