Goin' Down In Style

Robert Earl Keen

I left Houston, Texas on a Gulf Coast Hurricane
I was blown down by tornadoes, washed up by the rain
Well, my pappy wasn't happy with me, he told me to go
So I stole my daddy's Cadillac and I headed down the road
I had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile
I'm headed for the border man, I'm goin' down in styleWell, I hit Corpus Christi and the wind was at my back
I drove them women crazy in my daddy's Cadillac
I'd cruse them down the boulevard, treated them like queens
I took them all the places that they wanted to been seen
And when I had to leave them, I'd tell them with a smile
I'm headed for the border, man I'm goin' down in styleWell, you've got to take your chances if they ever come along
Close your eyes and listen to that great big engine wind
And it down really matter whether you are right or wrong
'Cause when you cross the border, yeah, you leave this world behindI stomped down on the pedal, I set the cruise control
Five hundred raging horses blew on by the state patrol
Yeah, there sirens were screaming, Lord, the lights were flashing red
A dozen more were waiting at the road block up ahead
I scattered them like chickens, I heard one of them cry
"He's headin' for the border man, he's goin' down in style"Yeah, when you cross the border you ain't ever coming back
And there ain't no redemption when the cops are on your tail
The closest thing to heaven is the great big Cadillac
The city lights of Houston or the fiery gates of hell
They nabbed me on the hill that overlooks the Rio GrandeeI'm feeling just like Moses looking at the promise land
They hauled me back to Houston, they threw me into jail
My momma started crying when my daddy paid the bail
I'm sorry I'm not there to hear the outcome of my trial
I'm headed for the border man, I'm goin' down in style

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