

The Roadblock

Stan Ridgway

News travels fast in a small desert town
So it wasn't long at all before the word got around
That a killin' mad car was headed their way
So the sheriff and the boys were gonna stop him
Out on the highway
Right where it intersected big black rock
So it wasn't long at all
Before the whole town was out standin' 'round
Hammerin' a nail and buildin' up a pride
In a roadblock
The mayor's wife sat in the shade
And talked her way through a few good lies
While her husband practiced his acceptance speech
For a medal from the F.B.I.
And Granny rocked back in her chair and said,
"Just what did this man do?"
While some idiot kids from school
Ate the dirty sno-cones colored red, white and blue
At the roadblock
Then the local paper jumped the gun
And printed the big headline
"Town is saved from killer car with roadblock at stateline"
Three miles down the highway in a Chevy '69
Were a pair of crazy eyeballs
Jumpin' left and right in time
To an eight track tape playin' Foghat and Jethro Tull
And a gasoline soaked hand shiftin'
A little plastic skull
And on the arm a blue tattoo that read
"I'm a son of a bitch"
A map open on the front seat
Leather black as pitch
One foot slammed on the gas, no shoe
Just an argyle sock
And that car was screamin' wild down the highway
Like lightnin' towards the roadblock
Then all eyes turned down the highway
To a big cloud of smoke
And Granny went into a mild state of shock and started to choke

And then a boy up in a tree yelled out, "Here he comes..."
Then twenty men strong aimed and fired point blank
Nineteen shotguns...
Well the next day the sheriff just tried to stall
While they buried the body out behind a wall
The newspaper said, "Killer still on the lam
Seems the boys at the roadblock shot the wrong man
Nobody really knew just who he was
He was drivin' a Camaro with dashboard fuzz
They all burned the car right there at big black rock
And no one ever said a word at all again
About a roadblock

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