

# W. TX. Teardrops

## Old 97's

Well the road maps of West Texas never gave me good advice  
The trains all roll where the roads don't go, now I lay awake at night  
Just wondering where the rest is so I hit that iron gate  
And I yelled good-bye to that wife of mine, I may be running late I'm a-rolling on, I'm a-rolling on  
Rolling out past El Paso Texas, where I might have had a home  
I made my bed, so here I lie  
I'm rolling West Texas teardrops in my eye Though I felt a lonesome feeling in Dulce, New Mexico  
I was happier than I'd ever been in my El Paso home  
But I thought about the woman whom I left to roam the land  
And I cried so much it dug a rut they call the Rio Grande I'm a-rolling on, I'm a-rolling on  
Rolling out past El Paso Texas, where I might have had a home  
I made my bed, so here I lie  
I'm rolling West Texas teardrops in my eye And my destination is written upon my feet  
And the stars above are about the only company I keep  
So raise my pass and take my seat  
I'm rolling fast with a teardrop on my cheek So I guess there'll be no family, so I guess there'll be no wife  
Gonna roll away on an old steel dray, it's gonna be my life  
And the road maps I been reading, I never came to figure out  
All I know is I'd explode by any other route I'm a-rolling on, I'm a-rolling on  
Rolling out past El Paso Texas, where I might have had a home  
I made my bed, so here I lie  
I'm rolling West Texas teardrops in my eye I'm a-rolling on, I'm a-rolling on  
Rolling out past El Paso Texas, where I might have had a home  
I made my bed, so here I lie  
I'm rolling West Texas teardrops in my eye  
And I'm rolling West Texas teardrops in my eye  
And I'm rolling West Texas teardrops in my eye

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