Flatland Boogie

Terry Allen

Hey up on the Cap rock, me and my baby ride
Goin' a hundred miles an hour, 'cause this old Ford can still fly
Got Four Roses in a sack an we ain't lookin' back tonightSome top 40 Shorty's singin' on the radio
And there's cotton fields forever on both sides of the road
It's till the Flatland Boogie but where did the Wolfman goOld photographs turn yellow, times they come and go
But we can still do the boogie from the High Plains to Mexico
Some old angel from Amarillo must be helpin' us to hold it on the roadMoonlight's a-fallin', look at that caliche glow
And old coyote's a howlin' doesn't know he's too old
Headlights a shinin' on all we ever need to knowCross the Llano Estacado, baby's still by my side
Ain't no reason to stop and there ain't no place to hide
You want to Flatland Boogie better flat out come and rideOld photographs turn yellow, times they come and go
But we can still do the boogie from the High Plains to Mexico
Some old angel from Amarillo must be helpin' us to hold it on the road
Some old angel from Amarillo must be helpin' us to hold it on the road

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