

Rollin' By

Lyle Lovett

It's a busted old town
On the plains of West Texas
The drugstore's closed down
The river's run dry
And the semis roll through
Just like stainless steel stallionsGoin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' byNow, the mission still stands
At the edge of the plateau
And a stone marks the graves
Where the old cowboys lie
Asleep in a time
In a town, just a young manGoin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' byAnd now, the drive-in don't play
No Friday night picture
With no big silver screen
To light up the sky
And gone are the days
Of post wartime loversGoin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' byAnd me, I stand here
At the last filling station
While the wind moans a dirge
To a coyote's cry
And I'm back in my car
And I'm out on the highwayGoin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wildAnd me, I stand here
At the last filling station
While the wind moans a dirge
To a coyote's cry
And I'm back in my car
And I'm out on the highwayGoin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild

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