

Red River & 8th

Nowherebound

Red River & 8th

Well Biram played the blues,
In the empty front room,
On the barside at the fly
While the outside stage would serranade the night

And the hot dog king,
Played our records on repeat,
On the trailer stereo,
When the river still reaked of booze and rock n roll

So drop me any place,
Down Red River & 8th,
Have a pint at Bull's,
then send me on my way out/down/home
There's a local punk song from the jukebox on
While the band loads in their gear.
(we all get another beer).
(the band loads out their gear).
Red River rock n roll is why we're here.

And all the 7th Street punks,
Dodged the junkies and the drunks
On their way down to the show,
Another "Beerland" bill, served up with something cold

And the "Headhunter" crew
Always let us act the fool,
With Huey at the door,
Had a drink with the roaches and the friends who just got old

When it's time to go, I'll stumble home alone,
Maybe I won't make it home at all.
But I ain't leaving yet, I still got money left. We still got a long way to go.

So drop me any place
Down Red River & 8th,
Got some money in my pocket and tonight I need my friends

Just drop me any place
Down Red River & 8th,
Iâ€™ll journey to â€˜Valhallaâ€™ til nightâ€™s end.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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