

South Coast of Texas

[Guy Clark](#)

The south coast of Texas is a thin slice of life
It's salty and hard it's stern as a knife
Where the wind is for blown up hurricanes for showin'
The snakes how to swim and the trees how to lean And the shrimpers and their ladies are out in the beer joints
Drinkin' 'em down for they sail with the dawn
They're bound for the Mexican Bay of Campeche
And the deck hands are singin' 'Adios Jole Blon' In the cars of my youth how I tore thru those sand dunes
Cut up my tires on them oyster shell roads
But nothin' is forever say the old men in the shipyards
Turnin' trees into shrimp oats Hell I guess they ought to know And the shrimpers and their ladies are out in the
beer joints
Drinkin' 'em down for they sail with the dawn
They're bound for the Mexican Bay of Campeche
And the deck hands are singin' 'Adios Jole Blon' There's snowbirds in search of that sunshine and night life
And fond of greasin' palms down the beach as they're goin'
This livin' on the edge of the waters of the world
Demands the dignity of whooping cranes and
The likes of Gilbert Roland And the shrimpers and their ladies are out in the beer joints
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