

Paint the Town Beige

Robert Earl Keen

I gave up the fast lane for a blacktop county road
Just burned out on all that talk 'bout the motherlode
I traded for a songbird, a bigger piece of sky
When I miss the good old days I can't imagine why Still I get restless and drive into town
I cruise once down Main street and turn back around
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige Down along the river, past the swimming hole
You can find your piece of mind with just a fishing pole
And you can walk the river for miles and miles on end
And never stop believing in that dream around the bend But still I get restless and drive into town
My radio playing, my window roll down
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige Deep down in the winter, time slows to a crawl
There's really nothing much to do until the first spring thaw
It's then I get to thinking I must have gone insane
Memories roll through my mind like a long slow railroad train Still I get restless and drive into town
Watch the world through a windshield as it all comes unwind
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age
Like those old desperadoes who paint the town beige
I gave up the fast lane

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