

Let Him Roll

Guy Clark

Now he was a wino tried and true
Done about everything there is to do
He worked on freighters and he worked in bars
He worked on farms and he worked on cars
Well it was white port wine that put that look in his eyes
Grown men get when they need to cry
We sat down on the curb to rest
His head just fell down on his chest
He says, "Every single day it gets just
A little bit harder to handle and yet"
Then he lost the thread and his mind got cluttered
And the words just rolled off down the gutter
Well he was an elevator man in a cheap hotel
In exchange for the rent on a one room cell
And he was old years beyond his time
No thanks to the world and the white port wine
So he said, "Son", he always called me son
He said, "Life for you has just begun"
Then he told me the story I'd heard before
How he fell in love with a Dallas whore
Now he could cut through the years to the very night
That it ended in a whorehouse fight
When she turned his last proposal down
In favor of bein' a girl about town
Now it's been seventeen years right in line
And he ain't been straightened none of the time
It's too many days of fightin' the weather
And too many nights of not bein' together
So he died
When they went through his personal effects
And among the stubs from a welfare checks
Was a crumblin' picture of a girl in a door
And in a dress in Dallas and nothing more
The welfare people provided the Priest
The couple from the mission down the street
Sang 'Amazing grace' and no one cried
Except some lady in black way off to the side
We all left and she was standin' there
The black veil coverin' her silver hair
Ol' one-eyed John said, "Her name was Alice
She used to be a whore in Dallas"
So let him roll, Lord let him roll
I bet he's gone to Dallas to rest his soul
Just you let him roll, Lord let him roar
He always said that Heaven was just a Dallas whore
Just you let him roll, Lord let him roll
I bet he's gone to Dallas to rest his soul

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