

Townes' Blues

Cowboy Junkies

You're clean as a widow woman's washboard, son
Stick it in the wind
Put the mountains to your back, the great plains on your grille
Time to take a little spin And Boulder looks like the kind of town
That I could spend some time
But in Houston they got our name in lights You're clean as a widow woman's washboard, son
The slab is yours tonight
Townes is in the back lounge, got his hands in his pocket
Pulls out two dice, says, "Let's get at it" Salina in the headlights, snake eyes on the floor
Al drops another twenty and Pete heads for the door
Springer's feeling lucky, sits down for a spell
Oklahoma City and he's lost his last bill Jeff is in a bind, waiting on sister Hicks
Seven comes a calling, as we cross on into Texas
Townes is in the back lounge, got his fist full of fives
He says, "It's a little bit long, but I'm enjoying this ride" Be careful with the dice, when you're surrounded by
others
With boxcars in their eyes
Never count your winnings at hour twenty three
Of a twenty four hour drive Remember that you're not the one
Calling the tunes
That's making those diamonds dance Or you'll be clean as a widow woman's washboard, son
And those are the facts
Townes is in the back lounge, cursing at them bones
He says, "Ain't this fool ever heard of Raton?"

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