

Crazy Lemon

Joe Ely

They call me the Crazy Lemon
I'm crazy, wild, free for a while
I can't help what they think, I was born that way
I'll be a little crazy till my dyin' day
Just a man on the run, they call the Crazy Lemon

It's true that I stole a Budweiser truck
I changed my mind but the truck got stuck
In a muddy ditch, so I hitched it back again
The second car that passed had a cherry on top
But just my luck, it was a first to stop
They said with a grin, "Looky here, it's the Crazy Lemon"

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It's true that I run a little illegal cargo
From the border and the coast, north to Fargo
Busted with a truck load of Juarez aspirins
Seems everything that I tried to sell
Just bought me a room in some Iron Hotel
Things were looking grim for the Crazy Lemon

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Hey, I've jumped a little bit of bail
From a handful of city, county jail
Seeking out a spiritual hideout in the wind
It's easy to hide from a 6 foot cell
No use tryin', hide from yourself
Just play another hymn for the Crazy Lemon

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Hey, I'm a Crazy Lemon
Ho, I'm a Crazy Lemon