

# Queen Of The Coast

Laura Cantrell

She was the Queen of the Coast back in nineteen sixty five,  
Prettier 'n most, she could keep a room alive,  
With the catch in her voice and the beehive on her head.  
Do you remember anything she ever said.

Well, some stars fade faster than the rest,  
And the promise wore off though she did her best.  
She finally looked around for somethin' else to do.  
What she found was a man who needed what she knew.

Have you forgotten? Have you forgiven?  
Tell me are you livin' just a little in your past every day.  
Time sure has changed you; it's walked right on by you.  
Does it satisfy you to have so little to say?

For the next ten years she rode around on the bus.  
She did washin' and ironin' and pickin' up.  
She had a place to stand at the back of the stage.  
She was there every night, lookin' her age.

She lent her voice, but she gave her heart.  
And, I guess, that must've been the hardest part.  
She figured out exactly what was goin' on,  
All the love she had given for a song.

Then things unravelled like they usually do.  
She got her old heart busted up by husband, number two.

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Tell me are you livin' just a little in your past every day.  
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Does it satisfy you to have so little to say?

I'm not quite sure when she got back on the bus.  
But she's still washin' and ironin' and pickin' up.  
If you look all the way to the back of the stage,  
She's standin' at her mic, lookin' her age.

In a roadstop in Reno at supper time,  
The waitress comes over with a look in her eye.  
Says: "I saw you in Modesto almost thirty years ago,  
"An' I can still remember every song in your show."

"Please Help Me, I'm Falling." "Don't Come Home A-Drinking."  
Well, there's a pair of swingin' doors for every cowboy sweetheart to  
night.  
Time sure has changed you; it's walked right on by you.  
Does it satisfy you to have so little to say?