

# Rollin' By

Lyle Lovett

It's a busted old town  
On the plains of West Texas  
The drugstore's closed down  
The river's run dry  
The semis roll through  
Just like stainless steel stallions  
Goin' hard  
Goin' fast  
Goin' wild  
Rollin' hard  
Rollin' fast  
Rollin' by

The mission still stands  
At the edge of the plateau  
And a stone marks the graves  
Where the old cowboys lie  
Asleep in a time  
In a town just a young man  
Goin' hard  
Goin' fast  
Goin' wild  
Rollin' hard  
Rollin' fast  
Rollin' by

The drive-in don't play  
No Friday night picture  
With no big silver screen  
To light up the sky  
And gone are the days  
Of post-wartime lovers  
Goin' hard  
Goin' fast  
Goin' wild  
Rollin' hard  
Rollin' fast  
Rollin' by

And me I stand here  
At the last filling station  
While the wind moans a dirge  
To a coyote's cry  
And I'm back in my car  
And I'm out on the highway  
Goin' hard  
Goin' fast  
Goin' wild