

Trombone Gulch

Audience

Needing sleep and hot and dirty on I drove through Alberquerque
I had one eye on the mirror for the law
When I pulled in for some gasoline, six house from El Paso
Seemed New Mexico went on for evermore

I was talkin' to the pump man, and you should have seen him jump, man
When I told him I was heading for the Heights
He said, "Wait on 'til tomorrow 'cos a few miles from Socorro
Is a place you'll never leave by light of night"

There's only buzzards and lizards and ornerary critturs
You've run out of luck if you get stuck in Trombone Gulch

Well I laughed and left him standing, put a big tip in his hand
And drove on out ignoring all his shouts of thanks
But a few miles from Socorro I discovered to my horror
That his shouts had meant he hadn't filled the tank

I knew I wasn't beaten yet, I stumbled from the sedan
Cursing everyone from Satan up to God
And I pushed it to ledge and pushed it out across the edge
And knew the law would never see it from the road

And the dust came like a blizzard, I got bitten by a lizard
And I fell down into canyons all the time
But I kept the road beside me, 'cos I had to have it guide me
All the way to safety and the borderline

When the sun came up from sleepin' and the morning came in creeping
I could see a signpost just on up ahead
It said "Welcome to Socorro! Did you like to ride our trombone?
It goes right around the valley on a bend!"