

# The Ballad of Jerry Jeff Walker

Brooks & Dunn

Jerry Jeff Walker stumbled up the stairs on his way to the  
Stage with a Martin guitar and a six pack  
Yeah and he was the poet of the Lone Star state

And I was young enough  
To think I was good enough to be his opening act  
And in a cloud of smoke he took another toke  
And counted one, two, three  
And I knew right there just breathing his air  
What I wanted to be

Buckaroos and jaded lovers  
L.A. freeway and redneck mother  
Mothers who had raised a son so well  
Talking outlawed, long hair loners and stoners  
Singing about to come back home and  
Most likely too far gone to get there

Hey, Kix, that was 76  
That was just enough beer to get us through the set  
And get as high as our crowd  
We got 700 miles Jerry, we gotta go  
You're out of your mind; you'll never make it on time  
Why not just have another round

Oh, we were trying get paid  
Just trying to get laid  
Living on love  
Sleeping on the stage  
Just turn another page  
Never thinking we'd ever grow up

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L.A. freeway and redneck mother  
Mothers who had raised a son so well  
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Singing about to come back home and  
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Well, the way I recall the 70's  
We were down in Austin and the establishment were  
Saying we were wasting our time  
The next thing I know  
We were making more money than we could count  
We're all being sued by the IRS  
And having more fun than the law allowed

Yeah, I'm talking loners and stoners  
And sing about to come back home  
And most likely too far gone to get there.  
Yeah, they were all most likely too far gone to get there

Jerry Jeff Walker stumbled up the stairs on his way to the  
Stage with a Martin guitar and a six pack  
Tools of the trade son