

Bill's Laundromat Bar And Grill

Confederate Railroad

Well I was three days short
Of pulling out of King's Port
I was headed down to Houston town
I had my guitar packed in a burlap sack
For exploitin' my country sound
I bypassed Jackson, bypassed Memphis
By the time I got to Arkansas
I'd a sold my car and that black guitar
For anything cool and tall

So I pulled up to a neon sign
On Highway 49
I shut the engine down
Took a look around
Then I stepped inside
I asked that bouncer where I was
He said "Son, you're at Bill's"
"Honky Tonk Pickin', Line Dance Kickin'"
"Razorback Stickin', Barbecue Chicken"
"Laundromat Bar and Grill"

Well I found old Bill sitting at the bar
With a pistol and change machine
He was doling out quarters to a waitress named Star
When I asked him if I could sing
He said "Son, go ahead, if you brought your guitar"
Then he pointed to the backstage door
He said "We don't like original material"
"Unless it's been done before"

Well I hit the stage like a big mule train
Told the house band to play in C
Sang The Tennessee Waltz, Kentucky Rain
And the one about the bird that's free

The lead guitar was like a chain saw
That fiddle like a power drill
At Bill's Honky Tonk Pickin', Line Dance Kickin'
Razorback Stickin', Barbecue Chicken
Laundromat Bar and Grill

In the 10 short minutes I was up on stage
I watched a biker punch a cowboy's face
And with a perfect view, I was witness to
The destruction of the whole dang place
It was long-neck stems and white French hems
Flying out of that dark saloon
That mechanical bull was reduced in full
To the safest place in the room

And that punch-drunk cowboy showed his wife
That his shirt was soaked in beer
She said "Calm down honey, have another Light"
"'Cause we can wash the shirt right here"
Then the whole place to stop to thank me
For making my show at Bill's
Honky Tonk Pickin', Line Dance Kickin'

Razorback Stickin', Barbecue Chicken
Laundromat Bar and Grill