

# The Load-Out

Jackson Browne

Now the seats are all empty  
Let the roadies take the stage  
Pack it up and tear it down  
They're the first to come and last to leave  
Working for that minimum wage  
They'll set it up in another town  
Tonight the people were so fine  
They waited there in line  
And when they got up on their feet they made the show  
And that was sweet...  
But I can hear the sound  
Of slamming doors and folding chairs  
And that's a sound they'll never know

Now roll them cases out and lift them amps  
Haul them trusses down and get'em up them ramps  
'Cause when it comes to moving me  
You guys are the champs  
But when that last guitar's been packed away  
You know that I still want to play  
So just make sure you got it all set to go  
Before you come for my piano

But the band's on the bus  
And they're waiting to go  
We've got to drive all night and do a show in Chicago  
or Detroit, I don't know  
We do so many shows in a row  
And these towns all look the same  
We just pass the time in our hotel rooms  
And wander 'round backstage  
Till those lights come up and we hear that crowd  
And we remember why we came

Now we got country and western on the bus  
R and B, we got disco in eight tracks and cassettes in stereo  
We've got rural scenes & magazines  
We've got truckers on the CB  
We've got Richard Pryor on the video  
We got time to think of the ones we love  
While the miles roll away  
But the only time that seems too short  
Is the time that we get to play

People you've got the power over what we do  
You can sit there and wait  
Or you can pull us through  
Come along, sing the song  
You know you can't go wrong  
'Cause when that morning sun comes beating down  
You're going to wake up in your town  
But we'll be scheduled to appear  
A thousand miles away from here