

Hurricane Party

James McMurtry

The hurricane party's windin' down
and we're all waitin' for the end
And I don't want another drink,
I only want that last one again

He gave me such a fine glow,
smokin' slow, now I should probably be homeward bound

There's just no one to talk to
when the lines go down

I guess that in the morning I'll go lookin' for my gray-striped cat
My old house can take the weather so I'm not too concerned about that
It was built to take the wind back in nineteen-and-
ten when this was one damned fine town

Candles flickered on the back bar and the building was shakin' with t
he wind
I bought a whiskey for the gypsy and she turned my leather back into
skin
Just a fleeting sense of that rare suspense I once thought made the w
orld go round

Open up your back screen door
Let me see your face once more
My hands are cold and my feet so sore
And I can't go on this way

And the thoughts come too fast and too many to keep count, best just
to let 'em on through
Now I'm breaking those glass insulators with my old 22
Off the telephone polls as a half dollar rolls across the knuckles of
a rodeo clown

My one great love, my God, I can feel her still
She ran off to California and now she's living in those Hollywood hil
ls
With some bullfrog prince, I've not seen her since
Though she calls when he's out of town

Open up your back screen door
Let me in your space once more
I was looking for an easy score
But it just don't work that way

Some insurance man-biker is yellin' out for one more beer
But a part-time pirate just can't get much respect around here
We got our problems too, man we'll get to you
In just a minute, sit your drunk ass down

Now there's water up past the wheel wells of my
Ford and I don't guess that it'll run

But I left a pack of Winston's on the dash, could you fetch 'em for me son?

The morning's first cigarette, that's as good as it gets all day I should know by now