

Pocatello

James McMurtry

Picked you up in Pocatello
In some truck stop parking lot
Out beside that burned up Volvo
With the smoking engine shot
And you just left that Volvo lying
You never gave it half a thought
Faithless, fine, and gone

You said you came from Randolph
Up across the Wasatch Range
You kept talking clear to Salt Lake
Liked to drove us all insane
But now I'm flying down
That four lane highway screaming out your name
Faithless, fine, and gone

Batten down the hatches I can hear my grandma say
Boy you like to play with matches
Gonna burn yourself someday

I'm gonna haul on back to Denver
Just as soon as I get through
And I'm burnt down to smoldering embers
But I guess I can make do
And now I hear some guy that used to
Manage some band I never heard of
Is trying to manage you
Faithless, fine, and gone