

Terry

James McMurtry

Terry's off the track
Sent him away and he won't be back for a while
Fifteen years old
One night he lost control
Straight shots
Staggered out to the parking lot

Someone called him names
He was in no mood for games
He was irate
Courtin' fate

It all went off in the blink of an eye
There's no turnin back or questioning why
It was the heat of the moment
Flash in the pan
Blood on the gravel and a long neck in his hand

Terry's off the track
Been gone two years and he ain't been back a time
Sent him to a school
Pays attention and he minds the rules
And he makes no fuss
Says he misses us

Plays his guitar low
In his room 'neath a sixty-watt glow
Till the counselor shouts, "Lights out."

Then it all comes back
Ringin in his ear
My God boy, whatcha doin' in here?
It was the heat of the moment
A flash in the pan
Never shoulda happened
And you know it never will again

Terry's off the track
Someday he'll be comin' back, they say
His hometown looks the same
Same old streets and the same old games to play
Must be a dream
Eleven months he turns eighteen
And he's outta there

But he won't leave the walls behind
They're gonna stay with him a good long time
In the heat of the moment
Any old day
It don't take a second to throw it all away

Terry's off the track
Sent him away and he won't be back for a while