

# 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