

Curly And Lil'

Jerry Jeff Walker

Curly would drive that old pickup truck
Lilly would roll a cigarette
They never sweated the money the made
They get by just fine on anything they get

Curly worked the Dobro for seven long years
Always on the road not at home
He told Lilly one day before it all slips away
Let's take the kids out there and make it on our own

It's good times 'tiil they get here
Short time 'til they're gone
Just picking and singing in a family band
Traveling and living off the land

Picking and fishing and meeting other folks
Making home brew and cooking steaks
Wear your old clothes and drive those old country roads
Live your mistakes and make up your own breaks

They traveled this country from L.A. to Maine
Seattle and back to Key West
Through hundreds of gigs and all the miles they did
They say that raising five kids tops the list

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Curly told me if you want to be free
You got to be your own boss
Be fair with those you like, do what you think is right
If they still don't like you, pack it up and walk

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(2x)