

Singin' The Dinosaur Blues

Jerry Jeff Walker

Me and my friends are getting long in the tooth
After three or four decades of seeking the truth
Trying to recover from misspent youth
And gradually giving in to knowledge

I know a picker who moved to Nepal
And another buddy's got a little shop in a mall
Some of my brothers ain't breathing at all
And others have given up privilege

But I'm still beating on my old guitar
Singing my songs in a smoky old bar
Hitching my wagon to a shooting star
And hoping that star don't fall
I'll keep picking as long as I can
But I don't want to die just a honky-tonk man
I'm just a buffalo singing the dinosaur blues

I was out last night, just me and a partner
Ain't nothing but a fool would drink that hard
You wind up sleeping in your buddy's front yard
And you wonder what to tell the little woman

Me and the band's up all night long
We was passing the pipe and banging the gong
Trying to remember one of Van Zandt's songs
Something about Mudd and Gold a-gamblin'

But I'm still walking down the lost highway
Doing what it takes to make my way
Knowing that I got a piper to pay
And hoping that I like the song

Maybe it'll be a ditty I know
I got people to see and places to go
Just an old buffalo singing the dinosaur blues

I've been a lucky man all of my life
I got two great kids and a wonderful wife
Got a rosewood guitar and a very sharp knife
And I got a handy little knack for rhymin'

I been blessed with a voice that can sing
And a faith in the future and what it may bring
And change is the very most natural of things
And life is mostly attitude and timing

One of these days, well, I'll disappear
You'll look around and I won't be here
Don't worry, buddy, there's nothing to fear
I'm just going where the rivers flow

You can find me in a rubbery boat
Down in Mexico you can send me a note
Care of a old buffalo singing the dinosaur

I've played Buffalo, I recall Dinah Shore

I'm just a buffalo singing the dinosaur blues