

Rollin' By

Lyle Lovett

It's a busted old town
On the plains of West Texas
The drugstore's closed down
The river's run dry
The semis roll through
Just like stainless steel stallions
Goin' hard
Goin' fast
Goin' wild
Rollin' hard
Rollin' fast
Rollin' by

The mission still stands
At the edge of the plateau
And a stone marks the graves
Where the old cowboys lie
Asleep in a time
In a town just a young man
Goin' hard
Goin' fast
Goin' wild
Rollin' hard
Rollin' fast
Rollin' by

The drive-in don't play
No Friday night picture
With no big silver screen
To light up the sky
And gone are the days
Of post-wartime lovers
Goin' hard
Goin' fast
Goin' wild
Rollin' hard
Rollin' fast
Rollin' by

And me I stand here
At the last filling station
While the wind moans a dirge
To a coyote's cry
And I'm back in my car
And I'm out on the highway
Goin' hard
Goin' fast
Goin' wild