

Showdown at the Border

Nazareth

His necktie is bright red
From lookin' in one direction
No flowerchild in his bed
He's got oil well protection
Just had to be a blind dog
Chewin' on everything
Took a slice of the blackbird pie
She began her singing

I know that your oil is black
But your dipstick is pearly white
Ten gallons on your head
That ain't what I need tonight

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Showdown at the border
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The rendezvous was neutral
He don't want no gossip headlines
Her polaroid blackmail
He said, "No way I've had mine"
Just too much for him to lose
Because of some Cuervo passion
Cold, cold forty-five, answered in Texas fashion

I know that your oil is black
But the dipstick is pearly white
Ten gallons on your head
That ain't what I need tonight

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Bright red went to his head
Tequila tension rising

This is no business for the weak at heart
This is no business for those with a
Nervous disposition

Tanned man from the f.e.d.'s
Cool mohair buying off the squeeze

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