

Going Down In Style

Pat Green

I left Houston, Texas on a gulf coast hurricane i was blown down by a
Tornado washed up by the rain well my pappy wasn't happy with me
he told me to go
So i stole my daddy's cadillac and head on down the road i had
a grin from ear
To ear with each and every mile i was headed for the border man
and i was going
Down in style

Now i hit Corpus Christi and the wind was at my back i drove them
Women crazy with my daddy's cadillac ya i cruised them down that
boulevard i
Treated them like queens took em all the places that they wanted to be seen and
When i had to leave em i'd tell with a smile im headed for the border man and
I'm goin down in style

Well you gotta take your chances if they ever come along close your
Eyes and listen to the great big engine wind it don't really matter weather you
Are right or wrong cause when you cross the border man you leave this world
Behind

I stomped on down the peddle set the cruise control 500 raging horses
Be on by the state patrol lord the sirens were a screamin lights flashin red
There's a dozen more waitin at the road block up ahead had them scatteren like
Chickens a heard one of them say he's headed toward the border and he's going
Down in style

Now when you cross the border you aint never comin back there aint to
Redemption when the cops are on your tail when the closest thing to heaven is a
Great big cadillac the city lights of Houston or the firey gates of hell well
The nabbed me on the hill that over looks the Rio Grande and i was feeling just
Like moses lookin on the promise land well they hauled me back to Houston put

Me in the jail where my momma started crying my daddy paid the
bail well im
Sorry im not there to hear the outcome of my trial cause im hea
ded for the
Border man and im going down in style