

# Goin' Down In Style

Robert Earl Keen

I left Houston, Texas on a Gulf Coast Hurricane  
I was blown down by tornadoes, 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 I headed down the road  
I had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile  
I'm headed for the border man, I'm goin' down in style

Well, I hit Corpus Christi and the wind was at my back  
I drove them women crazy in my daddy's Cadillac  
I'd cruse them down the boulevard, treated them like queens  
I took them all the places that they wanted to been seen  
And when I had to leave them, I'd tell them with a smile  
I'm headed for the border, man I'm goin' down in style

Well, you've got to take your chances if they ever come along  
Close your eyes and listen to that great big engine wind  
And it don't really matter whether you are right or wrong  
'Cause when you cross the border, yeah, you leave this world be  
hind

I stomped down on the pedal, I set the cruise control  
Five hundred raging horses blew on by the state patrol  
Yeah, there sirens were screaming, Lord, the lights were flashi  
ng red  
A dozen more were waiting at the road block up ahead  
I scattered them like chickens, I heard one of them cry  
"He's headin' for the border man, he's goin' down in style"

Yeah, when you cross the border you ain't ever coming back  
And there ain't no redemption when the cops are on your tail  
The closest thing to heaven is the great big Cadillac  
The city lights of Houston or the fiery gates of hell  
They nabbed me on the hill that overlooks the Rio Grandee

I'm feeling just like Moses looking at the promise land  
They hauled me back to Houston, they threw me into jail  
My momma started crying when my daddy paid the bail  
I'm sorry I'm not there to hear the outcome of my trial  
I'm headed for the border man, I'm goin' down in style