

## Let The Music Play

Robert Earl Keen

Put the horses in the stable  
Load the mules on the train  
Set your pistols on the table  
leave the dogs out in the rain

Take the money that they gave you  
Hide it in a mason jar  
Nobody now can save you  
It don't matter where you are

Turn your light down low  
hear the four wins blow  
bow your head to pray  
it ain't what you planed  
you got one last stand  
let the music play

Left for dead in southern Georgia  
at the hands of hapless john  
with your baby waitin' for ya'  
You were..... before the dawn  
you know your shakin hands wil  
when your mouth is goin dry  
when that law man back in datin  
wouldn't look you in the eye

He was nothing but a drifter  
and he came to play the part  
disguised as luke the drifter  
talk about a cheatin heart

when he rode into your town  
same old indian giver  
struck a match and burned. .. down

Now your alone and barely breathing  
looking down from up above  
needing something to believe in  
one lonely truth and love  
and the storm is slowly dying  
at the breaking of the day  
all the steel guitars are crying  
I'm rollin' down that lost highway