

Paint The Town Beige

Robert Earl Keen

I gave up the fast lane for a blacktop county road
Just burned out on all that talk about the motherlode
I traded for a songbird, a bigger piece of sky
When I miss the good old days I can't imagine why

Still I get restless and drive into town
I cruise once down Main Street and turn back around
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige

Down along the river and past the swimming hole
You can find your piece of mind with just a fishin' pole
And you can walk the river for miles and miles on end
And never stop believin' in that dream around the bend

But still I get restless and drive into town
My radio playin', my window rolled down
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige

Deep down in the winter time slows to a crawl
There's really nothin' much to do until the first spring thaw
It's then I get to thinkin' I must have gone insane
Memories roll through my mind like a long slow railroad train

Still I get restless and drive into town
Watch the world through a windshield as it all comes unwound
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age
Like those old desperados who paint the town beige

I gave up the fast lane