

# Telephone Road

Rodney Crowell

Rain came down in endless sheets of thunder  
Lightning bolts split pine trees down to the roots  
In the shadow of the Astrodome  
With a hurricane coming on strong  
We used to hit the streets and go swimming in our birthday suits

Skiing in a bar ditch behind a moped  
13 stitches on the corner of a sardine can  
We were dirt poor Houston kids  
Our whole family living on the skids  
But we always had a nickel for the coming of the ice cream man

Mosquito truck blowing up DDT  
Barefoot heathens running wild and free  
Air raid buzzer at a noon-day scream  
Living in a dream  
On Telephone Road

I used to love them cherry Cokes down at the Prince's Drive-In  
And the cheeseburgers tasted so good I like to come untied  
There's a Chinaberry tree I remember  
I used to climb in and out of my window  
The night I left was on the day before my Grandma died

Sawdust spread out on a dance hall floor  
Jukebox ripping at an all-out roar  
Barmaid smiling at a 10 cent tip  
Living is a trip  
On Telephone Road

Magnolia Garden bandstand on the very front row  
Johnny Cash Carl Perkins and The Killer putting on a show  
6 years old and just barely off my daddy's knee  
When those rockabilly rebels  
Sent the Devil running right through me

A drive-in movie in the trunk of my car  
One-eyed sailor in an ice house bar  
Spit-shine Charlie and ol' Peg-leg Bill  
Are dressed up fit to kill  
On Telephone Road

Telephone Road, Telephone Road

Barbecue and beer on ice  
A salty watermelon slice  
At the Little Taste of Paradise  
On Telephone Road