

He works the night shift at the depot
With a pistol and a light
And he guards them rusty missiles
Counting whitetail to pass the time
And he's worked there for a long while
Since he came home from overseas
Helping Kilcoran fight the good fight
Bring Baghdad to its knees
And it was hotter than the mountain
But it weren't so's he couldn't stand
And it weren't so much the heat wave
Nearly as much as all the sand

Now his daddy, he's a lawman
With a good leg and a fake
That he got off of a buddy
And a shitshot that he made
And he worked them hands to blisters
And he raised them young'uns right
On a little bit of scripture
And an acreage of paradise
And he'd go out on weekends
And he played like Clarence White
But Clarence had a real job
And picked the guitar when there was time

Keeps a trap line in the winter
Keeps a line wet in the spring
On a lock wall fishing muskie
With his eldest and Steve
And they swap tales about [?]
And they tell the office lies
And they go home when they've a notion
And the muskie quit to bitin'