Webb Wilder
"Loud Music"

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Loud music is a forty-dollar fine
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line
Before you make it scream, before you make it whine
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Well, there's a little law that's still on the books, y'all
Got nothin' to do with catchin' crooks, no
You turn the music up, people start to holler
If a man walks in, you got to give him forty dollars
Do a little dance, drink a little wine
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line
Before you make it scream, before you make it whine
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Well, it's hard to hold back when the sun goes down
There's not a whole lot of shakin' from this old town
But they'll rock you silly and they'll make you sweat
Got nothin' to lose, let your feet get wet
But before you decide to walk that line
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line
You can make it scream, and you can make it whine
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

You can take a man's money, you can take away his
gun
But he'll always come back to what it was made him run
Well, they try to protect you from the things you read
Ain't no tellin' where a little music might lead
So before you get wild, before you lose your mind
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine
Before you make it scream, go and lose your mind

Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine
It's a forty-dollar fine
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A forty-dollar fine
A forty-dollar fine