

Joe Evans

"The Ballad Of Rex Close"

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He's a restless soul.
He's made a mess of himself again.
He's got bugs in his brain
And bourbon drippin' off his chin
No matter what you say
There just ain't no tellin' him.

And he's bound to the road though
It ain't his only friend.
Yeah, he lives in his head
And he sleeps where he lands.

Oh, and don't look now man,
But there he goes again.

Yeah, so it's off to the races,
Catch him if you can.
He's got a hundred faces and
A lightening bolt in his hand.
Yeah, he's a live wire and a
Free-wheelin' one man band.
He's gonna play all night.
He's gonna lift 'em right off of their feet.
He's gonna shake the ground
Until the stripes jump off the street.
Yeah, he's a rodeo clown and
Walkin' catastrophe.
So much larger than life
And he don't know what he should be.

Yeah, you know friends, no matter what you
Hear, it don't always own up to what you see.

And that boy has got his eye on the prize
And a head full of wild ideas.

Folks are always sayin',
"Lord, that livin' is going to do him in."
But he don't pay 'em no mind,
Cause none of them can live his life but him.
No he don't pay 'em no mind.

Cause none of them walked a mile in his skin
Yeah, you know, no matter what you think
Everyone lives their life on the mend.

Yeah I like that one

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