Diamond Rio
"The Ballad of Conley and Billy"

Screamin' whitewall tires and a guitar by his side
Billy's got the fever as he rolls on through the night
Some were born to listen, some were born to play
He was lightning on the highstrings and thunder on the bass

He could play it high, he could play it low
He could make it cry, he could make it moan
He knows when push comes to shove
The proof's in the pickin'

In a smoky little tavern just off of Bourbon Street
Tobacco stained fingers waited on the down beat
Conley was the master, the undisputed king
He'd ruled the town for thirty years with an army of six strings

He could play it high, he could play it low
He could make it cry, he could make it moan
He knows when push comes to shove
The proof's in the pickin'

Sometimes after midnight, Billy drives through New Orleans
Straight to the French Quarter, there's a man he has to see
The music is a raging like a city that's on fire
Billy felt just like an altar boy at the feet of a higher power

Conley watched as Billy walked across the room
Opened his case and started a tune
The whole club was silent and the lights were turned down low
Billy stepped up on the stage and Conley whispered, "Go, son, go"

He could play it high, he could play it low
He could make it cry, he could make it moan
He knows when push comes to shove
The proof's in the pickin'

Conley held his hand up, no one made a sound
And he handed Bill his old archtop and stepped into
the crowd
Billy played it soft, Billy played it sad
Then he made it talk and in came the band

Soon the room was shaking
Before Billy's wall of sound
And just a block off Bourbon Street
A new king's been crowned

He could play it high, he could play it low
He could make it cry, he could make it moan
He knows when push comes to shove
The proof's in the pickin'