

Jeff Black

"Impala"

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Night fell over the cornfield
And threw a ring around the moon
Dark as hell he couldn't see the road
So he turned the wheel too soon
Higher than a kite
He'd been drinking whiskey
Out behind the school
Good looking boy and
Haywire crazy
A perfect april fool
We were all of fifteen
Freshmen so green
He was about twenty one
He always said
We were punks and losers
And he always packed a gun
He said when he was just a baby
Wrapped in a letter and an old brown coat
His mama left him with the church of christ
And that was all she wrote
He told us he drove a stock car
Down in texas under a secret name
He might as well have been the lord of glory
Because we all thought he was the king

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