

John Wesley Ryles "Kay"

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Kay with all your singing talent back in Houston
Nashville's all you talked about
I sold everything I owned to bring you here now you'll
be famous
There's no doubt

Last week you knocked 'em out in New York
Tonight Chicago's going wild
Kay your new record on the jukebox don't sound bad
Kay I'm livin' yet I'm dyin' starin' out at music city from
my cab

Caution lights blink out their warning some old Big Ben
clock chimes 3 A.M.
Starvin' hound dogs search the trash cans my gas tank
could stand a dollars worth of gas
All those chunk holes here on main street jar my rib
cage I could cuss
Kay the crowd of night life people look so sad
Kay I'm livin', yet I'm dyin' starin' out at music city from
my cab

Two young soldiers from Fort Campbell told me how
they hate that war in Vietnam
Sirens echoed through an alley and some woman said
some fellow stabbed a man
I rushed miss teenage to a doctor she begged to give
the child my name
I've lost count of cups of coffee that I've had
Kay I'm livin', yet I'm dyin' starin' out at music city from
my cab

The rose petals on my front seat fallen from the
bouquet Jimmy took to June
Jim kept mumbling through his tear drops God she'll
leave this world with flowers in her room
Kay, I showed some drunk your picture and he made
some smart remark
So I hit him in the mouth boy was I mad oh
Kay I'm livin', yet I'm dyin' starin' out at music city from
my cab

Guitars, organs, horns, violins and pianos, how they
play
Grinding out the latest sounds from music city, USA
Kay, although I know I lost you to the swinging music
world
I kiss pictures of those happy times we had
Kay I'm livin', yet I'm dyin' starin' out at music city from
my cab

Kay I'm livin', yet I'm dyin' starin' out at music city from
my ca

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