

Junior Boys

"Broke Down South Of Dallas"

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That wife of mine, a suspicious kind
She says that I'm quite a flirter
But I've been a good boy all of the time
And I wouldn't do nothing to hurt her
She'll tan my hide for spending the night
With Betty Lou or Alice
But I'm sleeping alone in this wreck I own
I broke down south of Dallas

When I stumble home at the break of dawn
She better not be suspicious
'Cause I'm about at the end of my rope
And she better not act too vicious
I'm a-covered in grease from my head to my feet
Hands are cut and callose
I spent all my bucks on a broke down truck
I broke down south of Dallas

I'm a happy guy when the miles go by
There ain't too much that I'm missing
But I've got a wife with a frying pan
And when she talks I listen
I'm the king of the road
She's the queen of the house
And it may not be a palace
But it sure beats a load by the side of the road
Broke down south of Dallas
Yeah, it sure beats a load by the side of the road
Broke down south of Dallas

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