

Chris Ledoux

"Last Drive-In"

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Caravan of yellow wire
And crawling across the plains
Rolling along in a single file
Like a slow moving train

It rumbled down out of the mist
Into the early morning light
Said they stay till the job was
Finished if it took them till midnight

There were cats and scrapers
All caterpillars packed up by mile high crane
And it looked like monsters from the old
B movies the drive-ins use to play
And we'd sang goodbye Saturday
Under the stars, wake up little Suzy

In my daddy's car
So many memories, got lost and found
When a piece of history hit the ground
The day they tore the last drive-in down

Memories thick as the smoke clouds
They made man and machine became one
Boards snapped like toothpicks
On their blades but to us it sounded like guns

Cowboys soldiers gangsters and thieves
James Bond and his golden girls
Well you could sit in your car
And never turn the key and go
Half way around the world

And it stood like a landmark for forty years
We never thought we'd live to see
It fall it to the ground and then
Just disappear like so many childhood dreams
And we'd sang goodbye

A lot of the drivers had tears in their eyes
But I don't think it was just the dust
See I still believe there's a little piece

Of that old drive-in left in all of us

Nobody moved through what seemed like hours
And slow motion it came tumbling down
We just stood there with a taste of metal
In our mouths and a silence all around
The day they tore the last drive-in down
And we'd sang goodbye

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