

Covette

"Towne's Blues"

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You're clean as a widow woman's washboard, son,
Stick it in the wind
Put the mountains to your back
The great plains on your grille
Time to take a little spin
Boulder looks like the type of town
That I could spend some time,
But in houston they got our name in lights
You're clean as a widow woman's washboard, son,
The slab is yours tonight

Townes is in the back lounge
With his hands in his pocket
Pulls out two dice and says, 'let's get at it'

Salina in the headlights, snake eyes on the floor,
Al drops another twenty, pete heads for the door,
Springer's feeling lucky, sits down for a spell,
Oklahoma city and he's lost his last bill
Jeff is in a bind waiting on sister hicks
Seven comes a-calling
As we cross on into texas

Townes is in the back lounge
With a fist full of fives
He says, 'it's a little bit long
But I'm enjoying this ride'

Be careful with the dice
When you're surrounded by others
With boxcars in their eyes
Never count your winnings at hour 23
Of a 24-hour drive
Remember that you're not the one
Calling the tune
That's making those diamonds dance
Or you'll be clean as
A widow woman's washboard, son,
And those are the facts

Townes is in the back lounge cursing at them bones

He says, 'ain't this fool ever heard of raton'

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