

Cowboy Junkies

"Towne's Blues (encore)"

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(Michael Timmins)

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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