

Viva Valdy

"Turned Down Flat"

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i was Turned down flat at the bOrder, it Might have
been my crooked toothy Grin.

I know i'm no beauty, and He's just doing his duty, but I
had a plane to catch,

so i Pressed my case again. * i said i'm Going down to
nashville to auDition.

so that I can come back down and earn some Bread. no
One is gonna pay,

to Come and hear me play, the Immigration man just
shook his Head.

he Might of made his mind up when he Saw me. in a
Cashmere coat and a crossborder Pin

there was My guitar and me, heading for the Land of
the free.

he said, "Park it over there and come on In."

so i Showed them my union card and Passport, and i
Argued as politely as i Could.

it all Fell on deaf ears; it as the Worst of my fears, to
Not show up for a gig when i

Promised that i would. So i sought the intervention of a
higher Power, and

He went off to confer with his Mates. His Boss said
"sorry sonny, you're gonna help

Some one make some money, and I Won't let you into
the stAtes.

so I Drove the ford hotel back towards the Tundra, and
i Left my guitar with a dear old Friend.

i didn't let it get to me, i Screamed a burning yuee, and
i Headed for the border once agAin.

this time i Said i'm going to fly down to Nashville, just
to Kick tires and hustle for a Spell.

a Shift change had occurred, this new guy Took me at
my word.

he Issued me in, Even wished me well. didn't i Drive
eye-five past seAttle.

and a Whole lotta jet planes to where we Are. i'm Sorry
to regale you all with

Such a long tale, but rex Foster, that's why I'm playing
your guiTar

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