

Fulks Robbie

"The Buck Starts Here"

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The Buck Starts Here

I never knew this place had so much empty space
Until tonight, when you walked right out the door
And so I walked to our bedside and pulled out that 45
That laid for years behind our chest of drawers.

At first, it looked too worn to play, the label all but
washed away
Then I made out the name of my old friend
Thirty years, and a scratch or two, but when the needle
hit the groove
I knew it was crying time again.

The Buck starts here
With Hank sure to follow
Turn him up loud and clear
He's singing my sorrow
Let the sad songs roll on
Through a house filled with tears
Where the good times is gone
The Buck starts here.

The people in the house next door think I'm tearing up
the floor
It's half past four, my lights are burning bright
But this occasion's no big deal: it's just some boys from
Bakersfield
Who came around to help me through the night.

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