

Justin Haigh "Monahans"

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At the Dairy Queen one summer
In a far West Texas town
The girl was all of 16
She was woman pound for pound

Slippin' dollars in the juke box
Playing ZZ Top and Merle
Sippin' Lemon Dr. Peppers
My sweat West Texas girl

We'd step out into the desert sun
And curse where we came from
Then we'd ride to Rio Grande and try our hands at love

The more I think about it
The less I understand
Grab a hold of something good and it'll slip right
through your hands
Will you catch me if I fall
Will you sit and watch me crawl
Through fire and burning sand
All the way to Monahans

Them rich boys from the west side
Drive their brand new shiny cars
I can't blame them sons of bitches
They were raised to make life hard
On us sons of honest working men
The ones who grease the wheels
She hitched a ride to the cheating side
On brokered sweat-heart deal
I saw her cruising down at the cross roads

She was laughing as she waved
I went down to the Rio Grande with a six pack and my
twelve gauge

(Chorus)

It's the same old thing at the Dairy Queen
In a small West Texas town
There's a girl all of eighteen

You can tell she'd been around
She was huggin' on her boyfriend
She was giving me the eye
She slipped past my table
Said honey I can make you smile
Her boyfriend pulled a knife on me
Said don't go messing with my girl
I said, mind your own business son
I'm listening to Merle

The less I think about it
The more I understand
Grab a hold of something good
And it will slip right through your hands
Who will catch me if I fall
Who will sit and watch me crawl
Through fire and a burning sand
All the way to Monahans

Throw your heart in to a black sedan
And drive it all the way to Monahans

On to Midland...Big Spring...Abilene...Weatherford...Fort
Worth

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