

Rob Klajda

"River Town"

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They say Billy used to be a wise man
But his temper was quicker than his wit
He couldn't keep his mouth shut
He'd always let the punch line slip
The prosecutors worked overtime
Trying to make the charges stick
Lucky for him,
The hands of justice around these parts
Ain't very swift
No escape in a river town
Stuck on one side or the other
When the bridges come down
There ain't no meeting in the middle
Unless you want to drown
Something always smells funny
In a river town.
Just another tired man
At the end of the bar
Broken like a horse at the rodeo
He's the kind who won't ask for directions
There's no place he's gotta go
The wondering eyes all try to pry
But the case has long been closed
Are those tattoos from the jailhouse?
Or somewhere down the road?
Sweet Diana's Pocket Palace
That's where the money changes hands
Eight balls, dime bags, bootleg bourbon
Then it's back to hear the band
Turf wars, even scores,
Gunshots, local cops-
Who's the murdered man?
Everyone knew Billy at the station
Guilt by reputation-
He was always first in line
You tell the same old story time after time
Pretty soon you believe your own lies
The catfish are splashin'
And the tree frogs are answering
Like a bunch of old souls
Billy's still stewing about having to prove
That he never left home

I sit and wonder
If the wind across the water
Could be any more cold
Everything in this town comes back around But it never
gets old

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