

Big John Bates

"Rhyolite"

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A red ball of fire hung low in the sky
On a black velvet curtain that I can't describe
The ghosts all have ghosts - the hills all have eyes
And I just took my girl out here for a ride

A halo of bats surrounded the lights
Near the glass house she vanished into the night
Now my bike won't start, the spark plugs won't spark

And we're stuck north of Vegas in the town of Rhyolite
Rhyolite

My girl must have put up one hell of a fight
Barely alive by the time I started my bike
We tried to get outta town, but we, we got turned
around
Because everyone wakes up dead in Rhy-hy-hy-hy-olite
Rhyolite

Rhyolite

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