

by Lyle Lovett

"Rollin' By"

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(Robert Earl Keen) It's a busted old town On the plains
of West Texas The drugstore's closed down The river's
run dry The semis roll through Just like stainless steel
stallions Goin' hard Goin' fast Goin' wild Rollin' hard
Rollin' fast Rollin' by The mission still stands At the
edge of the plateau And a stone marks the graves
Where the old cowboys lie Asleep in a time In a town
just a young man Goin' hard Goin' fast Goin' wild Rollin'
hard Rollin' fast Rollin' by The drive-in don't play No
Friday night picture With no big silver screen To light
up the sky And gone are the days Of post-wartime
lovers Goin' hard Goin' fast Goin' wild Rollin' hard
Rollin' fast Rollin' by And me I stand here At the last
filling station While the wind moans a dirge To a
coyote's cry And I'm back in my car And I'm out on the
highway Goin' hard Goin' fast Goin' wild

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