

Richard Thompson

"Boomtown"

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Well I'm a poor boy from Wabash, they call me oil trash
I've rubber-necked and roused around
And every damn job the boss he says "Hoss,
It ain't worth pumping from the ground"

So I come here to Boomtown doing just fine
Till the shit hits the fan, alright
Now I can't get no pay and I'm wasting away
Flushed out and busted in Boomtown tonight

My baby she's mad, she thinks I'm all bad
She'd like to see me work myself to death
She said "Go out and get yourself another damn job"
I said "Honey, just save your breath"

Oh that sweet little thing, she threw back my ring
I bet she held it up to the light
Now the kids are all yakking, my baby she's packing
Flushed out and busted in Boomtown tonight

Oh Boomtown is busted, the rigs are all rusted
There's no lights on my Christmas tree
Well I tried El Paso and I tried Amarillo
But I didn't find a drop of Texas tea

Well they hit us when we're down, and we can't get up
Though we're trying with all of our might
Now the bottle's run dry and I'm wondering why
Flushed out and busted in Boomtown tonight
Yes I'm flushed out and busted in Boomtown tonight

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