

Robbie Fulks

"The buck starts here"

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The Buck Starts Here

I never knew this place had so much empty space

Until tonight, when you walked right out the door

And so I walked to our bedside and pulled out that 45

That laid for years behind our chest of drawers.

At first, it looked too worn to play, the label all but washed away

Then I made out the name of my old friend

Thirty years, and a scratch or two, but when the needle hit the groove

I knew it was crying time again.

The Buck starts here

With Hank sure to follow

Turn him up loud and clear

He's singing my sorrow

Let the sad songs roll on

Through a house filled with tears

Where the good times is gone

The Buck starts here.

The people in the house next door think I'm tearing up the floor

It's half past four, my lights are burning bright

But this occasion's no big deal: it's just some boys from
Bakersfield

Who came around to help me through the night.

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