

Robert Earl Keen

"Rolling By"

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It's a busted old town, the plains of West Texas
The drugstore's closed down, the rivers run dry
The semis roll through like stainless steel stallions
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild, rollin' hard, rollin'
fast, rollin' by

And the mission still stands at the edge of the plateau
A stone marks the graves where the old cowboys lie
Asleep in a time, in a town just a youngster
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild, rollin' hard, rollin'
fast, rollin' by

And the drive-in don't play no Friday night pictures
No big silver screen to light up the sky
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 fillin' station
Where the wind moans a dirge to the coyote's cry
I jump in my car; I'm back out on the highway
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild, rollin' hard, rollin'
fast, rollin' by
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild, rollin' hard, rollin'
fast, rollin' by

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