

Robert Earl Keen**"Willie"**

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Hanging on a wall like a thousand times you been there
a picture of a field of dandelions
And a young stud colt a following a cowboy on a brood
mare
a bound to make it home by dinner time
There's a thunderhead a coming from the west and
he's sure thinking
the rain would do this dusty dirt some good
But it ain't a cowboys weather so he nudges his old
faithful
and turns around to call out to the stud

Chours

Come on Willie, there's a black cloud coming yonder
The devil beats his wife with a silver chain
Come on Willie, can't you hear the thunder

Your ma and me don't travel well in rain

It ain't nothing much to look at just a print I got from
grandma
a real west river cowgirl in her day
And sometimes I need religion since the old girls gone
before me
And that's when I can hear the cowboy say

Chours

Instrumental

Now the western feeling has become another sideshow
Selling out the bygone days gone by
And we never know it's raining we can't hear it for our
thunder
We can't see it for our clouds up in the sky

Chours

