

Levon

I'll button up my fandango

whisky vox-wah continental coffee fantasy. As I'm

Gaining, on and on. I had to split, bad scene.

Blue blazes, three hours outta Tin Pan Alley.

The roads slick, and my Levi legs're caked thick with mud -

I rose up County Rd. #29, all night, thunderin' across the tar.

So watch out denizens, look out bears and hotdoggers,

I'm rollin' on to Texarkana to watch 'em stare.

I even got that new King deluxe,

its a hal-hal-o-wow away from bustin' a rod,

'n fryin' my red eye glare, under my army poncho, in my Camaro SS.

Twang from W-static-T-Z as I crank the tuner knob...

Nothin' can stop me, 'cept a hundred-one car locomotive wreck

My Alabaster jawharp case slidin' right 'cross the dash. As I power on,

wonderin' if the Union will miss the cash I plucked.

I'm runnin' down, but I'm not out yet.

As I bend two ton'a hot steel past this world,

I'm knowin' I could fry tonight, gut sick, soul aflame.

Til then, this gravel kissing alligator boot

will just snuff another cig, and step back in.