

Lobo Town

James McMurtry

Grand Daddy's good name
Fits like a shackle and a chain
And all them others, long dead
Still hanging 'round my head.

Hard working kind of men
There's not a one left of them
There's only me, there's only mine
I guess we're all the other kind.

Throwin' dice and dippin' snuff
Out in a trailer, back in the brush
Sippin' crown and smokin' weed
Huntin' hogs and cookin' speed.

That's how we do it nowadays
No matter what the teachers used to say
Pass judgment if you dare
See if any of us care.

You're goddamn right, you got no clue
So don't tell me I'm dyin'
That old black dog has got me down
And I can't get loose from Lobo Town.

The post mistress telling tales
While all the blue hairs come get their mail
Wonderin' why a boy like me
Gets into trouble, well let me see.

They might be kinder if I were poor
But they might only hate me more
When they only know you by your car
It's who you come from, not who you are.

Two hundred channels on big TV
Won't fill the holes inside of me
I'm getting twisted, I'm getting sick
I need some help and I need it quick.

'Cause I can feel the curtain fall
When won't no one return my calls
I used 'em hard, I used 'em up
I never will amount to much.

You're goddamn right, you got no clue
So don't tell me I'm dyin'
That old black dog has got me down
And I can't get loose from Lobo Town.

I'll take the house and the land
I'm gonna list it get what I can
Sell the horses, sell the cows
Sell 'em all, sell 'em now.