

Valley Road

James McMurtry

Short tables, no slop eight ball
Line of crank off his gold top Les Paul
Woke you up, set you right
Kept you talkin' to the middle of the next night.

He had the stance, major attitude
Vibrato you could o' thrown a cat through
A little much, a little heavy
I guess the world just wasn't ready.

Just a ghost from back a long time ago
Blue-eyed shadow, you never mention anymore
Nothin' ventured, nothin' saved
You poured it out like bourbon on a fresh grave.

And learned your lesson well
We learned your lesson well.

No helmet or a care in the world
Bein' such a bad little girl
Your face buried in the back of his shirt
Shut your eyes and you'll never get hurt on the Valley road.

Black walls, looking through the front door
Mirror ball in the middle of the dance floor
And in the dream it's still the same
But in the daylight none of that remains.

Waking up to the cold hard facts
Seems like everybody's livin' in the third act
That's how it happens, it's kinda weird
The whole scene just disappeared.

We learned our lesson well
We learned our lesson well.

He missed a curve on his hard tail sled
Nothin' broken 'cept for his head
You know it's kinda fittin' somehow
Hard to picture what he'd look like now.

You learned your lesson well
You learned your lesson well.

You learned your lesson well
You learned your lesson well.

No helmet or a care in the world
Bein' such a bad little girl
Your face buried in the back of his shirt
Shut your eyes and you'll never get hurt.

Flying in the Papago Wind
Half way to Gila Bend
No helmet or a care in the world
Bein' such a bad little girl on the Valley road.