

Townes' Blues

Cowboy Junkies

You're clean as
A widow woman's washboard, son,
Stick it in the wind.
Put the mountains to your back
The great plains on your grille
Time to take a little spin.
Boulder looks like the type of town
That I could spend some time,
But in Houston they got our name in lights.
You're clean as
A widow woman's washboard, son,
The slab is yours tonight.

Townes is in the back lounge
With his hands in his pocket
Pulls out two die and says let's get at it.

Salina in the headlights, snake eyes on the floor,
Al drops another twenty, Pete heads for the door,
Springer's feeling lucky, sits down for a spell,
Oklahoma City and he's lost his last bill.
Jeff is in a bind waiting on sister hicks
Seven comes a-calling as we cross on into Texas.

Townes is in the back lounge
With a fist full of fives
He says, it's a little bit long
But I'm enjoying this ride.

Be careful with the die
When you're surrounded by others
With boxcars in their eyes.
Never count your winnings at hour 23
Of a 24-hour drive.
Remember that you're not the one calling the tune
That's making those diamonds dance
Or you'll be clean as
A widow woman's washboard, son,
And those are the facts.

Townes is in the back lounge
Cursing at them bones
He says, ain't this fool ever heard of Raton.