

# The Ballad of Conley and Billy (The Proof's in the Pickin')

Diamond Rio

Screamn' whitewall tires and a guitar by his side  
Billy's got the fever as he rolls on thru the night  
Some were born to listen, some were born to play  
He was lightning on the highstrings and thunder on the bass

He could play it high, he could play it low  
He could make it cry, he could make it moan  
He knows when push comes to shove  
The proof's in the pickin'

In a smoky little tavern just off of Bourbon Street  
Tobacco stained fingers waited on the down beat  
Conley was the master, the undisputed king  
He'd ruled the town for thirty years  
With an army of six strings

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Sometimes after midnight Billy drives through New Orleans  
Straight to the French Quarter there's a man he has to see  
The music is a raging like a city that's on fire  
Billy felt just like an altar boy at the feet of a higher power  
Conley watched as Billy walked across the room  
Opened his case and started a tune  
The whole club was silent and the lights were turned down low  
Billy stepped up on the stage and Conley whispered, "Go son, go"

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Conley held his hand up, no one made a sound  
And he handed Bill his old archtop and stepped into the crowd  
Billy played it soft, Billy played it sad  
Then he made it talk and in came the band  
Soon the room was shaking before Billy's wall of sound  
And just a block off Bourbon Street, a new king's been crowned.

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