

The Road Goes On And On

Robert Earl Keen

I don't care what you say
I never liked you anyway
Wouldn't give you the time of day
If I had the time to spend
You're malicious and downright cruel
Superstitious, so uncool
Best wishes, you loudmouthed fool
I hope I never see you again

You're a regular jack in the box
In your clown suit and your goldilocks
The original liar's paradox, you'll have to google that
How in the hell do you think you'll make it
When the real test comes and you just can't fake it
Your sycophants say they can't take it and leave you lyin' flat

Well you started out in the wild wild west
Your tin star pinned to your bulletproof vest
I must say we were all impressed - but not as much as you
But your horse is drunk and your friends got tired
Your aim grew weak and uninspired
You robbed a train but your gun misfired
Blew a hole right through your shoe

Yeah, you're a regular jack in the box
In your clown suit and your goldilocks
All duded up in your cowboy crocs, singing the same old song
How in the hell do you think you'll make it
When the real test comes and you just can't fake it
Your sycophants say they can't take it and leave you on your own

Now you only rant and rave
Piss and moan and misbehave
You lost your grip on that flag you wave
But you wave it right or wrong
They're still tryin to make amends
Maybe win back some of your old friends
Real cowboys say the party never ends
And the road goes on and on and on...