

Ogalalla Boulevard

Tony Carey

He was born in brownstone turn-of-the-century walkup flat
He was lookin' pretty windblown down out and dirty when
I crossed his track
I was a stranger didn't know much
I didn't walk the walk
And he gave me a smile that his eyes never touched
He said we gotta have a talk

Said there's a whole lotta ways of seein' these things
From the outside lookin' in
If you want to get along you gotta walk down the line
The line is long and thin
You try to make it playin' easy rider
They're gonna carry you out
You want to play it like a six-gun fighter
See what it's all about

Down on Ogalala Boulevard
On the corner of Mercy Street
On Ogalala Boulevard
Where the livin' is short and sweet
Down on Ogalala Boulevard way down
Down on Ogalala Boulevard

Well I might have been a nobody might have been young
I might have been a little bit green
But I knew that my mama's favorite son
Was never ever gonna make that scene, no
You try to make it playin' easy rider
They're gonna carry you out
You want to play it like a six-gun fighter
See what it's all about
Down on Ogalala Boulevard...

There's a time to turn and walk away
There's a time to get where you're goin'
If I learned one single thing from him that day
It's keep your head in the air and see just where the wind is
Blowin' - down on Ogalala Boulevard