

The Night They Killed Country Music

Bellamy Brothers

I was there the night they killed country music

Well, the bull was buckin' hard
And the scene was so bizarre
As a busload of tourists wandered in
They'd never seen a wrench
And most of them spoke French
And they all got up to see if they could dance

And up there on the stage
A band called Prairie Sage
Was tryin' to keep the old ways alive
But the urbans, they wouldn't listen
Well, they bought t-shirts and went pissin'
Off all the locals for comin' to this dive

And I was there the night they killed country music
I was sittin' on a barstool cryin' in my beer
I was there the night they killed country music
In one evenin', they destroyed the last fifty years

Well, they all wore Calvin Klein's
The [?], tied behinds
The little golden [?] on the chain
As I sat there on the back row
Tryin' to hear the dobro
I swear I heard one old-timer sang
Hear him sang!

I was there the night they killed country music
I was sittin' on a barstool cryin' in my beer
I was there the night they killed country music
In one evenin', they destroyed the last fifty years
In one evenin', they destroyed the last fifty years