

Sam Bridges

Buck Meek

Sam Bridges burned down to El Paso, chasing the sound of speed
Long and lean in tight blue jeans, singing baby you got what I
need

But leave me be, leave me be

A king with his crown of cigar smoke, and a golden Chevrolet
Boy could tell a dirty joke like a catholic cabaret
But anyway, anyway

I don't recall what I saw, Mr. police man
I couldn't say which way he might have gone
Last I knew, he was through with monkey business
Please excuse me and I'll kindly move along

Kissing the ground like dominoes, on a long and lucky day
A double six upon his hips, for the crooked line [?]
Just look away, look away

Sun come up all black and blue, sipping on bathtub gin
The holy ghost is tearing through, and he takes the moonlight w
ith him
Just play it cool, play it cool

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