Tucumcari

Freedy Johnston

He was out sunning with the youth
He was seen in a damaging light
Picking popcorn from his tooth
Ordering cocktails with his eyes

She had a face like a dumped-out ashtray
Spitting out straight abuse
Vocabulary of a broken marquee
And a wit she couldn't use

Get your feet off of my dashboard
What do you think the damn thing's for
At least try to look pretty
Tonight we're going into Tucumcari

Pulled a wet bill from his shoe

Wrinkling a dignified face
By the broken heart shaped pool
In a less than enchanted state

She was off at the little girls' room
With a boy from the Trouble Tree Bar
Snapping her jeans while the radio sings
I love you just the way you are

Get your feet off of my dashboard
What do you think the damn thing's for
At least try to look pretty
Tonight we're going into Tucumcari (2x)

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