

The Houston Kid

Guy Clark

Now the Houston Kid's got a new pair of jeans
But he's got no soap, he got no washing machine
Now the Houston Kid he's feelin' tight and he's mean
And he's tryin' to figure out how his pants got clean

Well, he's doin' his wash in a tub full of whiskey
Hangin' his threads on a very thin line
Tryin' to tell the man in charge of the dryers
What a great job he's doin' fakin' sunshine

Now the Houston Kid he seems hard pressed
'Cause he hit the world naked, now he's headed back dressed
As the Houston Kid, no more and no less
If your dice fit your pocket then your pants pass the test

Well, he's doin' his wash in a tub full of whiskey
Hangin' his threads on a very thin line
Tryin' to tell the man in charge of the dryers
What a great job he's doin' fakin' sunshine

Now some say the Houston Kid is bent
But if you've got to do your wash
Then you've got to pay some rent
So the Houston Kid he just up and he went
And love could buy back the dimes that he'd spent

Well, he's doin' his wash in a tub full of whiskey
Hangin' his threads on a very thin line
Tryin' to tell the man in charge of the dryers
What a great job he's doin' fakin' sunshine