

Crazy Wind

James McMurtry

Gone off in the pitch-black dark
To work the morning tour
He's halfway to the highway
And he won't be back for hours
His tail lights down the gravel road
You watch them round the bend
Nothing's on the TV
But something's in the wind
And it makes you crazy
And it makes you blue
It's a restless feeling
And it's nothing new

Listen to the buzzing
Of the June bugs and the flies
The sink's all full of dishes
You might just let 'em lie
You might just pour yourself a drink
And sit outside awhile
He won't miss the whiskey
He knows it's not your style
And he don't care enough
To even wonder why
You fight off his fumbling hands
With daggers in your eyes

Time sure flies when you're having fun
Wasn't it just yesterday you turned twenty-one
Does it still matter what you might have done
Had you tried

His bird dogs in their wire cage
Are barking at the moon
You turn the covers back
And hope the dawn don't come too soon
Draw the shades to keep your dark eyes
From the glare of the vapor light
But the sheets are cool and empty
And you won't sleep tonight
With a half moon rising
And a warm gusty breeze
Blowing from the southwest
Whispering in the trees

The asphalt 'neath the tires
Makes a hollow whining sound
And it stretches on forever
Through a thousand little towns
With their stores all dark and silent
And their flashing yellow lights
And nobody sees your passing
In the fury of your flight
You'll see them later
Some other day
Self preservation
What can you say

Time sure flies when you're having fun
Your mind's all made up now and it's all said and done
Flying down the four lane with the morning sun
In your eyes