Singin' The Dinosaur Blues

Jerry Jeff Walker

Me and my friends are getting long in the tooth After three or four decades of seeking the truth Trying to recover from misspent youth And gradually giving in to knowledge

I know a picker who moved to Nepal And another buddy's got a little shop in a mall Some of my brothers ain't breathing at all And others have given up privilege

But I'm still beating on my old guitar
Singing my songs in a smoky old bar
Hitching my wagon to a shooting star
And hoping that star don't fall
I'll keep picking as long as I can
But I don't want to die just a honky-tonk man
I'm just a buffalo singing the dinosaur blues

I was out last night, just me and a partner Ain't nothing but a fool would drink that hard You wind up sleeping in your buddy's front yard And you wonder what to tell the little woman

Me and the band's up all night long
We was passing the pipe and banging the gong
Trying to remember one of Van Zandt's songs
Something about Mudd and Gold a-gamblin'

But I'm still walking down the lost highway Doing what it takes to make my way Knowing that I got a piper to pay And hoping that I like the song

Maybe it'll be a ditty I know
I got people to see and places to go
Just an old buffalo singing the dinosaur blues

I've been a lucky man all of my life
I got two great kids and a wonderful wife
Got a rosewood guitar and a very sharp knife
And I got a handy little knack for rhymin'

I been blessed with a voice that can sing And a faith in the future and what it may bring And change is the very most natural of things And life is mostly attitude and timing

One of these days, well, I'll disappear You'll look around and I won't be here Don't worry, buddy, there's nothing to fear I'm just going where the rivers flow

You can find me in a rubbery boat Down in Mexico you can send me a note Care of a old buffalo singing the dinosaur

I've played Buffalo, I recall Dinah Shore

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