

Flat Top Joint

Los Lobos

Down at the end of the freeway
Just behind some laundromat
There's a real gone little night spot
Just for real gone cats

It's called the Flat Top Joint
The Flat Top Joint

The band starts rockin' at midnight
Boy, you know you can't stand still
They got barbecued ribs, beer and wine
Sometimes you know there ain't no bill

Down at the Flat Top Joint
The Flat Top Joint

I'm gonna get my baby
Man, you know she ain't no square
If you ain't got no honey
I bet you're gonna find one there

Down at the Flat Top Joint
The Flat Top Joint

You know they got the best jukebox
With Gene Vincent and Jerry Lee
Lightnin' Hopkins, Jimmy Reed
And the machine, it plays for free

Down at the Flat Top Joint
The Flat Top Joint

Folks down there are friendly
But there just might be a fight
Well, a few broken chairs ain't no big deal
Don't worry, it'll be all right

Down at the Flat Top Joint
The Flat Top Joint