

Armadillo Jackal

Robert Earl Keen

The evening sun was sinkin' down, a chill north wind a-blows
The new-plowed ground was coolin' fast, the river rolls and flows
Beneath the two-lane concrete river bridge between my place and town
On that hot-bed Farm to Market road they call 1291

I'm sayin' son you'll see me searchin', sizzlin' down that broad hiway
Dollar signs in both my eyes, I'm seekin' out my prey I'm prayin'
Jesus, will you send me just another three or four?
They pay two-fifty down in Hallettsville, 3 dollars, maybe more.

And more than likely they'll be out tonight a-wanderin' from the farms,
Waddlin' down 1291 to keep their bodies warm.

I'm talking walkin' belts and neckties, and boots for rodeo,
They don't run too fast, don't waste much gas.
I'm makin' lots o'dough.

The armadillo, oh, oh, oh
The armadillo, oh, oh, oh
The armadillo

Never sees me when I hit him with my brights.
His life don't flash
Before his eyes, he's blinded by my lights
and so I hit him with my
Bumper doin' sixty, sixty-five,
they take 'em frozen down in Hallettsville
They don't take 'em alive.

The jackal cried
The jackal cried
The jackal cried,
"Look there's two of
Them a-walkin' down the line.

I can't believe my luck tonight this here
Makes twenty-nine!"
And so he rolled the first one runnin'.
The second was too fast.
His breaks and laughter squealin' as he stomped down on the gas.

Good-God, his car was sideways flyin',
When the bridge wall met his door.
The impact shook the river bed his foot went through the floor

Forevermore
Forevermore
Forevermore was his last moment from the bridge wall to the stream, from
The speckled blood around his smile a-spewin' gasoline.
And then he screamed his raspy epitaph, before he turned to flame,
They pay two-fifty down in Hallettsville
I ain't the one to blame"
Ain't it a shame
The jackal cried
The armadillo
The armadillo