

# Paint The Town Beige

Robert Earl Keen

I gave up the fast lane for a blacktop county road  
Just burned out on all that talk about the motherlode  
I traded for a songbird, a bigger piece of sky  
When I miss the good old days I can't imagine why

Still I get restless and drive into town  
I cruise once down Main Street and turn back around  
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age  
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige

Down along the river and past the swimming hole  
You can find your piece of mind with just a fishin' pole  
And you can walk the river for miles and miles on end  
And never stop believin' in that dream around the bend

But still I get restless and drive into town  
My radio playin', my window rolled down  
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age  
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige

Deep down in the winter time slows to a crawl  
There's really nothin' much to do until the first spring thaw  
It's then I get to thinkin' I must have gone insane  
Memories roll through my mind like a long slow railroad train

Still I get restless and drive into town  
Watch the world through a windshield as it all comes unwound  
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age  
Like those old desperados who paint the town beige

I gave up the fast lane