

## Rollin' By

Robert Earl Keen

It's a busted old town on the plains of West Texas.

D C G D

The drugstore's closed down, and the river runs dry.

D C G D

The semis roll through like stainless steel stallions

D C G

Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild

D C G

Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

(after this the song uses the same progression, even  
for the solos -- which  
i won't transcribe here either.)

And the mission still stands at the edge of the  
plateau.

A stone marks the graves where the old cowboys lie.

Asleep in a time, in a town just a youngster

Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild

Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

And the drive-in don't play no Friday night pictures.

No big silver screen to light up the sky.

Gone are the days of post-war-time lovers

Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild

Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

And me -- I stand here at the last fillin' station

Where the wind moans a dirge to the coyote's cry.

I jump in my car; I'm back out on the highway

Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild

Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by

Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild

Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.