

Rolling By

Robert Earl Keen

It's a busted old town on the plains of West Texas.
The drugstore's closed down, and the river's run dry.
The semis roll through like stainless steel stallions
Goin' hard, goin' fast, goin' wild
Rollin' hard, rollin' fast, rollin' by.

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 picture.
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