

# The 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 high  
way  
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'doug  
h

The armadillo, the armadillo  
The armadillo

Never sees me when I hit him with my brights  
His life don't pass 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  
The armadillo, the armadillo  
The armadillo