

## Pushed Too Far

Son Volt

Memories of Crescent City  
Wednesday nights at the Rock-n-Bowl  
On the bandstand there is Snooks and guitar  
Pure gasoline for the soul

Take me back to the Mound City  
Any night across town  
Bennie for blues and James for barrel house  
The brown eyed handsome man is still around

You give yourself to the world  
You don't hold back much of anything  
Mother Theresa to the animal kingdom  
You know how high to set the bar

You give your words freely  
Takes it back to familiar ground  
But when you hold your cards close to your chest  
It shows you've been pushed too far

Looking back on Louisiana  
Where the dirty water flows  
And life there is a little easier  
As anyone who has been through knows

Conversations turn to metaphors  
Cards to the table you bring  
Fold your hand but save your best for later  
Don't know how long these angels sing

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