

Look Down That Lonesome Road

Tim O'Brien

Down where that Southern rail
Crosses the Yellow Dog
I met an old auctioneer
I heard his monologue
He said "I got horses
I got mules, I got sheep;
Some I want to sell boy
And some I want to keep
I got a tale or two
That I need to tell;
Sit down beside me
And rest yourself a spell
I've lived a good long life
And I've no regrets;
Let me tell my story
Before I forget

R:

Look down that lonesome road
Before you travel on;
I hate to say goodbye
So I'll just say so long
See the way that bay horse rides
Seems just like a sin
That horse is broke in two
He lost his coupling pin
Yonder there's aman a-coming
He broke his poor heart son;
His head is empty
His bread is just not done
Look at that old mule there
The one with one life left;
He's half blind but
There's work in that mule yet
He carries a heavy load boy

I know him well
They never did give that mule
No back up bell

R:

They say whisky slows you down
It clouds up your thinking;
As long as they make whisky
I say just keep on drinking
A long as life keeps hitting hard
A drink will help you take it;
As long as we drink whisky
They'll keep on making it
Some folks have to slow down
If they are maimed or lame
Other folks keep moving
They keep rocking on the same
I walk like an old fox
And shake my big old tail
Even though there's a hell hound

He's a-sniffing on my tail

R:

Just kick that old dog
And make sure that he's dead
Some man needs another dog
Don't you hang your little head
There's gonna be a lot more living
After I am gone;
I'll leave a little something for you
To get your share done

R: