

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Goin' Down In Style

I left Houston, Texas in a Gulf Coast Hurricane
I was blown down by tornadoes, washed up by the rain
My pappy wasn't happy with me, he told me to go
I stole my daddy's Cadillac, I headed down the road
I had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile
I'm headed for the border, man, I'm goin' down in style.

Well I hit Corpus Christi, and the wind was at my back
I drove them women crazy in my daddy's Cadillac
I'd cruise 'em up the boulevard, treated 'em like queens
I took 'em all the places they wanted to been seen
And when I had to leave 'em, I'd tell 'em with a smile:
I'm headed for the border, man, I'm goin' down in style

Well, you've gotta take your chances if they ever come along
Close your eyes and listen to that great big engine whine
And it don't really matter, whether you are right or wrong
Cause when you cross the border, man, you leave this world behind

I stomped down on the pedal, I set the cruise control
Five hundred raging horses blew on by the state patrol
Their sirens were a-screamin', Lord, their lights were flashing red
A dozen more were waitin' at the road block up ahead
As I scattered 'em like chickens, I heard one of 'em cry:
"He's headin' for the border, man; he's goin' down in style!"

Yeah when you cross the border you ain't ever comin' back
And there ain't no redemption when the cops're on your tail
The closest thing to heaven is this great big Cadillac
And the city lights of Houston, are the fiery gates of Hell

They nabbed me on the hill that overlooks the Rio Grande
I'm feelin' just like Moses lookin' on the Promised Land
They hauled me back to Houston, they throwed me in their jail
My mamma started cryin' and my daddy paid the bail
I'm sorry I'm not there to hear the outcome of my trial
I'm headed for the border man, I'm goin' down in style