

Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Let the Music Play

Put the horses in the stable
Load the mules on the train
Set your pistols on the table
leave the dogs out in the rain

Take the money that they gave you
Hide it in a mason jar
Nobody now can save you
It don't matter where you are

Turn your light down low
hear the four wins blow
bow your head to pray
it ain't what you planed
you got one last stand
let the music play

Left for dead in southern Georgia
at the hands of hapless john
with your baby waitin' for ya'
You were.... before the dawn
you know your shakin hands wil
when your mouth is goin dry
when that law man back in datin
wouldn't look you in the eye

He was nothing but a drifter
and he came to play the part
disguised as luke the drifter
talk about a cheatin heart

when he rode into your town
same old indian giver
struck a match and burned. .. down

Now your alone and barely breathing
looking down from up above
needing something to believe in
one lonely truth and love
and the storm is slowly dying
at the breaking of the day
all the steel guitars are crying
I'm rollin' down that lost highway