

# Robert Earl Keen, Jr., Levelland

Flatter than a tabletop  
Makes you wonder why they stopped here  
Wagon must have lost a wheel or they lacked ambition one  
On the great migration west  
Separated from the rest  
Though they might have tried their best  
They never caught the sun

So they sunk some roots down in the dirt  
To keep from blowin' off the earth  
Built a town around here  
And when the dust had all but cleared  
They called it Levelland, the pride of man  
In Levelland

Granddad grew the dry land wheat  
Stood on his own two feet  
His mind got incomplete and they put in the home  
Daddy's cotton grows so high  
Sucks the water table dry  
Rolling sprinklers circle round  
Bleedin' it to the bone  
And I won't be here when it comes a day  
It all dries up and blows away  
I'd hang around just to see  
But they never had much use for me in Levelland  
They don't understand me out in Levelland

And I watch those jet trails carving up that big blue sky  
Coast to coasters watch 'em go  
And I never would blame 'em one damn bit  
If they never looked down on this  
Not much here they'd wanna know  
Just Levelland  
Far as you can point your hand  
Nothin' but Levelland

Mama used to roll her hair  
Back before the central air  
We'd sit outside and watch the stars at night  
She'd tell me to make a wish  
I'd wish we both could fly  
Don't think she's seen the sky  
Since we got the satellite dish and  
I can hear the marching band  
Doin' the best they can  
They're playing "Smoke on the Water", "Joy to the World"  
I've paid off all my debts  
Got some change left over yet and I'm  
Gettin' on a whisper jet  
I'm gonna fly as far as I can get from  
Levelland, doin' the best I can  
Out in Levelland - imagine that