

Asleep At The Wheel, Jambalaya

I remember the smell of the creosote plant
When we'd have to eat on Easter with my crazy old uncle and aunt
They lived in a big house, antebellum style (antebellum)
And the winds would blow across the old bayou
And I was a tranquil little child
Life was just a tire swing
'Jambalaya' was the only song I could sing
Blackberry pickin', eatin' fried chicken
And I never knew a thing about pain
Life was just a tire swing
In a few summers my folks packed me off to camp
Yeah me and my cousin' Baxter in our pup tent with a lamp
And in a few days Baxter went home and he left me by myself
But I knew that I'd stay, it was better that way
And I could get along without any help
Life was just a tire swing
'Jambalaya' was the only song I could sing
Blackberry pickin', eatin' fried chicken
And I never knew a thing about pain
Life was just a tire swing
And I never been west of New Orleans or east of Pensacola
My only contact with the outside world was an RCA Victoria
And Elvis would sing and then I'd dream about expensive cars
And who would've figured twenty years later
I'd be rubbin' shoulders with the stars
Life was just a tire swing
Then the other mornin' on some Illinois road
I fell asleep at the wheel
But was quickly wakened up by a 'Ma Bell' telephone pole
And a bunch of Grant Wood faces screamin' "Is he still alive?"
Through the window I could see it hangin' from a tree
And I knew that I had survived
And life is still a tire swing
'Jambalaya' is the best song I can sing
Blackberry pickin', eatin' fried chicken
But I finally learned a lot about pain
Life is just a tire swing (tire swing)
Life was just a tire swing (tire swing)
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Life was just a tire swing (tire swing)