

Austin Lounge Lizards, Old Blevins

(Hank Card/Conrad Deisler)

We had a little quarrel, she and I
She told me just to curl up and die
I crept out to drown my sorrows
At a joint called no tomorrows
Where the old man came and looked me in the eye
Old Blevins
I could tell he had some wisdom to impart
Some story that was etched and burned and stamped
Upon his heart
Then his eyes began to glisten
'Cause he could see that I would listen
We sat there at that bar 'til nearly three
And this is what Old Blevins said to me
He said "Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
In Tijuana blah blah blah back in 1963
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
You should have been there blah blah blah
Is what Old Blevins said to me
I sat there and I listened to his words
As they flapped around my head like little birds
Had he gone plumb 'round the bend
Or could I just not comprehend
His lips were writing lines I could not read
When suddenly, it all came clear to me
As he said "Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
Then crazy hippies blah blah blah no effect on me
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
The great depression blah blah blah
And he would not leave me be
Old Blevins was still talking when I seized my chance to flee
Back home she's never known I'm not the fool I used to be
But I know that a man and woman's lives were somehow changed
By a loathesome toothless geezer, incoherent and deranged
And my memories of that evening fuel and inner mounting fear
That I might become old Blevins anywhere that they sell beer
And I'll say "Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
I don't remember blah blah blah blah blah
Mistakes were made
Blah blah blah blah blah blah blah
How 'bout them Cowboys? blah blah blah
Like Old Blevins used to say
Old Blevins