

C.K.Y, Rio Bravo

I've seen it done like the way the dogs do
I'll think it over, we're standing into
Your phony life but now it's all dry can't take it you will see
Not more than others....your phony life
Like I don't hear them, but I'll tell you something else
When we get to the desert it's out
What we left in the past....it tears me up
Pulled into a truck stop...my luck is over
The plan is failing....I think not
What we left in the past...it tears me up
It's not what you're used to in the middle of nowhere
I'm an old man I love to wander distantly
Your phony life and now it's all dry if you think that I had myself controlled
That's a lie