

# 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