Diamond Rio, Ballad Of Conley And Billy The Pro

(Monty Powell/Jimmy Olander)

Screamn' whitewall tires and a guitar by his side Billy's got the fever as he rolls on thru the night Some were born to listen, some were born to play He was lightning on the highstrings and thunder on the bass

He could play it high, he could play it low He could make it cry, he could make it moan He knows when push comes to shove The proof's in the pickin'

In a smoky little tavern just off of Bourbon Street Tobacco stained fingers waited on the down beat Conley was the master, the undisputed king He'd ruled the town for thirty years With an army of six strings

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Sometimes after midnight Billy drives through New Orleans
Straight to the French Quarter there's a man he has to see
The music is a raging like a city that's on fire
Billy felt just like an altar boy at the feet of a higher power
Conley watched as Billy walked across the room
Opened his case and started a tune
The whole club was silent and the lights were turned down low
Billy stepped up on the stage and Conley whispered ?Go son, go ??

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Conley held his hand up, no one made a sound And he handed Bill his old archtop and stepped into the crowd Billy played it soft, Billy played it sad Then he made it talk and in came the band Soon the room was shaking before Billy's wall of sound And just a block off Bourbon Street, a new king's been crowned.

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