

# Hank Williams Jr., Clovis New Mexico

Well me and Billy  
We left Boulder City  
Decided that we'd head out west  
Been east and south  
But it didn't workout  
We were getting' nowhere fast  
Me with my guitar  
And him with his saddle  
Tryin' to out do the rest  
I sang my heart out  
And he rides them broncs now  
And that's what me and Billy do best.

We took interstate 20  
'Til we ran out of money  
In a place just past Abilene  
So I sang at a honky-tonk  
And he broke the bad bronc  
And we bought some gas and some beans.

With a whole lot of luck  
And an old pickup truck  
We made it to New Mexico  
We pulled up in Clovis  
And I sure didn't know this  
Was as far as I ever would go.

I needed some strings  
Billy wanted a ring  
The kind that the Indians made  
A voice said hello boys  
I've got silver and turquoise  
And that's when I saw her face.

That's when I noticed  
That girl down in Clovis  
A black haired beauty  
She set a fire to me  
A green eyed lady  
In old jeans that were faded  
No I didn't notice  
What happened in Clovis  
But I called her baby.

I asked her with care  
If she'd like to share  
An evening with someone like I  
I said I ain't a winner  
Just a hard livin' singer  
She smiled and said meet me at nine  
We ate tacos and talked  
And then we took a walk  
In the clean southwestern air  
Then we went back to her house  
I took my guitar out  
And sang of my joy and despair.

She served me her wine  
And she helped me write lines  
To songs I could not complete  
And her eyes seemed to say  
Put that guitar away  
That's somethin' that both of us need.

What a beautiful site  
Was her face in the light  
And the candles there on the wall  
And we reached the height  
Of good love on that night  
And I hope we never will fall.

And I'm glad I noticed  
That girl down in Clovis  
Daughter of a driller  
She's a born thriller  
A green eyed lady  
Kinda wild, kinda lazy  
I didn't notice  
What happened in Clovis  
But I called her baby.  
Baby.