

Jackson Browne, Shaky Town

I've witnessed those one night stands
Must have played in a thousand bands
But I'm just here tonight, tomorrow I'll be gone
Seen folks show their blacker sides
Seen them die just for foolish pride
And those drivers always ask to hear that same old song

That's a big ten-four
From your back door
Just put that hammer down
This young man feels
Those eighteen wheels
That keep turning 'round to take me down to Shaky Town

I've heard all those hard luck tales
From all of you U.S. males
I've heard you tell those lies about the love you've know
And I've followed those highway signs
And I've run down those thin white lines
Like those drivers this old road is all I call my own

That's a big ten-four
From your back door
Just put that hammer down
This young man feels
Those eighteen wheels
That keep turning 'round to take me down to Shaky Town