

Old 97's, West Texas Teardrops

Well the roadmaps of west Texas never gave me good advice.
The trains all roll where the roads don't go, now I lay awake at night,
Just wondering where the rest is so I hit that iron gate,
And I yelled good-bye to that wife of mine, I may be running late.

I'm a-rolling on, I'm a-rolling on,
Rolling out past El Paso Texas, where I might have had a home.
I made my bed, so here I lie.
I'm rolling west Texas teardrops in my eye.

Though I felt a lonesome feeling in Dulce New Mexico,
I was happier than I'd ever been in my El Paso home.
But I thought about the woman whom I left to roam the land,
And I cried so much it dug a rut they call the Rio Grande.

I'm a-rolling on, I'm a-rolling on,
Rolling out past El Paso Texas, where I might have had a home.
I made my bed, so here I lie.
I'm rolling west Texas teardrops in my eye.

And my destination is written upon my feet,
And the stars above are about the only company I keep.
I raise my pass and take my seat.
I'm rolling fast with a teardrop on my cheek.

So I guess there'll be no family, so I guess there'll be no wife.
Gonna roll away on an old steel dray, it's gonna be my life.
And the roadmaps I been reading, I never came to figure out.
All I know is I'd explode by any other route.

I'm a-rolling on, I'm a-rolling on,
Rolling out past El Paso Texas, where I might have had a home.
I made my bed, so here I lie.
I'm rolling west Texas teardrops in my eye.