

Robert Earl Keen, Corpus Christi Bay

I worked the rigs from three to midnight
On the corpus Christi Bay
I'd get off and drink till daylight
Sleep the morning away
I had a plan to take my wages
Leave the rigs behind for good
But that life it is contagious
And it gets down in your blood

I lived in corpus with my brother
We were always on the run
We were bad for one another
But we were good at having fun
We got stoned along the seawall
We got drunk and rolled a car
We knew the girls at every dancehall
Had a tab at every bar

If I could live my life all over
It wouldn't matter anyway
Cause I never could stay sober
On the Corpus Christi Bay

My brother had a wife and family
You know he gave them a good home
But his wife thought we were crazy
And one day we found her gone
We threw her clothes into the car trunk
Her photographs her rosary
We went to the pier and got drunk
And threw it all into the sea

CHORUS

Now my brother lives in Houston
He married for the second time
He got a job with the union
And it's keeping him in line
He came to Corpus just this weekend
It was good to see him here
He said he finally gave up drinking
The he ordered me a beer

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