

Rodney Crowell, Telephone Road

Rain came down in endless sheets of thunder
Lightning bolts split pine trees down to the roots
In the shadow of the Astrodome
With a hurricane coming on strong
We used to hit the streets and go swimming in our birthday suits

Skiing in a bar ditch behind a moped
13 stitches on the corner of a sardine can
We were dirt poor Houston kids
Our whole family living on the skids
But we always had a nickel for the coming of the ice cream man

Mosquito truck blowing up DDT
Barefoot heathens running wild and free
Air raid buzzer at a noon-day scream
Living in a dream
On Telephone Road

I used to love them cherry Cokes down at the Prince's Drive-In
and the cheeseburgers tasted so good I like to come untied
There's a Chinaberry tree I remember
I used to climb in and out of my window
The night I left was on the day before my Grandma died

Sawdust spread out on a dance hall floor
Jukebox ripping at an all-out roar
Barmaid smiling at a 10 cent tip
Living is a trip
On Telephone Road

Magnolia Garden bandstand on the very front row
Johnny Cash Carl Perkins and The Killer putting on a show
6 years old and just barely off my daddy's knee
When those rockabilly rebels
Sent the Devil running right through me

A drive-in movie in the trunk of my car
One-eyed sailor in an ice house bar
Spit-shine Charlie and ol' Peg-leg Bill
Are dressed up fit to kill
On Telephone Road

Telephone Road, Telephone Road

Brabecue and beer on ice
A salty watermelon slice
At the Little Taste of Paradise
On Telephone Road