

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Bury My Heart

Im Hell on wheels and women and horses
got me a string of lame nags and a few divorces
I keep my eyes peeled wide to see
the next future ex-Mrs. me...
if Im a poor, poor devil
Im a lucky, lucky dog
if Im a low, low life Im livin high on the hog
got me a jackrabbit grillin on a duraflame log
check out my ice chest chillin down my homebrewed grog...

well I was born in a feedlot, raised in a strip mall
cut my teeth on a mason jar
I was kickin beer cans before I could crawl
on my first run around the sun I was shootin straight and I was walkin tall
so when I finally burn down from a torch to a spark
when I finally snuff out and the lights go dark
and I find Im resigned to admit that my bite aint as bad as my bark
no more..
wontcha bury my heart at the trailer park...

well I know how to set this rambler's heart to heal
Ill turn the spice channel on in the fifth wheel
and crack a fresh screwtop bottle of wine
and Ill be feelin no pain in no time...

well I was born in a feedlot, raised in a strip mall
cut my teeth on a mason jar
I was kickin beer cans before I could crawl
on my first run around the sun I was shootin straight and I was walkin tall
I learned to hate from a strip mine, love from a strip bar
honesty and charity I stole 'em from a tip jar
the lust for the dust and the grease n grit n mud is runnin in my blood
so when I finally burn down and the lights go dark
when I finally snuff out from a torch to a spark
and I find Im resigned to admit that my bite aint as bad as my bark
no more...
momma bury my heart at the trailer park!