

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, West Texas Moon

Now honey I don't mind that mountain
That you're telling me I gotta climb
But baby I don't like them stones you put in my shoes
So maybe I'll just keep on walking
Trying to stay a step ahead of the blues
Darling I know we ain't never done paying our dues
So bring me some bright-eyed angel
Keep on strumming my guitar out of tune
Sundown's coming 'round
Baby let's get chasin' that crazy West Texas moon

Well I've had my fair share of the women
And I've drank my fill of the wine
But none of that can hide me from running out of time
So come on six shotgun angel
Keep strummin' my guitar out of tune

Sundown's coming 'round
Baby let's get chasin' that crazy West Texas moon
Yeah, sundown's coming 'round
Baby let's get chasin' that crazy West Texas moon

Baby don't cry cause you knew I'd have to fly
I can't kiss those wide open spaces, goodbye

Well I've been to the top of the Great Divide
Where the rain don't know which way to flow
There where the sky and the highway collide
My heart flew South for Mexico

So come on honky tonk angel
Strum another trail blue tune
Sundown's coming 'round
Baby lets get chasin' that crazy West Texas moon

Sundown's coming 'round
Baby let's get chasin' that crazy West Texas moon
Yeah that crazy West Texas moon