

Terry Allen, Wolfman Of Del Rio

Well

He took his first release
On a highway
In a 1953 green Chevrolet
An he was carryin and awful load
For just a 15 year old
'Til he laid his mind
On the center line
An turned up the radio
Goin a hundred miles an hour
Down the blue asphaltum line
Listenin to the Wolfman of Del Rio
An

He didn't give a damn
About the trouble he was in
Yeah deep down in his soul
He just wantedo go
An you can tell by the look on his face
He's all caught up with the need
To trade in some emptied out spaces
For some speeeeeeed
An that good ol' American Dream

An

She took her first release
On the back seat
Of a 1961 black V-8 Ford
An she just give up al control
On that vinyl tuck-and-roll
Breathin hard
With a dark-eyed boy
That she barely even knowed
Goin a hundred miles an hour
Down the blue asphaltum line
Listenin to the Wolfman of Del Rio
An

She didn't give a damn
About the trouble she'd get in
Yeah deep down in her soul
She just wantedo flow
An you can tell by the paint on her face
She's all made-up for the need
To trade in some emptied out places
For some speeeeeeed
An that good ol' American Dream

An

Now they circle one another
Armed with the lives from their past
An
They fight to the death for their lies
'Til the bad feelings pass
Then they sit
An they smoke
An they drink
An they talk an talk an talk an talk
And then they stalk around
Like they're lookin for something they've lost
But can never again be found
And it's crazy
Yeah crazy in the backyards
the bedrooms
the kitchens
Crazy out in the streets

Ahhh
Through all their cities
And even smaller towns
An
It most certainly seems
Some disease of the dreams
Has been goin 'round
Yes
It most certainly seems
Some disease of the dreams
Has been goin 'round
Goin a hundred miles an hour
Down the blue asphaltum line
Listenin to the Wolfman of Del Rio