

# Tom Russell, Alkali

Alkali... here's mud in yer eye  
You've been lost in the desert 25 years or more  
Ah yer whiskey streams  
And yer gold field dreams  
Well Lady Luck won't let you dark her door  
And they tell me your a ghost of a man  
Lord, I believe it's true  
And they say you had a woman once  
But she turned her back on you

You old gold minin' hobo  
Dry well desert rat Alkali

Put the bacon on to fry  
Well, the sun's comin' up and the mule's waitin' for his grain  
Just a one room shack  
By the Santa Fe track  
It's an old lick of earth  
That's screamin' for a drop of rain  
And there's a time for work  
And a time for play  
And a time for lyin' down  
And the road might lead to the rainbow's end  
A dusty old desert town

You old gold minin' hobo  
Dry well desert rat Alkali

Alkali... there's a buzzard in the sky  
And he's a-countin' his chances on a-pickin' your skinflint bones  
Ah, raise your hand  
Throw a curse on the land  
They're gonna find you one day  
Lyin' 'neath an unmarked stone  
Well the desert is a lonely place  
For a man to lose his head  
They tell me when you start to talkin' to yourself  
Lord, you might as well be dead...

You old gold minin' hobo  
Dry well desert rat Alkali

Alkali  
Alkali  
You old gold minin' hobo  
Dry well desert rat Alkali

Alkali  
Alkali  
You old gold minin' hobo  
Dry well desert rat Alkali