

# Webb Wilder, Loud Music

""Loud Music""

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine  
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine  
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line  
Before you make it scream, before you make it whine  
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Well, there's a little law that's still on the books, y'all  
Got nothin' to do with catchin' crooks, no  
You turn the music up, people start to holler  
If a man walks in, you got to give him forty dollars  
Do a little dance, drink a little wine  
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine  
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line  
Before you make it scream, before you make it whine  
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Well, it's hard to hold back when the sun goes down  
There's not a whole lot of shakin' from this old town  
But they'll rock you silly and they'll make you sweat  
Got nothin' to lose, let your feet get wet  
But before you decide to walk that line  
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine  
In Amarillo, Texas, down the Rock Island line  
You can make it scream, and you can make it whine  
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

You can take a man's money, you can take away his gun  
But he'll always come back to what it was made him run  
Well, they try to protect you from the things you read  
Ain't no tellin' where a little music might lead  
So before you get wild, before you lose your mind  
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine

Loud music is a forty-dollar fine  
Before you make it scream, go and lose your mind  
Don't forget loud music is a forty-dollar fine  
It's a forty-dollar fine  
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A forty-dollar fine  
A forty-dollar fine