

Cky, Rio Bravo

I've seen it done like the way the dogs do
I'll think it over, we're standing into
Your phony life but now it's all dry
Can't take it you will see
Not more than others....your phony life
Like I don't hear them,
But I'll tell you something else
When we get to the desert it's out

What we left in the past....it tears me up

Pulled into a truck stop...my luck is over
The plan is failing....I think not

What we left in the past...it tears me up

It's not what you're used to
In the middle of nowhere
But I'm an old man
And I love to wander distantly

Your phony life and now it's all dry
If it seemed that I had myself controlled...
That's a lie