

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...

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