



Marshall Mitchell and the Rockville Rangers Song Lyrics

66 Through Tucumcari

Penny Roberson/Harvey Toalson/Marshall Mitchell
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Driving west from Amarillo as the summer sun went down,
I saw a girl beside the highway with a sign said "Santa Fe Bound."
She looked hot and worn and dusty, well I stopped and let her in.
She says "Thanks!" and "Where are you headed?"
When I said "To Phoenix" and she says "Thanks" again.

(Chorus) 66 through Tucumcari....long time since I been this a'way.
Let me out when you reach Clines Corner 'cause I'm a'headed to Santa Fe.

Well, I knew she was exhausted though she tried not to let on.
But, she finally drifted off to sleep just before we reached San Jon.
And when we got to Tucumcari she woke up and she looked around
Well though she tried to hide it I could tell that she was down.

(Chorus)

Well, I was getting kinda tired. It was midnight then or past.
So we pulled into a roadside park just to get a little rest.
She shares coffee from my thermos and when I asked her where she'd been.
She said "You know, it doesn't matter anymore 'cause I'm going home, again."

(Chorus)

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, Lord.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, Lord.
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey.

On The Run - Marshall Mitchell

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Looking out my window on a cold December day,
Seven distant riders were headed down my way.
Out through the back door and to the barn I ran,
I saddled up my pony because I'm a wanted man.

(Chorus) Now I'm running out of time and I'm running out of space.
A man can change his name but he cannot change his face.
Too many times have I answered with my gun. Now I'm on the run.

They'd gotten closer this time than all the times before.
Come the day they catch me, well I guess I'll die for sure.
I can still remember way down near San Antone...
A woman and a baby and a place I called my own.

(Chorus) But now I'm...

Well I told them that I wouldn't sell, but they kept hanging 'round.
I came in from the field one day and everything's burned down.
Now, all the men that followed, all the men I had to kill,
For the sake of wife and baby buried on the hill.

(Chorus) So, I'll be....

Yes, I'm on the run.

Long Drink of Water (Now the river runs so dry)

Marshall Mitchell

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Prelude:

Long Drink of Water; Now the river runs so dry.

Standing on the shoulder, out in the rain; I was hoping you were going my way.
I'd been dropped off on the back roads by an unfaithful friend,
Now I'm looking for another highway.
It's not that far, I've been told. It's up ahead somewhere; maybe just across the next horizon.
I really can't describe it, but I'll know it when we're there.
And there isn't any use surmising.

Little lady, knows. Little Lady, knows.
That she was my lady, the window of my life.
Well, I rose with her each morning, laid me down with her each night.
Then those gentle morning breezes began tugging at her kite,
And she went chasing the butterflies of life.

(Chorus) She was a long drink of water...a gentle rolling river tide.
She was a long drink of water; now the river runs so dry.

Well, she was my lady and I was her man,
And if I live to be a hundred I may never understand.
How a crinkled green back dollar can tarnish banded gold,
And turn a warm, true love stone cold.

(Chorus)

Little lady, knows. Little lady, knows.

Love, Come and Go Easy – Marshall Mitchell

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I've been up. I've been down. I've sung Chicken Train.
I've been out in California, someday I'll go again.
I've been all around the world. I've been no place at all.
With guitar strings and a magazine, my back against the wall.
She said "Whoa... Love, come and go easy."

I've been in. I've been out. I've sung Mr. Bojangles.
I've been took and I have taken wagering the angles.
When my chips are all cashed in, my tally has been made.
You may never understand the reason that I gave.
I told you "Whoa... Love, come and go easy."

I've been good. I've been bad. I ain't said a word.
Everybody's whispering the things they thought they heard.
I've been keeping a low profile from people on the street.
One thing I can say for that girl, Lord she kisses sweet.

Remember "Whoa... yeah, Love, come and go easy."

Love, come and go easy. Love, come and go easy.
Love, come and go easy. Love, come and go easy.
Love, come and go easy...

Between the Riddles & the Rhymes - Marshall Mitchell

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Brown eyes are looking at grey skies, and grey skies look like rain,
Rain drops keep on falling on my window.

I wish I could be sleeping, dreaming in your arms at home.
Instead it's my guitar case as my pillow.

Now down some muddy ol' back road I've driven for so long.

It seems the ruts keep getting ever deeper.

Last night was in Oklahoma. Tonight it's in San Antone.

It seems the roads keep getting ever steeper.

(Chorus) But there's a candle in my window;

A fireplace toasty warm inside.

And the love of a woman, that keeps me satisfied;

Between the riddles and the rhymes.

Looking through my rear view,

It seems I've found a clear view,

Of who I am and that my road is right.

An eight lane super highway or a seldom traveled byway,

Is just the place for a home grown band tonight.

Well if you dare believe it...that I can take it or I could leave it,

Because I know there's one thing that holds true.

No matter where I travel, and if all my dreams unravel,

I know the roads I take lead home to you.

(Chorus)

Between the riddles and the rhymes.

Annabelle - James Nicholson

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I've been on the road for much too long for you to say you know me well.

And if you think that matters won't you listen to my story, Annabelle.

Town by town, I rode the Southern rail. I laid me down where I could never tell.

(Chorus) I guess I'm on my way. 'Cause it's getting late.

And if I were to stay, would you hesitate?

Would you love me, Annabelle?

'Cause I can't wait. I can't wait, I can't wait another day.

Wichita to Tulsa, Oklahoma all the way to San Antone,

I still hear you whisper in my ear though I'm a thousand miles from home.

I can tell my heart may never shine. Annabelle, won't you let me make you mine?

(Chorus)

(Bridge) And in the morning when I rise,

I pack my things and I pack up your good-byes.

(Chorus)

I can't wait, I can't wait another, another, another day.

The Pirate Song - Marshall Mitchell

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There 'twas many a night I had stood at the railing watching the waves fall and rise.
With the white sheet sails billowed, the stars and moon shining, remembering the
look in her eyes.

Only once did I hold her. We danced to the music 'round as a carrousel ride.
And later that evening she kissed me so softly when saying she would be my bride.

(Chorus) Ho, the life of a pirate has many a peril and many a life has been lost.
Oh, the treasures are waiting, float there for the taking.
The chances are well worth the cost.

Now, the call to the Captain was "Sails on the water!" the moment the dawn touched
the skies.
And the cannon and rifle and men standing ready as soon as we came alongside.
The shouting and shooting, the routing and looting was over as quick as begun.
Where two ships once sailed out with pride on the water, returning with pride only one.

(Chorus)

Now, the Captain was hanged on the gallows this morning, along with the rest of his men.
Though my body is swaying, my soul will be sailing back into her arms once again.

(Chorus x2)

Old Dog-Eared Pages - Marshall Mitchell

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I was raised on an old dirt road where the mud squished up between my toes,
and I crawdad fished at the swimming hole with a string and some bacon rind.
Billy Joe Barnett was my cowboy name. I herded longhorned cattle on the open range.
I was a dead-eye shot when the rustlers came but I got wounded every time.
Now, my trusty stick-horse raced the wind when I rode for the Pony Express back then.
I had my drawstring pulled tight under my chin so my hat wouldn't fly away.

(Chorus) Now, they're just old dog-eared pages that I thumb through now and then.
I wouldn't trade a hundred dollars or go back to live again.
This black ribbon that I'm riding toward the lights of the next town,
It's the only other thing that could have saved me.

Well, I saw her one Sunday in the parking lot with her hair shining yellow as a
brand new mop,
And we started an avalanche that wouldn't stop in her brand new gingham dress.
But, it wasn't very long 'til I realize there was another woman living in her sky blue eyes,
And I couldn't make the money like some other guys, but it turned out for the best.
Because she didn't eat licorice and she didn't like frogs. She had a little kitty and I only
liked dogs.
I tell you, playing house was the very last straw. So, I saddled up and headed west!

(Chorus x2)

It's the only other thing that could have saved me.

Sometimes a Cowboy (wants to go home)

Marshall Mitchell

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Thermos full of coffee and it's down the road I go.
Following the circuit 'cause my life is rodeo.
I carry on traditions that I got from Mom and Dad.
We were all together in the only life we had.

Mamma raced the barrels in her sparkling, satin clothes.
Why Daddy rode the bulls and broncs only Heaven knows.
Me, I was in the saddle long before the time I'd walked.
I grew up on the highway and there's one thing I never thought.

(Chorus) Sometimes a cowboy wants to go home.
To have himself a little place that he can call his own.
The loneliness I feel inside don't make me want to roam.
Sometime a cowboy wants to go home.

Mamma walked away and left us up in ol' Cheyenne.
Daddy died in Denver with a bottle in his hand.
Me, I'm on the highway, listen to the rubber sing;
While I'm thinking of a family sitting in a front porch swing.

(Chorus)

(Bridge) Now, home time, you rest up for the ride.
Sometimes you lock the world outside.

(Chorus)

Old Fiddler's Waltz - Bob Daigle/Marshall Mitchell

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There's a dusty fiddle hanging on my Daddy's wall. It's been there since I was a boy of ten.
All of us kids figured that since Momma died, he'd never rosin up that bow, again.
Because Mamma said Dad's fiddlin' was the closest thing to Heaven, and that man sure
loved to see that woman smile.
They'd look into each other's eyes and almost die from happy.
Well, he'd play old fiddler's waltz time after time.

(Chorus) And they'd sing... music is for lovers. Music is the voice of the soul.
Music helps you tell someone exactly how you're feeling.
And it helps to bring back memories when you're old.

Now, one day I took my guitar down to Daddy's house. I thought it might be fun to sing
some songs.
Daddy said he loved to hear me pick and sing, but he always would refuse to sing along.
But, that day while I was picking, Lord his hands began to itching. I could see that far
away look in his eye.
Well, when I played old fiddler's waltz his eyes lit up like diamonds. It's the second time
I'd seen my Daddy cry.

(Chorus) When I sang...

With trembling hands he wiped his eyes then got up off the Chesterfield.
He paced around the living room a while. I just kept on playing, watching;
Old memories waking when I seen that wrinkled face begin to smile.
He took that dusty fiddle down. He laid it on his shoulder. Well, it was almost like he didn't
have to try.
When he pulled that bow across the strings and he limbered up his fingers and we played old
fiddler's waltz another time.

(Chorus) And we sang...

(Chorus) Now, I sing...

Yes, music helps you tell someone exactly how you're feeling
and it helps to bring back memories when you're old.

I Don't Need - Marshall Mitchell

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I don't need no great big mansion. I don't need no big fine car.
I don't need nobody telling me who they think that I are.
No, I don't need no fancy office with gold records on the walls.
And I don't need secretaries here and there to take my calls.
Now, there's lots of things I don't need but one thing that I do...
is to come back home to you.

I don't need no reservations to the restaurant down the street.
I don't need those invitations from the ladies looking sweet.
No, I don't need no magic powder. I don't need to play those games.
And I don't need nothing messing with what goes on in my brain.
There's lots of things I don't need but the one thing that I do...
is to come back home to you. Yes, I do.....

(Chorus) 'Cause all this traveling on the road has got me feeling tired and old.
I've seen every town in Texas from the stage of one night shows.
I've been living outta suitcase since I can't remember when.
I just want to see your smiling face again.

I don't need no long vacation with a chauffeured limousine.
I don't need no Europe ski trip with that catered French cuisine.
No, I don't need no private airplane. I don't need no swimming pool.
And I don't need people thinking that I'm a good ol' boy who's cool.
There's lots of things I don't need, but one thing that I do...
is to come back home to you. Yes, I do.....

(Chorus)
'Cause there's lots of things I don't need but one thing that I do...
is to come back home, Come back home to you. Yes, I do.....

The Traveler - Lyle Lovett/Marshall Mitchell

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(Chorus) Now, if I weren't a traveler, and if I did not go,
I could stay right here with you, I thought you ought to know.
As it is I'm leaving, to travel through the darkness,
following my guiding light that safely leads me on.

When the wind is blowing, it seems to call my name.
Well, I pick up and move along and no one is to blame.
When the morning sun is shining, stars begin to fade,
Sometimes I am glad I'm gone, sometimes I wish I'd stayed.

(Chorus)

Now, if I had a shiny dime for every song I've played,
I could buy this whole wide world, but I'd give it all away.
When you find the answer, then is when you'll see,
All I know is all I want is you remember me.

(Chorus)

Now, I've thought about our friendship. I've thought about this song,
Every single solitary time I've been alone.
But, I have found the answer written in a rhyme
Life is for the living and it seems I've chosen mine.

(Chorus)

Following my guiding light that safely leads me on.