

Good Ole Boys

Pickup truck, rusty jeep, California Dooley, Harley hawg -
Big wheels, open glass, old engines, and an old hound dog,
Engine revs, a high whine, a roar, the squeal of rubber
On the pavement, the stink of oil, stale beer, lye soap,
Along with the sweet smell of sweat and Colorado dope.

Look at them, outside a crude roadside beer hall
Swapping stories, lying, drinking Bud by the pint
Like possums in a garbage can, they've no sense at all.
Now a bet on one or the other, fistful of money in an old can
Held by the runt, they don't consider him a man.

Now they're off, right down a two lane road, loud and free
Side by side, no thought of what to do if there happens to be
Someone who decides to come down that road at the same time
That they are racing so carelessly, for the race is the great lure.
What the hell! They've done it before, maybe again, for sure,

Uh oh. A tire blows, one swerves into the other - blam!
Squeal of metal on metal, loud cry of pain, "Oh, damn!"
All come running - what's happened there at the bend.
The big pickup's in a culvert, the other smashed in a tree
O Lord! - the driver's dead, and the runt just looks at me.

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