

# Paint the Town Beige

Robert Earl Keen

I gave up the fast lane for a blacktop county road  
Just burned out on all that talk about [Incomprehensible]  
I traded for a songbird, a bigger piece of sky  
When I miss the good old days I can't imagine why  
Still I get restless and drive into town  
I cruise once down Main street and turn back around  
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age  
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige  
Down along the river, past the swimming hole  
You can find your piece of mind with just a fishing pole  
And you can walk the river for miles and miles on end  
And never stop believing in that dream around the bend  
But still I get restless and drive into town  
My radio playing, my window roll down  
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age  
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige  
Deep down in the winter, time slows to a crawl  
There's really nothing much to do until the first spring thaw  
It's then I get to thinking I must have gone insane  
Memories roll through my mind like a long slow railroad train  
Still I get restless and drive into town  
Watch the world through a windshield as it all comes unwind  
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age  
Like those old desperadoes who paint the town beige  
I gave up the fast lane

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