Goin Down In Style

Robert Earl Keen

E
I left Houston Texas in a gulf coast hurricane.
I was blowed down by tornadoes washed up by the rain.
A
My pappy wasn't happy with me he told me to go.
E
I stole my Daddy's Caddilac I headed down the road.
B7
I had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile,
A **B7** **E**
I'm headed for the border man I'm going down in style.

I hit Corpus Christi and the wind was at my back.
I drove them women crazy in my Daddy's Caddilac.
I'd cruise em up the boulevard I treated em like queens.
I took em all the places they wanted to be seen,
and when I had to leave em I'd tell em with a smile,
"I'm headed for the border man I'm going down in style."

A
You gotta take your chances if they ever come along.
E
Close your eyes and listen to that great big engine whine.
A
And it don't really matter whether you are right or wrong,
B7
cause when you cross the border man you leave this world behind.

I stomped down on the peddle, I set the cruise control.
Five hundred raging horses blew on by the state patrol.
their sirens was a screaming lord their lights were flashing red,
a dozen more were waiting at the road block up ahead.
As I scattered 'em like chickens I heard one of em cry
"He's heading for the border man he's going down in style."

Once you cross the border You ain't never coming back,
and there ain't no redemption when the cops are on your tail.
The closest thing to Heaven is this great big Caddilac
The city lights of Houston are the fiery gates of hell.

They nabbed me on the hill that overlooks the Rio Grand.
I was feeling just like Moses looking on the promised land.
They hauled me back to Houston, they throwed me in the jail
my Mama started crying and my Daddy paid the bail.
I'm sorry I'm not there to hear the outcome of my trial.

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