

Pat Green - Goin' Down In Style

Tom: E

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Well, I left Houston, Texas on a Gulf Coast hurricane.

I was blown down by a tornado, washed up by the rain.

Well, my pappy wasn't happy with me. He told me to go.

So I stole my daddy's Cadillac, headed on down the road.

Well, I had a grin from ear to ear with each and every mile.

I was headed for the border, man, and I was goin' down in style.

Well, I hit Corpus Christi and the wind was at my back.

I drove them women crazy in my daddy's Cadillac.

Yeah, I'd cruise 'em down that boulevard, treated them like queens.

I took 'em all the places that 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, and I'm goin' down in style."

Well, you've gotta take your chances if they ever come along.

Just close your eyes and listen to the great big engine whine.

And it don't really matter whether you are right or wrong

Cause when you cross the border, man, you leave this world behind.

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I stomped down on the peddle, set the cruise control.
Five-hundred ragin' horses beyond by the state parol.

Lord, the sirens were ascreamin', lights were flashin' red.

There's a dozen more awatin' at the roadblock up ahead.

As I scattered them like chickens, I heard one of 'em cry,
"He's headed for the border, man, and he's goin' down in style."

Yeah, when you cross the border, you ain't never comin' back.

Yeah, and there ain't no redemption when the cops are on your tail.

When the closest thing to Heaven is a great big Cadillac,
The city lights of Houston, or the firey gates of Hell.

Well, they nailed me on the hill that overlooks the Rio Grande.

And I was feelin' just like Moses lookin' on the Promised Land.

Well, they hauled me back to Houston, throwed me in the jail.

Well, my mama started cryin' and my daddy paid the bail.

Well, I'm sorry not there to hear the outcome of my trial...
I'm headed for the border, man, and I'm goin' down in style.

Acordes

