

**Armadillo Jackal**  
**Robert Earl Keen**

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"The Armadillo Jackal" by Robert Earl Keen  
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This song uses a capo on the 3rd fret and all the chords are listed as the 3rd fret being open.

[tab]Am G  
The evening sun was sinkin down, a chill north wind a-blows[/tab]

[tab]F E  
The new-plowed ground was coolin fast, the river rolls and flows[/tab]

[tab] Am G  
Beneath the two-lane concrete river bridge between my place and town[/tab]

[tab] F E  
On that hot-bed Farm to Market road they call 1291[/tab]

[tab] Am G  
I m sayin son you ll see me searchin ; sizzlin down that broad hiway[/tab]

[tab]F E  
Dollar signs in both my eyes, I m seekin out my prey. I m prayin [/tab]

[tab] Am G  
"Jesus, will you send me just another three or four?"[/tab]

[tab] F E  
They pay two-fifty down in Hallettsville, 3 dollars, maybe more.[/tab]

[tab] Am G  
And more than likely they ll be out tonight a-wanderin from the farms;[/tab]

[tab]F E  
Waddlin down 1291 to keep their bodies warm.[/tab]

[tab] Am G  
I m talking walkin belts and neckties, and boots for rodeo;[/tab]

[tab] F E  
They don t run too fast, don t waste much gas. I m makin lots o dough.[/tab]

[tab]                   **Am**       **C**       **G**       **D**                   **Am**       **C**       **G**       **D**  
The armadillo....o....o....o   The armadillo....o....o....o   The armadillo[/tab]

(after this use the same chord progression as the first verse)

Never sees me when I hit him with my brights. His life don t flash  
Before his eyes, he s blinded by my lights and so I hit him with my  
Bumper doin sixty, sixty-five; they take em frozen down in Hallettsville  
They don t take em alive. The jackal cri....i....i...ied  
The jackal cri....i....i...ied The jackal cried, "Look there s two of  
Them a-walkin down the line. I can t believe my luck tonight this here  
Makes twenty-nine!" And so he rolled the first one runnin . The second  
Was too fast. His breaks and laughter squealin as he stomped down on the  
Gas. Good-God, his car was sideways flyin , when the bridge wall met his  
Door. The impact shook the river bed his foot went through the floor  
Forevermore....or....or...ore Forevermore....or....or....ore  
Forevermore was his last moment from the bridge wall to the stream; from  
The speckled blood around his smile a-spewin gasoline. And then he  
Screamed his raspy epitaph, before he turned to flame: "They pay two-fifty  
down in Hallettsville.... I ain t the one to blame....."  
Ain t it a sha....a....a...ame The jackal cri....i....i...ied  
The armadillo....o....o....o   The armadillo....o....o....o  
(repeat until fade)

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