

Paint The Town Beige

Robert Earl Keen

D D/C# D/B D/A G G/F# Em
I gave up the fast lane for a blacktop county road
D A
Just burned out all that talk about the mother lode
D D/C# D/B D/A G G/F# Em
I traded for a songbird and a bigger piece of sky
D A D
When I miss the good old days, I can't imagine why

Chorus:

G D
Still I get restless and drive into town
A D
I cruise once down Main Street and turn back around
G D
It's crazy but God knows I don't act my age
A D
Like an old desperado who paints the town beige

D D/C# D/B D/A

Down along the river and past the swimming hole
You can find your peace of mind with just a fishin' pole
And you can walk the river for miles and miles on end
And never stop believin' in that dream around the bend

Chorus

Deep down in the winter time slows to a crawl
There's really nothin' much to do until the first spring thaw
It's then I get to thinkin' I must have gone insane
Old memories roll through my mind like a long slow railroad train