

Ghost Road

2015

A mile south of Cherokee on the San Saba line	D D G D
An old rusted windmill has outlived its time	G D A A
Not a trickle in the creek or a cloud in the sky	D D G G
Lazy dog blinking as the tumbleweed goes by	G D A A

Drought and oak wilt got the trees, coyotes got the game
Broken glass, an empty field, a place without a name
No one for miles around, every well gone dry
But that old mill keeps turning, too ornery to die

Traces of the old days, lived hard and well	G D A D
Riding fence til sundown's come-and-get-it bell	G D D A
Traces of a thunderhead up around the bend	G D D G
Check your sleeve for aces til the waters come again	G D A D

The old folks who cleared this land and pushed the plow
The Texas sun has burned it all to bedtime stories now
And we're riding this ghost road trail dust in our hair
Looking for the river gone to God knows where

Traces of the old days, lived hard and well
Riding fence til sundown's come-and-get-it bell
Traces of a thunderhead up around the bend
Check your sleeve for aces til the waters come again

I began these lyrics on Christmas Eve 2014 while driving on Route 15 near Richland, Texas (population 338). I added the music the following year while we were living in Harlingen, in the Rio Grande Valley.