**Rust and Alley Dust**

Rust and alley dust glutting the wind

Lookin for love in a bottle of gin

Take my temperature and throw it on the sun

It’s cold in this cow town and I ain’t havin’ no fun

Women walking bumpety with poles on their hells

Honkin and an orkin like celibate seals

They for got to tie their tongues to their heads

Can’t even get a meal out to what they said

Some busted up stairs on the way to my brain

Ain’t got the sense to come out of the rain

Gotta put on my feet and for it make a run

I’m cold in this cow town and I ain’t havin no fun

Tryin to put out fires on the bridges I’ve crossed

Find out where I’m at so I can get lost

Like tryin’ to make dew on the dessert at noon

Like tryin to whistle the opposite side of a tune

Toe’n the sideline for the race out of bounds

With a weight in my heart of seventy pounds

Take my temperature and throw in to on the sun

It’s cold in this cow town and I ain’t havin’ no fun