

## **A Sad Country Song**

*by John Farrow*

Running is very popular in the South, certainly helped by the 1996 Olympics in Atlanta. And with the increasing popularity of country music these days, it's not surprising that some country music song-writers are runners themselves.

Of course, the traditional country song is a sad song, whether it's about love or lust or cheating or drinking or running. And every good country song has to deal with the important aspects of everyday life in the South, like Momma, trains, heartache, prison and pick-up trucks.

Here are the lyrics of one such sad country song about a down and out runner, soon to be recorded in Nashville by none other than the venerable Lounge Lizards.

### **The Parole Board Still Says No**

I used to put in the miles day by day  
Doing fartleks on the Lost Highway.  
That old freight train would be rolling home  
And I'd listen to old George Jones.

There was a time when the world was mine  
Running in Boston, Chicago and Caroline.  
I'd sure like to be in Texas, don't you know,  
But I'd settle for El Paso.

I've got to get back to Boston  
That's where I want to be.  
Lord knows that I've paid my debt  
to society.  
But these prison walls  
They won't let me go.  
I've got to get back to Boston  
but the parole board still says no.

Momma came to see me, brought a Moon  
Pie.  
Said everything's fine with tears in her eyes.  
Oh, Marylou, she ran off with the truck,  
Sold your Elvis on velvet for a buck.

In this prison yard I keep in shape  
And one of these days I'll be out that gate.  
With every lap I run I just have to smile,  
I'll get back to Boston, 98 laps to the mile.

I've got to get back to Boston  
That's where I want to be.  
Lord knows that I've paid my debt  
to society.  
But these prison walls  
They won't let me go.  
I've got to get back to Boston  
but the parole board still says no.

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Albuquerque Road Runners Club