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## The Ballad of Henry Holloway

Saturday night and the bar room is howlin'  
With young weekend cowboys, all struttin and a-prowlin'  
Drinkin' straight bourbon and tryin' not to shiver  
As it burns down their throats and plays hell with their liver  
On a small stage in the bar's furthest corner  
Sits Henry Holloway playin' his guitar  
Under the spotlight, sweat on his face glistenin'  
Singin' his heart out with nobody listenin'

Chorus:

Fire in the belly, fire in the soul  
Ambition's a fire that's hard to control  
Burnin' with bright dreams of money and fame  
Young Henry Holloway's lost in the flame

Evelyn sits by the stage she's the only one clappin'  
With eyes brightly shinin', feet in time a-tappin'  
Eyes full of love as she watches her man  
In his shirt of blue rhinestones she sewed on by hand  
Sweet lips movin' as she sings along  
Joinin' with Henry in his every song  
Although she's heard them about one million times  
Love is tone deaf as well as stone blind!

Now the noise in the bar's like a volcano explodin'  
But up on the stage young Henry is floatin'  
Eyes closed and driftin' through his favourite dream  
He sings of places that he's never been  
Like Memphis and Nashville, New York and L.A.  
You can bet your bottom dollar he'll get there someday  
But if he don't, he might just not care  
'Cause when he sings his songs, he's already there

Now Saturday night's turned into Sunday mornin'  
The bar room is empty, the bar tender's yawnin'  
Home go the cowboys with their tight jeans and high boots  
Come Monday they'll put on their ties and dark suits  
Back to the motel go Henry and Evelyn  
She falls asleep with her arms wrapped around him  
And dreams of motel rooms and cheap crowded bars  
Henry lies wide awake, and dreams of the stars