

Don't Speed Through Mustang Ridge

by Lindsey Eck

There ain't that much in Mustang Ridge
About as many people as cows
So we make our living off traffic fines
We charge as much as Texas allows
Yeah, we got the cops
That are makin' the stops
They'll be waitin' for you under the bridge
So, whatever you do, don't speed through Mustang Ridge

Whatever you do, don't speed through Mustang Ridge
Or the Highway Patrol will have you spend the night in the fridge
If you gotta drive through our little town
Show a little courtesy and slow your truck down
Whatever you do, don't speed through Mustang Ridge

The cop shop stands right next to the bar
Don't speed through Mustang Ridge
They'll grab you before you even get to your car
Don't speed through Mustang Ridge
You might be a yuppie from WilCo
You might be a Yankee from Maine
You might be on the board of the toll road
Sending all our money to Spain

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We don't need you in Mustang Ridge
We kinda like the place to ourselves
So, if you can't keep it quiet, then don't even try it
'Cause traffic noise is bad for our health
This is 183, not Formula 1
It helps if you can tell which is which
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