

The Load Out  
by Jackson Browne

Now the seats are all empty: let the roadies take the stage

Pack it up and tear it down

They're the first to come and the last to leave, working for that minimum wage

They'll set it up in another town

Tonight the people were so fine: they waited there in line

And when they got up on their feet they made the show

And that was sweet but I can hear the sound of slamming doors and folding chairs

And that's a sound they'll never know

Now roll them cases and lift them amps and haul them trusses down and get 'em up them ramps

'Cause when it comes to moving me you know you guys are the champs

But when the last guitar's been packed away you know that I'll still want to play

So just make sure you've got it all set to go before you come for my piano

<instrumental: G C G>

But the band's on the bus, and they're waiting to go

We got to drive all night and do the show in Chicago

Or Detroit, I don't know: we do so many shows in a row

And these towns all look the same

We just pass the time in the hotel rooms and wander 'round backstage

Till those lights come up and we hear that crowd and we remember why we came

<instrumental: G C G D>

Now we got Country and Western on the bus; R & B

We got disco in eight tracks and cassettes in stereo

And we got rural scenes and magazines and we got truckers on CB

And we got Richard Pryor on the video

We've got time to think of the ones we love while the miles roll away

But the only time that seems too short Is the time that we get to play

People you've got the power over what we do: you can sit there and wait or you can pull us through

Come along, sing the song: you know that you can't go wrong

'Cause when that morning sun comes beating down you're gonna wake up in your town

But we'll be scheduled to appear a thousand miles away from here

People stay... just a little bit longer... We wanna play... just a little bit more

Now the promoter don't mind And the union don't mind

If we take a little time just to leave it all behind Playing - one more song