

Living Legend

Kris Kristofferson

Was it bitter then with our backs against the wall?
Were we better men than we'd ever been before?
Say, if she came again today, would you still answer to the call?
Tell the truth, my friend, don't it matter anymore?

We were simple men by her side when she was born
It was simple then like the freedom when you fall
And we were smaller then, you see, but soon we gathered like a storm.
They don't understand what that thunder meant at all.

Was he crucified? Was he done in by the lawman?
Are you satisfied that he'll never ride again?
Some people say he got away; they say he never died at all.
If that story's true, does it bother you, my friend?

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