

Ride Me Down Easy

Billy Joe Shaver

The highway she's hotter than nine kinds of hell
The rides, they as scarce as the rain
When you're down to your last shove with nothin' to sell
And too far away from the train
Been a good month of Sundays and a guitar ago
Had a tall drink of yesterday's wine
Left a long string of friends, some sheets in the wind
And some satisfied women behind
Hey ride me down easy Lord, ride me on down
Leave word in the dust where i lay
Say "i'm easy come, easy go and easy to love when i stay"
Left snow on the mountain, raised hell on the hill
Locked horns with the devil himself
Been a rodeo bum, a son-of-a-gun
And a hobo with stars in my crown
Hey ride me down easy Lord, ride me on down
Leave word in the dust where i lay
Say "i'm easy come, easy go and easy to love when i stay"