

The Goodnight Loving Trail

Chris LeDoux

Too old to wrangle or ride on the swing
You beat the triangle and curse everything
If dirt were a kingdom
Then you'd would be king

On the goodnight trail
On the loving trail
The old woman's lonesome tonight

With your snake oils, your herbs and your liniment too
You can do anything that a doctor can do
Well, except find a cure for your own gobdam stew

Your French harp blows like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light
The tents are all struck
And the coffee's all gone
The old boys are up and they're raising the dawn
You're sitting there a dreamin'
You are lost in a song

Well I know that some day I'll be just the same
Wearing an apron instead of a name
Now no one can change it, and no one's to blame

Your French harp is crying just like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

The desert's a book writ in lizards and sage
And it's easy to look just like an old torn out page
All faded and cracked with the colors of age

Your French harp is crying just like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

Your French harp is crying just like a lone bawling calf