

# The Goodnight-Loving

Clint Black

Ridin' against the wind in East New Mexico  
His skin is dry and worn as the Texas plains  
He's headed where the air is thin and the cold blue norther  
s blow  
Up through the Raton Pass but he'll have to beat the early snow  
The winter of '64 was a great many years ago  
When a young man went away for the rebel cause  
And he was branded by the war and the only life he'd know  
Was lookin' over his shoulder saddle bound and layin' low  
Now there's a man on the goodnight-loving  
Like too many other men out on the trail  
Who found the hard way when the pushing comes to shoving  
He'd go six feet under before he'd go to jail  
Now there's a place just north of here where they say the outla  
ws go  
Where a man can leave his name and past behind  
And every now and then you'll hear, he's gone the way of the bu  
ffalo  
And that he finally made the pass but he didn't beat the early  
snow  
Now there's a man on the goodnight-loving  
Like too many other men out on the trail  
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