

## Canteen Of Water

David Allan Coe

He carries his ids  
And his books bound in leather  
And a change of clothing  
And a picture of anna when she was younger  
Lest he forget her.  
And in among his papers  
Is a list of all the people he knew  
And many sent letters  
Telling someone that he'd be there  
Sometime soon.  
Hey stranger! Aren't you the tiredness that remains  
When you think freedom cant be measured  
By the scuffles on your boots?  
Hey hey hey

Now he dreams of anna a life in the time they were together  
He was hard and she was supple  
Where they lived out in the country  
She thought gentle  
Like his hands upon her body  
And when anna felt the cooling wind  
David felt the need to be blown down  
And when anna felt the cleansing rain  
David fought the fear that he might drown  
Hey stranger! And now you wonder through the country  
That you hope is much less frightening  
When its quicker passing by  
Hey hey hey

Now in southern arizona  
At the last chance diner counter  
Being questioned by the waitress  
He prepares for the desert  
With his freedom  
And a canteen of water