

Ride Me Down Easy

David Allan Coe

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

This old highway
Is hotter than nine kinds of hell
And the rice is as scarce as the rain
When you're down to you last shuck
With nothing to sell
And you're too far away from the train

It's been a good month of Sundays
And a guitar ago
I had a tall drink of yesterday's wine
Left a long line of friends
Some sheets in the wind
And some satisfied women behind

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Easy go
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Alright...

I've seen fire on the mountain
I raised hell on the hill
I locked horns with the devil himself
I've been a rodeo bum
I'm a son of a gun
And a hobo with stars in his crown

So won't you ride me down easy Lord
Ride me on down
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