

The Messenger

James McMurtry

I'm wearing old boots with high Cuban heels
Our souls, they are worn and we stand here by grace
My trousers are torn, my jacket is borrowed
And I'm wearing my time behind the eyes in my face

And I'm not looking for loose diamonds
Or pretty girls with crosses 'round their necks
I don't want four roses or water
I'm not looking for God, I'm not looking for sex

I've worn out my welcome in certain small circles
In Spanish bordellos and confederate states
But there is an angel in leathers and kindness
She whispers my name and she smiles at my fate

And I'm not looking for loose diamonds
Or pretty girls with crosses 'round their necks
I don't want four roses or water
I'm not looking for God, I'm not looking for sex

And all the true believers are out on the road tonight
No matter what happens, you know they'll be okay
And to the rock and roll gypsies, may the last song you sing
Be by Mr. Van Zandt when you're down in old Santa Fe

Now I have a mission and a small code of honor:
To stand and deliver by whatever measures
And the message I give you, it's by this old poet Rilke
He said "Our fears are like dragons guarding our most precious
treasures"

And I'm not looking for loose diamonds
Or pretty girls with crosses 'round their necks
I don't want four roses or water
I'm not looking for God, I'm just wonderin' what's next