

Road Agent

Kenny Rogers

Here lies a road agent dead on a hill
Sing on sing on whippoorwill if you will

Lived and died by his gun
Rise up rise up morning sun

Rise up son of God
Rise up from the sod

Quick money catch penny fly by night
All are equal in his sight

Gone today and here tomorrow
California desert to the veil of sorrow

Rise up son and go
Rise up from below

Thunderbolts cold and flash floods roll
On a glory hole soul story seldom told

From a feast of whiskey and a flow of cash
To the silver black ash from a dance hall flash

Rise up son of chance
Rise up son and dance

Here lies a road agent dead on a hill
Sing on, sing on whippoorwill if you will.