

Lonesome Day

Merle Haggard

When the men in black come kickin' in your door
And guitar-playin' outlaws lay spread-eagled on the floor
When our celebrated heroes have been cuffed and locked away
It's gonna be a lonesome day

We laugh at all the crazy things them guitar players said
They talked about the workin' man and the troubled life he led
When everything is perfect and no rebel's in the way
It's gonna be a lonesome day

They'll be singin' up in heaven while we're livin' here in hell
Givin' up our liberty and buyin' what they sell
Who's gonna sing the Song of Freedom if freedom goes away?
It's gonna be a lonesome day

When the big boys with the microphones are stuffed and packed a
way
And they're afraid to say the things they normally often say
When the symbol of our freedom life, the eagle flies away
It's gonna be a lonesome day

Lonesome day, lonesome day
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Lonesome