

Crazy Again

Roger Creager

There's a long line of freedom
Passed down in my name
Like rum and rye whiskey
It runs through my veins

The wayfaring soles
Of the sage and the sea
The cowboys, sailors and me

Well, no jail and no woman
Can hold me for long
They'll wake in the morning
And I'll be gone

And some things in this world
Were meant to be free
Like cowboys, sailors and me

Yeah, but I ran off with a circus
Chasing my insanity
There's ports and harbors and oceans
That I've never seen

Hey, but I'm out here doing what I love
So tonight when you're down on your knees
Would you say a prayer for cowboys
And sailors and sad guitar players like me

Now this path that I've chosen
It never seems to end
And I know this highway
Like the back of my hand

So I trade my living
For all these songs that I sing
'Bout cowboys and sailors and me

Yeah, but I ran off with a circus
I'm free as a lone tumbleweed
And there's places and wide open spaces
That I've never seen

Hey, but I'm out here doing what I love
So tonight when you're down on your knees
Would you say a prayer for cowboys
And sailors and sad guitar players like me

'Cause I make my living
Singing songs about women
And cowboys and sailors and me
'Cause I make my living
Singing songs about