

Ride Me Down Easy

Scott Walker

The highway, she's hotter than nine kindsa hell
Rise are as scarce as rain
When you're down to your last chuck, with nothing to tell
An' too far away from the trains

Been a good month's of Sundays in a guitar go
Had a tall drink o' yesterday's wine
Left a long string of friends, some sheeps in the wind
And some satisfied women behind

Hey, ride me down easy, Lord - ride me all down
Leave word in the dust, where I lay
Say I'm easy come, easy go
And easy to love where I stay