

Played Out

Sturgill Simpson

Trails gone cold
And here comes the rain
Been chewin on willow bark
To hold back the pain
Puttin juice n the wound
Lettin' it drain
Holes in my buckskin
Still wet with blood stain
Been pushing too hard
And going insane
Lord don't let this journey
Be all in vain

'Cause I'm played out
Down to my last draw
This biting feeling
Is startin' to gnaw
It's the saddest picture
You ever saw
Played out and riding
Ruff, ragged, and raw

Staying up on the ridge
Tryin to keep the high ground
Shoulder is throbbin
I'm wearin down
Shamrocks head is bobbin
And I don't hear the hound
After five days and nights
Following his sound
Sam done went silent
He's nowhere to be found
Oh wait I see him
Lying there on the ground

Oh he's played out
Thorn stuck and blood raw
Torn plum all to pieces
He's done worn off his paws
Then ol' Sam let out
His last dying bay call
So I dug him a grave
And covered it all