

Faster Horses

Tom T. Hall

He was an old-time cowboy, don't you understand
His eyes were sharp as razor blades
His face was leather tan
His toes were pointed inward from a-hangin' on a horse
He was an old philosopher, of course
He was so thin I swear you could have used him for a whip
He had to drink a beer to keep his britches on his hips
I knew I had to ask him about the mysteries of life
He spit between his boots and he replied,

"Son, it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, more money."

He smiled and all his teeth were covered with tobacco stains
He said, "It don't do men no good to pray for peace and rain.
Peace and rain is just a way to say prosperity,
And buffalo chips is all it means to me."

I told him I was a poet, I was lookin' for the truth
I do not care for horses, whiskey, women or the loot
I said I was a writer, my soul was all on fire
He looked at me and he said, "You are a liar."

"Son, it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, more money."

Well, I was disillusioned, if I say the least
I grabbed him by the collar and I jerked him to his feet
There was something cold and shiny layin' by my head
So I started to believe the things he said

Well, my poet days are over and I'm back to being me
As I enjoy the peace and comfort of reality
If my boy ever asks me what it is that I have learned
I think that I will readily affirm

"Son, it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, more money." (repeat as song fades)