

Glory Road

Warren Haynes

Tonight I'm gonna sleep in a good hotel
A nice warm bed, if all goes well
I've been out in the badlands, twenty one days
Tracking my bounty down

He was only a kid, maybe seventeen
But he traded love away for a streak of mean
Now he's tied to my saddle, with his head hung low
Out on the Glory Road

So all you downtown ladies, won't you
(Dress sense) down
Got some gold in my saddle bags
I'd trade it for a smile
Let have dinner on the devil tonight
Tomorrow there'll be hell to pay
Won't you come along
I'll be riding on
The Glory Road someday

Two men painted painted on a midnight sky
One slung low, the other riding high
I wonder if anybody knows just why
I had to shoot him down

And now I'd lay me down to rest
God bless the boy, my bullet in his chest
But you can't bless me, 'cause I lost my soul
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