

He Sits at My Table

Willie Nelson

He sits at my table, he drinks of my wine
You'd never know he was a kin of mine
He calls me brother and then turns around
He calls me bad news to everyone in town

The fun we used to have gave a warning of our fame
So soon a woman's love turned a brothers love to hate
He sits at my table and he drinks of my wine
Just to be near this woman of mine
Just to be near this woman of mine