

Chris LeDoux, Easy Come, Easy Go

This old highway, she's hotter than nine kinds of hell
And the rides, they're as scarce as the rain
When you're down to your last shuck with nothin' to sell
And you're too far away from the train
It's been a good month of Sundays and a guitar a go
I had a tall drink of yesterday's wine
Left a long string of friends some sheets in the wind
And some satisfied women behind
Hey, won't you ride me down easy?
Lord, ride me on down
Leave word in the dust where I lay
Say I'm easy come, easy go
And I'm easy to love when I stay, when I stay
There's snow on the mountain, raised hell on the hill
I locked horns with the devil himself
I've been a rodeo bum, a son of a gun
And a hobo with stars in his crown
Hey, won't you ride me down easy?
Lord, ride me on down
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