

# Chris LeDoux, The Passenger

It was dark and I was driving down a lonely Texas road  
the night was hot and sleep pulled at my eyes  
I was thinking bout the wild times and the women that I'd had  
The deceitful things I'd done and those lies

When standin' in the shadows at the side of the road  
Stood the figure of a withered old man  
He wore a black bandana a ropin' stetson hat  
With a two inch scarlet hat band

He held his wrinkled hand up as a sign to shut 'er down  
So I pulled over and stopped at his side  
He opened up the door slid in and sat down  
and said my ain't it hot tonight

I studied this old man and it seemed mighty strange  
for him to be out here all alone  
and then he started talking and he told me many things  
of times that both of us had known

He told me of the wild life and the women that he'd known  
How none of them had ever meant a thing  
He told me of a black night much the same as this  
of the strange and awesome things he'd seen  
A man beside the road had raised his hand  
and flagged him down So he stopped and let him in  
That stranger told him stories that I am hearing now  
Bout the wild times and all the sin

And the car got cold and clammy and this old man looked at me  
He said boy I've come here for you  
Your days of wicked sinnin' have come to an end  
As a mortal on this earth you are through

Then his eyes got red and firey as he took his stetson off  
To reveal his evil horns shiney and black  
My god the fear came o'er and my senses were all lost  
I fought with him until we finally crashed

Next day they found the car at the bottom of the draw  
The young cowboy was found beside the wreck  
The car had been consumed by fire  
but the cowboy had no marks  
Except the smokin' pitchfork brand upon his neck