

# Clint Black, The Goodnight-Loving

Ridin' against the wind in east New Mexico  
His skin is dry and worn as the Texas plains  
He's headed where the air is thin and the cold blue northers blow  
Up throw the raton pass but he'll have to beat the early snow.

The winter of '64 was a great many years ago  
When a young man went away for the rebel cause  
And he was branded by the war and the only life he'd know  
Was lookin' over his shoulder saddle bound and layin' low.

Now there's a man on the Goodnight-Loving  
Like too many other men out on the trail  
Who found the hard way when the pushing comes to shoving  
He'd go six feet under before he'd go to jail.

Now there's a place just north of here where they say the outlaws go  
Where a man can leave his name and past behind  
And every now and then you'll hear he's gone the way of the buffalo  
And that he finally made the pass but he didn't beat the early snow.

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