

Guy Clark, Black Haired Boy

He's a black haired boy of some confusion
and he makes no excuse for the things that he's usin'
He's gentle and wild and a child of the mountain
his words are for singing and his days are for countin'

Chorus

And he's looking for a home he's scared to find
some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine
some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine

He's a devil in the morning and a savior at night
tomorrow's a case of whatever's right
Lonesome and high are the things that he feels
and the cards that he plays are the ones that he deals

Chorus

He's one of the chances you're entitled to take
He's one of the hearts that it's too late to break
I've seen him be sad and never know why
seen him fall down to laugh, seen him stand up to cry

Chorus