

Scott Walker, Ride Me Down Easy

The highway, she's hotter than nine kinds a hell
Rise are as scarce as rain
When you're down to your last chuck, with nothing to tell
And; too far away from the trains

Been a good month's of Sundays in a guitar go
Had a tall drink o' yesterday's wine
Left a long string of friends, some sheeps in the wind
And some satisfied women behind

Hey, ride me down easy, Lord - ride me all down
Leave word in the dust, where I lay
Say I'm easy come, easy go
And easy to love where I stay