

# Willie Nelson, Red Headed Stranger

The red-headed stranger from Blue Rock, Montana,  
Rode into town one day.  
And under his knees was a ragin' black stallion,  
And walkin' behind was a bay.  
The red-headed stranger had eyes like the thunder,  
And his lips, they were sad and tight.  
His little lost love lay asleep on the hillside,  
And his heart was heavy as night.  
Don't cross him, don't boss him.  
He's wild in his sorrow:  
He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.  
Don't fight him, don't spite him;  
Just wait till tomorrow,  
Maybe he'll ride on again.

A yellow-haired lady leaned out of her window,  
An' watched as he passed her way.  
She drew back in fear at the sight of the stallion,  
But cast greedy eyes on the bay.  
But how could she know that this dancin' bay pony,  
Meant more to him than life.  
For this was the horse that his little lost darlin',  
Had ridden when she was his wife.

Don't cross him, don't boss him.  
He's wild in his sorrow:  
He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.  
Don't fight him, don't spite him;  
Just wait till tomorrow,  
Maybe he'll ride on again.

The yellow-haired lady came down to the tavern,  
An' looked up the stranger there.  
He bought her a drink, an' he gave her some money,  
He just didn't seem to care.  
She followed him out as he saddled his stallion,  
An' laughed as she grabbed at the bay.  
He shot her so quick, they had no time to warn her,  
She never heard anyone say:

"Don't cross him, don't boss him.  
"He's wild in his sorrow:  
"He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.  
"Don't fight him, don't spite him;  
"Just wait till tomorrow,  
"Maybe he'll ride on again."

The yellow-haired lady was buried at sunset;  
The stranger went free, of course.  
For you can't hang a man for killin' a woman,  
Who's tryin' to steal your horse.  
Tthis is the tale of the red headed stranger,  
And if he should pass your way,  
Stay out of the path of the ragin' black stallion,  
And don't lay a hand on the bay.

Don't cross him, don't boss him.  
He's wild in his sorrow:  
He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.  
Don't fight him, don't spite him;  
Just wait till tomorrow,  
Maybe he'll ride on again.