

# Charlie Daniels Band, Saddle Tramp

Well you pass around the pipe and you all get high  
Never even stop and wonder why  
Maybe it's because you wanna die  
Maybe it's just the way things have to be

You stay up late and drink too damn much whiskey  
You know that sort of thing is kind of risky  
Maybe it's just because you like to feel frisky  
Maybe it's just because you like to feel free

## Saddle Tramp

How many people watch you ridin' by  
Like a thunder cloud that floats  
Across the Arizona sky  
And wonder if they're looking  
At a mighty happy man  
Or just a lonely breeze that drifts  
Across the endless desert sand

Well it's gettin' kinda cold in Readosa  
Abilene ain't gettin' any closer  
One more drink, one more hand of poker  
Cause a fool and his money's  
Gonna have to part

You're too proud to ever show your sorrow  
You don't steal and you won't beg or borrow  
You may be here today but you're gone tomorrow  
There ain't no strings on your boot heels  
Or your heart

## Saddle Tramp

How many people watch you ride away  
Wonder why you never promise  
To come back some day  
Maybe thinking you were holding  
All the pieces in your hand  
Or are they slippin' through your fingers  
Like the endless desert sand

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