

Guy Clark, One Paper Kid

Cowboys and Indians and trees he could climb
Tomorrow came too fast but he didn't mind
Ah the distance was short so light it again
It don't take no time to get where I am
But one paper kid wasn't really so mean
Just a little bit scared and a little bit green
And he'd heard of a place it was legal to dream
So he sat with his coffee in a blue Texas wind
And he wrote on a rock the one paper kid is rolling again

Ah the driver was drunk or he just didn't see
The future was there it'll happen to me
And all the time that he wasted was his once again
Ah it never gets long to get where you've been
The broken hearts scattered all over the past
Old glad memories trying to last
Whiskey and women and growing up fast
Fussing and loving and itching like grass
Hell that one paper kid wasn't really so mean
Just a little bit weird cause times were so lean
Now he's gone to a place where it's legal to dream
No Camels no coffee no cold morning winds
It was wrote on a rock the one paper kid he's rolling again
Ah the one paper kid he's rolling again