

# 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