

Nields, Sweet Holy Grail

William's my friend; he'll never change
he's my friend the outlaw at home on the range
He wears his hair long in a neat ponytail
To prove he's still searching for sweet holy grail
He has wise blood; I hear it travel his veins
His heart beats in Texas all wrapped up in chains
And when he's home he must be what he seems
But when he's with me he plays for the other team

And I've seen him play; everyone's his best friend
Out of sight, out of mind; love letters never sent
And when he's home his dance card is full
But when he's with me he plays by his own rules

William, run home--go wash your face
Run away home; touch every base
Run away home. But, William, don't stay
'Cause, William, I love to watch while you play
And when you're home they won't let you fail
They'll send you off searching for sweet holy grail.