

The Charlie Daniels Band, Saddle Tramp

"Saddle Tramp";

Well you pass around the pipe and you all get high
Never even stop and wonder why
Maybe its because you wanna die
Maybe its 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 its just because you like to feel frisky
Maybe its 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 theyre looking
At a mighty happy man
Or just a lonely breeze that drifts
Across the endless desert sand

Well its gettin kinda cold in Readosa
Abilene aint gettin any closer
One more drink, one more hand of poker
Cause a fool and his moneys
Gonna have to part

Youre too proud to ever show your sorrow
You dont steal and you wont beg or borrow
You may be here today but youre gone tomorrow
There aint 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