

# Tom T. Hall, Faster Horses

He was an old-time cowboy, don't you understand his eyes were sharp as razor blades his face was  
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He was so thin I swear you could have used him for a whip he had to drink a beer to keep his britches

&quot;it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and more money&quot;

He smiled and all his teeth were covered with tobacco stains he said, &quot;it don't do men no good

I told him I was a poet, I was lookin' for the truth I do not care for horses, whiskey, women or the love

&quot;it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and more money&quot;

Well, I was disillusioned, if I say the least I grabbed him by the collar and I jerked him to his feet the

Well, my poet days are over and I'm back to being me as I enjoy the peace and comfort of reality if

&quot;it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and more money&quot; (repeat 2x)