

Waylon Jennings, He Went To Paris

He went to Paris lookin' for answers to questions
That bothered him so
He was impressive, young and aggressive
Savin' the world on his own
Warm summer breezes, French wine and cheeses
Put his ambition at bay
The summers and winters scattered like splinters
And four or five years slipped away

He went to England, played the piano, and married
An actress named Kim
They had a good life, she was a good wife
And bore him a young son named Jim
All of the answers and all of the questions
He locked in his attic one day
'Cause he liked the quiet clean country livin'
And twenty more years slipped away

War took his baby, Bombs killed his lady and left him
With only one eye
His body was battered, his whole world was shattered
All he could do was just cry
While the tears were fallin' he was recallin'
Answers that he never found
So he hopped in a freighter, skidded the ocean
And left England without a sound

Now he lives in the islands, fishes the pilin' and drinks
His Green label each day
Writing his memoirs, losin' his hearin'
But he don't care what most people say
After eighty-six years of perpetual motion
If he likes you he'll smile and say
'Jimmy, some of it's magic, probably tragic,
But i had a good life all the way'

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