Waylon Jennings, To Beat The Devil

It was winter time in Nashville down on Music City Row
I was lookin' for a place to get myself out of the cold
To warm the frozen feelin' that was eatin' at my soul
And keep the chilly winds off my guitar
My thirsty wanted whiskey and my hunger needed beans
But I guess it'd been a month of payday since I heard that eagle scream
So with a stomach full of empty and a pocket full of dreams
I left my pride and stepped inside a bar
Actually I guess you'd call it a tavern
Cigarette smoke to the ceiling sawdust on the floor friendly shadows
I saw that there was just an old man sittin' at the bar
In the mirror I could see him checkin' me and my guitar
He said come up here boy show us what you are I said I'm dry he bought me a beer
He nodded at my guitar said it's a tough life ain't it I just looked at him
And he said you ain't makin' any money are you I said you been readin' my mail
He just smiled and said let me see that guitar
I got somethin' you oughta hear then he laid it on me
If you waste your time a talkin' to the people who don't listen
To the things that you are sayin' who do you thinks gonna hear
And if you should die explainin' how the thing they complain about
Or the things they could be changing who do you thinks gonna care
There were lots of other singers in the world turned deaf and blind
Who were crucified for what they tried to show
Now their voices have been scattered by the swirling winds of time
And the truth remains that no one wants to know
Well the old man was a stranger but I'd've heard his song before
Back when failure had me locked out on the wrong side of the door
No one stood behind me but my shadow on the floor
And lonesome was more than a state of mind
You see the devil haunts a hungry man
And if you don't wanna join him well he's gotta figure out someway to beat him
And I ain't sayin' I beat the devil but I drink his beer for nothin'
And then I stole his song
You can still hear me singin' to the people who don't listen
To the things that I am sayin' prayin' someone's gonna hear
And I guess I'll die explaining how the things that they complain about
Are things they could be changin' hopin' someone's gonna care
I was born to be a singer and I'm bound to die the same
But I've got to feed this hunger in my soul
If I never have a nickel I won't even die in shame
Cause I don't believe that no one wants to know