

Willie Nelson, Crazy Old Solider

I've had fame and fortune
Women come knock on my door
I've live to the limit maybe a little bit more
There are so many stories of how I got out of control
Some say it's a woman
Some say it's my trouble soul
I'm like a crazy old solider
fightin' a war on my own
Just me and the whiskey
And the bottles are ten thousand strong
You'd think I'd give up
as many times as I've been hit
But like a crazy old soldier
I just don't know when to quit

Barrooms and bedrooms
Are just faces and places and names
Once for the pleasure
And Lord knows once for the pain
I've tried to forget her
And all of the things that we've done
But as long as there are memories
I'll never hang up my gun

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