

# Willie Nelson, Slow Movin' Outlaw

All your stations are being torn down a high flying trains no longer roar  
The floors're all sagging with boards at a suffering from not being used anymore  
Things're all changing the world's rearranging a time that will soon be no more  
Where has a slow movin' once quickdraw outlaw got to go  
The whiskey that once settled the dust tasted so fine now taste so faint  
And the mem'ries that once floated out come back stronger  
And more clearly with each drink you take  
And the women who warmed you once thought so pretty now look haggard and old  
So where has a slow movin' once quickdraw outlaw got to go  
( guitar )  
This land where I travel once fashion with beauty now stands with scars on her face  
The wide open spaces are closin' in quickly from the ways of the whole human race  
And it's not that I blame them for claming her bounty  
I just wish they're takin' her slow  
Cause where has a slow movin' once quick draw outlaw got to go  
Tell me where has a slow movin' once quick draw outlaw got to go