

Willie Nelson, Tougher Than Leather

He was Tougher Than Leather,
And he didn't care whether,
The sun shined or not.
When a young kid from Cow Town,
Wanted a showdown,
And he was careless or just maybe forgot.

But he died in the gunfight,
Blinded by sunlight:
Never draw when you're facin' the sun.
And old Tougher Than Leather,
Just carved one more notch on his gun.

And when he turned to go,
The beautiful maiden knelt down,
Where her dead sweetheart lay.
And on his breast, placed a rose,
While the townspeople stared in dismay.

And old Tougher Than Leather,
Should've known better,
But he picked up the rose in his hand.
And the townspeople froze,
When his hands crushed the rose,
And the rose petals fell in the sand.

And old Tougher Than Leather,
Was a full-time go-getter.
The grass never grew beneath his feet.
From one town to another,
He would ride like the wind,
But his mind kept going back to the street.

Where a young cowboy died,
And a young maiden cried,
And rose petals fell in the sand.
And his heart had been softened,
By the beautiful maid,
And he knew he must see her again.

Well he went back to the town,
Where it all had come down,
And he searched but his search was in vain.
He had wanted to find her,
And say he was sorry,
For causing her heart so much pain.

But one night he died,
From a poison inside,
Brought on by the wrong he had done.
And old Tougher Than Leather,
Had carved his last notch on his gun.

Well he was burried in Cow Town,
Along about sundown,
Lookin' good in his new store-bought clothes.
When the young maiden came over,
And knelt down beside him,
And on his lapel placed a rose.

There's a bird in the sky,
Flying high, flying high,
To a place from a place,
Changing skies, changing skies.

