

Willie Nelson, Two Old Sidewinders

You load the horses, I'll pack the rigger.
Let's tell 'em goodbye and walk out the door.
One kiss and one drink can lead to too many.
We ought to know 'cos we been there before.

Eight hours of ridin' will put us in Houston.
Two hours of sleep to make it or bust.
Eight seconds of glory, you stay in the money,
And five year old whiskey to wash down the dust.

That ain't no hill for a couple of climbers:
That's all we ever intended to be.
That ain't no hill for a couple of climbers:
Two old sidewinders like you and me.

Let's find us a place and a couple of ladies.
Someone to lie to, someone to trust.
Someone who's impressed by a couple of outlaws.
Who's gold plated trophies have turned into rust.

Now we're damned near broke, and we keep buyin' whiskey.
Do you think they might settle for a bottle of wine?
Well those two over there, right there by the jukebox.
Yours don't look back, Hoss, but just look at mine.

That ain't no hill for a couple of climbers:
That's all we ever intended to be.
That ain't no hill for a couple of climbers:

Two old sidewinders like you and me.