

Saddle Tramp

Charlie Daniels

Well you pass around the pipe and you all get high
Never even stop and wonder why
Maybe it's because you wanna die
Maybe it's just the way things have to be

You stay up late and drink too damn much whiskey
You know that sort of thing is kind of risky
Maybe it's just because you like to feel frisky
Maybe it's just because you like to feel free

Saddle Tramp
How many people watch you ridin' by
Like a thunder cloud that floats
Across the Arizona sky
And wonder if they're looking
At a mighty happy man
Or just a lonely breeze that drifts
Across the endless desert sand

Well it's gettin' kinda cold in Ruidoso
Abilene ain't gettin' any closer
One more drink, one more hand of poker
'Cause a fool and his money's
Gonna have to part

You're too proud to ever show your sorrow
You don't steal and you won't beg or borrow
You may be here today but you're gone tomorrow
There ain't no strings on your boot heels
Or your heart

Saddle Tramp
How many people watch you ride away
Wonder why you never promise
To come back some day
Maybe thinking you were holding
All the pieces in your hand
Or are they slippin' through your fingers
Like the endless desert sand

1976 Hat Band Music
International Copyright Secured
All rights reserved