

The Goodnight-Loving

Clint Black

Ridin' against the wind in East New Mexico
His skin is dry and worn as the Texas plains
He's headed where the air is thin and the cold blue norther
s blow
Up through the Raton Pass but he'll have to beat the early snow
The winter of '64 was a great many years ago
When a young man went away for the rebel cause
And he was branded by the war and the only life he'd know
Was lookin' over his shoulder saddle bound and layin' low
Now there's a man on the goodnight-loving
Like too many other men out on the trail
Who found the hard way when the pushing comes to shoving
He'd go six feet under before he'd go to jail
Now there's a place just north of here where they say the outla
ws go
Where a man can leave his name and past behind
And every now and then you'll hear, he's gone the way of the bu
ffalo
And that he finally made the pass but he didn't beat the early
snow
Now there's a man on the goodnight-loving
Like too many other men out on the trail
Who found the hard way when the pushing comes to shoving
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