

Canteen Of Water

David Allan Coe

He carries his ids
And his books bound in leather
And a change of clothing
And a picture of anna when she was younger
Lest he forget her.
And in among his papers
Is a list of all the people he knew
And many sent letters
Telling someone that he'd be there
Sometime soon.
Hey stranger! Aren't you the tiredness that remains
When you think freedom cant be measured
By the scuffles on your boots?
Hey hey hey

Now he dreams of anna a life in the time they were together
He was hard and she was supple
Where they lived out in the country
She thought gentle
Like his hands upon her body
And when anna felt the cooling wind
David felt the need to be blown down
And when anna felt the cleansing rain
David fought the fear that he might drown
Hey stranger! And now you wonder through the country
That you hope is much less frightening
When its quicker passing by
Hey hey hey

Now in southern arizona
At the last chance diner counter
Being questioned by the waitress
He prepares for the desert
With his freedom
And a canteen of water