

A Backstage Pass

Johnny Cash

Hello, I'm Johnny Cash
One night I had a backstage pass
To a Willie Nelson show

There were wackoes and weirdoes and dingbats and dodoes
And athletes and movie stars and David Allan Coe
There was leather and lace and every minority race
With a backstage pass to the Willie Nelson show

Kristofferson got an offer for a movie
Promoters closed another deal or two
Waylon got a call from his son Shooter
And he went home the minute he was through

I moved with the mob at intermission
To the green room where you see who you can see
There were has-been's and would-be's and never-were's
Paupers, punks and millionaires and me

And there were wackoes and weirdoes and dingbats and dodoes
And athletes and movie stars and David Allan Coe
There was leather and lace and every minority race
With a backstage pass to the Willie Nelson show

Hell's Angels blocked the traffic to the building
In order for the beer truck to come through
And waitin' in the wings to sing with Willie
Were hopeful stars of flickering magnitude

There was a singer Willie knew back in the fifties
Who once paid him fifty dollars for a song
There were women who once did and some who still would
I heard one ask, "Did Connie come along?"

And there were wackoes and weirdoes and dingbats and dodoes
And athletes and movie stars and David Allan Coe
Leather and lace and every minority race
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I wish, you could've been there
But maybe you were