

## Fighter

Kris Kristofferson

I seen an old fighter, tired and in trouble  
Who just couldn't take anymore  
Somethin' inside him kept fighting to finish  
With only his feet on the floor-yeah  
Lord, I know that it's worth any price you could pay  
To see truth in whatever disguise  
But I'd payed double for one look of pleasure  
A piece of relief in his eyes.

Ain't that clown, laughin' like crazy  
Ain't his eyes empty and deep  
Don't he sound sad as a baby  
When she cries out in her sleep

We measured the space between Waylon and Willie  
And Willie and Waylon and me  
But there wasn't nothin' like Billy Jo Shaver  
What Billy Jo Shaver should be-no  
When he showed up sick later all bit by a spider  
And crazy to look in the eye  
He put on a show that was sad as it should of been  
And nobody even knew why

Ain't that clown laughin' like crazy  
Ain't his eyes empty and deep  
Don't he sound sad as a baby  
When she cries out in her sleep