

The Poet

Ryan Bingham

And as I get long gone
Out where the wind blows
The desert sky, she flies by for miles

And as I keep walkin'
People keep a-talkin'
About things they've never seen or done

Homeless sleep in the park
Sweet hearts kiss in the dark
I myself just move on through town

Moon keeps on shinin'
And the rich keep on dinin'
And, oh, how I love the highway sun

And out to the back
The poet writes his songs in blood

Where the coyotes are callin'
Stars keep on fallin'
Your mother, she won't be around

A feather blows down the road
And the wind is cold, your wings are broke
And your heart is livin' on the run

Lonely and wasted
Her eyes replaced it
And I don't think I'll make another mile

Town to town I run
My horse ain't too drunk
The wind is singin' to the sun

And out to the back
The poet writes his songs in blood

But the jukebox is barkin'
I'm just gettin' started
I've yet to see the light of day

Senoritas lose it
To the Mariachi music
'Cause New York is too far away

And the band keeps on playin'
With beer bottles breakin'
And the barmaid, I heard she pulled the gun

Poet takes a pistol
Points it at this sister
Says, "Honey, your day is done"

And out to the back
The poet writes his song in blood
Out to the back

The poet writes his song in blood