

# 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