

Grapes on the Vine

Waylon Jennings

There are songs that birds don't sing to people
There are secrets that keep right through to the end
There are heroes who hide until forever
And I'm singing this song for one of them

He's the man that you passed on the road there
The one with his life on the loose
Going either somewhere or nowhere
Going without me, without you

For he is this world's constant orphan
Traveling out his lone time
Living on apples from orchards
Dying from grapes on the vine

You can find him in big city winters
Down where the mission bell cries
And sorrow echoes through summer
As he tries to close all his eyes

You can find him in Pittsburgh in Christmas
You can find him in Buffalo in June
And he knows all the backroads between them
Like the gypsy knows the moon

And it's route 22 all over again
Stick your thumb out and try to look like somebody's friend
Look strong at the man, gentle at the girl
And puzzled at the rest of the world

Living on apples from orchards
Dying from grapes on the vine