

## 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