

Out Among the Stars

Waylon Jennings

It's midnight at a liquor store in Texas
I's closin' time another day is done
When a boy walks in the door and points a pistol
Me can't find a job but Lord he's found a gun.

He pulls it off with no trace of confrontation
They let the ol' man run out in the street
Even though he knows they'll come with guns a blazin'
And already he can feel that great relief.

Oh, how many travelers get weary
Bearing both their burdens and their scars
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining
And fly like eagles out among the stars.

He pictures the arrival of the cruisers
Sees that old familiar anger in their eyes
He knows that when they're shootin' at this loser
The'll be aiming at the demons in their lives.

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Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining
And fly like eagles out among the stars.

Evening news it carries all the details
He dies in every living room in town
In his own a bottle's thrown in anger
And his father cries we'll never live this down.

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Fly like eagles out among the stars...