

## Ride Me Down Easy

Waylon Jennings

This highway she's harder than nine kinds of hell  
Light there it scares as the rain  
When you're down to your last shop with nothing to sell  
And too far away from the train.

It's been a good month of Sundays and a guitar to go  
Had a tall drink of yesterday's wine  
Left a lot of good friends some sheeps in the wind  
And satisfied women behind.

Ride me down easy Lord, ride me on down  
Leave word in the dust where I lay  
Say I'm easy, come easy go  
And easy to love when I stay.

Put snow on the mountain, raise hell on the hill  
Lock horns with the devil himself  
Then the rodeo bum, a son of a gun  
And a hobo with stars in his crown.

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