

## Beer For My Horses

Willie Nelson

Well a man come on the 6 oclock news  
Said somebodys been shot, somebodys been abused  
Somebody blew up a building  
Somebody stole a car  
Somebody got away  
Somebody didnt get too far yeah  
They didnt get too far

Grandpappy told my pappy, back in my day, son  
A man had to answer for the wicked that he done  
Take all the rope in Texas  
Find a tall oak tree, round up all of them bad boys  
Hang them high in the street for all the people to see that

Justice is the one thing you should always find  
You got to saddle up your boys  
You got to draw a hard line  
When the gun smoke settles well sing a victory tune  
Well all meet back at the local saloon  
Well raise up our glasses against evil forces  
Singing whiskey for my men, beer for my horses

We got too many gangsters doing dirty deeds  
Weve got too much corruption, too much crime in the streets  
Its time the long arm of the law put a few more in the ground  
Send em all to their maker and hell settle em down  
You can bet hell set em down cause

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