

# Last Stand in Open Country

Willie Nelson

I was looking for America, in a western movie  
Saw a young gun slinger with something to prove  
And I came lookin'...like anybody else  
I came searchin'...like anybody else  
Lookin' for that golden calf

And I came shooting for the stars, like any young blood  
I found a fat cat city and crooked judge  
I killed anything standing in my path  
I killed anything till I laid my hands  
Laid' em on the golden calf

Now it's our last sand in open country  
This is my last chance to be with you  
This is the last dance for this kind of man  
I'm still lookin' for something to prove

I come around full circle, aged like an old dog  
Lookin' at them young bucks just green as frogs  
But I ain't layin' back no time to laugh  
I ain't layin' back  
There's new kids a comin' gunning for that golden calf

I was was looking for America in a western movie  
I saw pike bishop stridin' through aqua verde  
He was headin down that dusty path  
Headin down that blood path  
Runnin from his crooked past  
He's lookin for another life  
Sick of chasin' down that golden calf

Now it's our last sand in open country  
This is my last chance to be with you  
This is the last dance for this kind of man  
I'm still lookin' for something to prove

But there's always someone faster  
Someone quicker on the draw  
Someone with a hunger closin' in  
Some younger steppin' up to be  
The next out law

Now it's our last sand in open country  
This is my last chance to be with you  
This is the last dance for this kind of man  
I'm still lookin' for something to prove

Oh I'm still looking for something to prove  
This is our last stand...  
This is our last stand...  
This is our last stand...  
This is our last stand...