

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...