

# Mendocino County Line

Willie Nelson

We counted the stars on the fourth of July,  
Wishin' we were rockets burstin into the sky.  
Talkin' about the redemption...leavin' things behind,  
As the sun sank west of the Mendocino county line.

As fierce as Monday mornin' feelin' washed away  
I orchestrated paradise but couldn't make you stay.  
You dance with horses, through the sands of time  
As the sun sinks west of the Mendocino county line.

I have these pictures and I keep these photographs  
To remind me of a time. These pictures and these photographs  
Let me know I'm doing fine. I used to make you happy once  
Upon a time but the sun sank west of the Mendocino county line.

The two of us together, felt nothing but right  
Feelin' near immortal every Friday night.  
Lost in our convictions, lips stained with wine  
As the sun sank west of the Mendocino county line.

I don't talk to you too much these days  
I just thank the Lord pictures don't fade  
I spent with an angel just passing through  
Now all that's left is this image of you.

We counted the stars on the fourth of July,  
Wishin' we were rockets burstin into the sky.  
Talkin' about the redemption...leavin' things behind

I have these...  
...But the sun sank west of the Mendocino county line,  
Mendocino county line, oh the Mendocino county line.