

# Glory Road

Warren Haynes

Tonight I'm gonna sleep in a good hotel  
A nice warm bed, if all goes well  
I've been out in the badlands, twenty one days  
Tracking my bounty down

He was only a kid, maybe seventeen  
But he traded love away for a streak of mean  
Now he's tied to my saddle, with his head hung low  
Out on the Glory Road

So all you downtown ladies, won't you  
(Dress sense) down  
Got some gold in my saddle bags  
I'd trade it for a smile  
Let have dinner on the devil tonight  
Tomorrow there'll be hell to pay  
Won't you come along  
I'll be riding on  
The Glory Road someday

Two men painted painted on a midnight sky  
One slung low, the other riding high  
I wonder if anybody knows just why  
I had to shoot him down

And now I'd lay me down to rest  
God bless the boy, my bullet in his chest  
But you can't bless me, 'cause I lost my soul  
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