

Ride Me Down Easy

Waylon Jennings

This highway she's harder than nine kinds of hell
Light there it scares as the rain
When you're down to your last shop with nothing to sell
And too far away from the train.

It's been a good month of Sundays and a guitar to go
Had a tall drink of yesterday's wine
Left a lot of good friends some sheeps in the wind
And satisfied women behind.

Ride me down easy Lord, ride me on down
Leave word in the dust where I lay
Say I'm easy, come easy go
And easy to love when I stay.

Put snow on the mountain, raise hell on the hill
Lock horns with the devil himself
Then the rodeo bum, a son of a gun
And a hobo with stars in his crown.

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