



goodnight-loving trail

(utah phillips)

arr. buck ramsey

rolling uphill from texas

too old to wrangle or ride on the swing
you bang the triangle you cuss everything
if dirt was a kingdom then you'd be the king
on the goodnight trail loving trail

our old woman's lonesome tonight
your french harp moans like a lone bawlin' calf
it's a wonder the wind don't tear off your skin
get in there and flow out the light

with your snake oil and herbs and your liniment too
you can do anything that a doctor can do
except find a cure for your own goddang stew
on the goodnight trail loving trail

chorus

well the campfire is out and coffee's all gone
us boys are all up and we're raisin' the dawn
you're still sittin' there all lost in a song
on the goodnight trail loving trail

chorus

yeah i know someday i'll be just the same
wearin' an apron instead of a name
no one can help it no one to blame
on the goodnight trail loving trail

chorus