

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Ride me down easy

(So won't you)
Ride me down easy, lord, ride me on down
Leave word in the dust where I lay
Say I'm easy to come, easy to go
I'm easy to love when I say

This old highway she's hotter than nine kind of hell
The rides, they're as scare as the rain
When you're down to your last shuck with nothing to sell
And too far away from the trains

It's been oh good month of sunday and a guitar ago
Had a tall drink of yesterday's wine
Left a long string of friends
Some sheets in the wind and some satisfied women behind

* Refrain

Put snow on the mountain
Raised hell on the hill
Locked horns with the devil himself
Been a rodeo bum, a son of the gun
And a hobo with stars in his crown

* Refrain