

# Black Haired Boy

[Guy Clark](#)

But he's a black haired boy of some confusion  
He makes no excuse for the things that he's usin'  
And he's gentle and wild, a child of the mountain  
His words are for singing and his days are for countin' He's looking for a home, he's scared to find  
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine  
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine But he's a devil in the morning and a savior at night  
Tomorrow's a case of whatever is right  
Lonesome and high are the things that he feels  
And the cards that he plays are the ones that he deals He's looking for a home, he's scared to find  
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine  
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine But he's one of the chances you're entitled to take  
He's one of the hearts that it's too late to break  
I've seen him be sad and never know why  
Seen him fall down to laugh, seen him stand up to cry He's looking for a home, he's scared to find  
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine  
Some lady beside him and he's drunk on white wine He's looking for a home, he's scared to find  
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