Blue Rock Montana / Red Headed Stranger

Willie Nelson

Well he rode into Blue Rock dusty and tired and he got him a room for the night
he lay there in silence with too much on his mind still hoping that he was not right
He found them that evening in a tavern in town in a quiet little out of the way place
And they smile at each other when he walked through the door
And they died with their smiles on their faces
They died with their smiles on their face
Don't boss him don't cross him he's wild in his sorrow he's ridin' and hidin' his pain
Don't fight him don't spite him let's wait till tomorrow maybe he'll ride on again

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