

# Saddle Tramp

## Charlie Daniels Band

Well you pass around the pipe and you all get high  
You never even stop and wonder why  
Maybe it's because you wanna die  
Maybe it's just the way things have to be Well you stay up late and you drink too damn much whiskey  
You know that sort of thing is kind of risky  
Maybe it's just because you like to feel frisky  
Maybe it's just because you like to feel free Saddle tramp, how many people watch you ridin' by?  
Like a thunder cloud that floats across the Arizona sky  
And wonder if they're lookin' at a mighty happy man  
Or just a lonely breeze that drifts across the endless desert sand Well it's gettin' kinda cold in Readosa  
Abilene ain't gettin' any closer  
One more drink, one more hand of poker  
'Cause a fool and his money's gonna have to part You're too proud to ever show your sorrow  
You don't steal and you won't beg or borrow  
You may be here today but you're gone tomorrow  
There ain't no strings on your boot heels or your heart Saddle tramp, how many people watch you ride away?  
Wonder why you never promise to come back some day  
Maybe thinkin' you were holdin' all the pieces in your hand  
Or are they slippin' through your fingers like the endless desert sand?

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