

Ride Me Down Easy

David Allan Coe

This old highway she's hotter than nine kinds of hell
The rides they is scarce as the rain
When you're down to your last shuck with nothing to sell
And too far away from the train
Been a good month of Sunday's and a guitar ago
I had a tall drink of yesterday's wine
Left a long string of friends, some sheets in the wind
And some satisfied women behind

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 come, easy go
And easy to love when I stay
I've put snow on the mountain, raised hell on the hill
Locked horns with the devil himself
Been a rodeo bum, a son of a gun
And a hobo with stars in his crown

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