

# Out Among The Stars

Waylon Jennings

It's midnight at a liquor store in Texas  
I's closin' time another day is done  
When a boy walks in the door and points a pistol  
Me can't find a job but Lord he's found a gun.

He pulls it off with no trace of confrontation  
They let the ol' man run out in the street  
Even though he knows they'll come with guns a blazin'  
And already he can feel that great relief.

Oh, how many travelers get weary  
Bearing both their burdens and their scars  
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining  
And fly like eagles out among the stars.

He pictures the arrival of the cruisers  
Sees that old familiar anger in their eyes  
He knows that when they're shootin' at this loser  
The'll be aiming at the demons in their lives.

Oh, how many travelers get weary  
Bearing both their burdens and their scars  
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining  
And fly like eagles out among the stars.

Evening news it carries all the details  
He dies in every living room in town  
In his own a bottle's thrown in anger  
And his father cries we'll never live this down.

Oh, how many travelers get weary  
Bearing both their burdens and their scars  
Don't you think they'd love to stop complaining  
And fly like eagles out among the stars.

Fly like eagles out among the stars

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