

The Songwriters

Willie Nelson

The Songwriters
We get to break out of prison
Make love to our best friend's wife
Have a beer for breakfast in Boston
Drink rum in Jamaica that nite
We get to tell all our secrets
In a code no one understands
We get to shoot all the bad guys
And never get blood on our hands
We're evils, we're schemers
We're drunks and we're dreamers
We're lovers and sometimes we're fighters
We're students, we're teachers
We're the devil, we're preachers
We're true love but mostly one-nighters
We're the songwriters.
Half the world thinks we're crazy
The other half wants to be us
And they're jealous 'cause we get to hang out
In the back of some big star's tour bus
We're old boots and T-shirts and blue jeans
We're cables and strings and e-cords
We only dress up in November
When they hand out some writer's award.
*We're evils, we're schemers
We're drunks and we're dreamers
We're lovers and sometimes we're fighters
We're the truth, we're the lies
We're stupid, we're wise
We're true love but mostly one-nighters
We're the songwriters.
*We ride bridges, we cross 'em and burn 'em
Teach lessons but don't bother to learn 'em
Our mamas don't know what we're doing
Why we stay out all nite long
I told mine I was a drug dealer
She said: Thank God, you ain't writing songs.
Repeat *.....*We're the songwriters....

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