

# Ride Me Down Easy

[Bobby Bare](#)

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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