

# Faster Horses (The Cowboy and the Poet)

## Tom T. Hall

He was an old time cowboy  
Don't you understand  
His eyes were sharp as razor blades  
His face was leather tanned His toes were pointed inward  
From a hangin' on a horse  
He was an old  
Philosopher of course He was so thin I swear  
You could have used him for a whip  
He had to drink a beer  
To keep his breeches on his hips I knew I had to ask him  
About the mysteries of life  
He spat between his boots  
And he replied "It's faster horses  
Younger women  
Older whiskey  
More money" He smiled and all his teeth  
Were covered with tobacco stains  
He said, "It don't do men no good  
To pray for peace and rain" "Peace and rain is just  
A way to say prosperity  
And buffalo chips is all  
That means to me" I told him I was a poet  
I was lookin' for the truth  
I do not care for horses  
Whiskey women or the loot I said I was a writer  
My soul was all on fire  
He looked at me  
And he said you are a liar "Son, it's faster horses  
Younger women  
Older whiskey  
More money" Well, I was disillusioned  
If I say the least  
I grabbed him by the collar  
And I jerked him to his feet There was somethin' cold  
And shiny laying by my head  
So I started to believe  
The things he said Well, my poet days're over  
And I'm back to bein' me  
As I enjoy the peace a

And comfort of reality  
If my boy ever asks me  
    What it is that I have learned  
        I think that  
    I will readily affirm "Son, it's faster horses  
        Younger women  
        Older whiskey  
    More money "Faster horses  
        Younger women  
        Older whiskey  
    More money Faster horses  
        Younger women  
        Older whiskey  
    More money It's faster horses  
        Younger women  
        Older whiskey  
        More money

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