

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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