A Backstage Pass

Johnny Cash

Hello, I'm Johnny Cash
One night I had a backstage pass
To a Willie Nelson showThere were wackoes and weirdoes and dingbats and dodoes
And athletes and movie stars and David Allan Coe
There was leather and lace and every minority race
With a backstage pass to the Willie Nelson showKristofferson got an offer for a movie
Promoters closed another deal or two
Waylon got a call from his son Shooter
And he went home the minute he was throughI moved with the mob at intermission
To the green room where you see who you can see
There were has-been's and would-be's and never-were's
Paupers, punks and millionaires and meAnd there were wackoes and weirdoes and dingbats and dodoes
And athletes and movie stars and David Allan Coe
There was leather and lace and every minority race
With a backstage pass to the Willie Nelson showHell's Angels blocked the traffic to the building
In order for the beer truck to come through
And waitin' in the wings to sing with Willie
Were hopeful stars of flickering magnitudeThere was a singer Willie knew back in the fifties
Who once paid him fifty dollars for a song
There were women who once did and some who still would
I heard one ask, "Did Connie come along?"And there were wackoes and weirdoes and dingbats and dodoes
And athletes and movie stars and David Allan Coe
Leather and lace and every minority race
With a backstage pass to the Willie Nelson showI wish, you could've been there
But maybe you were

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