

# Sin Nombre

## The Refreshments

Road hard and I put up wet, been down but I can't get up yet  
It's a long ride back to the way I want to feel  
Sun down across the plain, I've bee sore before I'll be sore again  
No place to hide to keep from runnin'  
Laid down in the cotton wood hollow though I left a trail that no man could follow,  
Is it safe to rest my head again till morning  
Cracked throat, my canteen's dry  
Rain won't fall from an empty sky, so I whisper Hail Marys till the sun comes upNow don't tell me that part of  
the story when the cowboy falls in love  
When he traded in his pistol and his saddle and the stars above  
When the candles burnin' down, when midnight comes around  
Know the best that we could hope for is to be laughin' when we finally hit the groundRoad hard come down  
tired, strip from the saddle when the rifle fired,  
Deep in dreams of women and clean water  
Well I did before what I'll do again  
So forgive me father if I have sinned, but the old wood cracks before it bendsNow don't tell me that part of the  
story when the cowboy falls in love  
When he traded in his pistol and his saddle and the stars above  
When the candles burnin' down, when midnight comes around  
Know the best that we could hope for is to be laughin' when we finally hit the ground

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