

Goodnight Loving

Clint Black

Ridin' against the wind in East New Mexico
His skin is dry and worn as the Texas plains
He's headed where the air is thin and the cold blue northers blow
Up through the Raton Pass but he'll have to beat the early snow

The winter of '64 was a great many years ago
When a young man went away for the rebel cause
And he was branded by the war and the only life he'd know
Was lookin' over his shoulder saddle bound and layin' low

Now there's a man on the goodnight-loving
Like too many other men out on the trail
Who found the hard way when the pushing comes to shoving
He'd go six feet under before he'd go to jail

Now there's a place just north of here where they say the outlaws go
Where a man can leave his name and past behind
And every now and then you'll hear, he's gone the way of the buffalo
And that he finally made the pass but he didn't beat the early snow

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