

# Two Old Sidewinders

Waylon Jennings

You load the horses I'll pack the rigger  
Let's tell 'em goodbye and walk out the door  
One drink and one kiss can lead to too many  
We ought to know cause we been there before  
Eight hours of ridin' will put us in Houston  
Two hours of sleep to make it or bust  
Eight seconds of glory you stay in the money  
And five year old whiskey to wash down the dust  
That ain't no hill for a couple of climbers  
That's all we ever intended to be  
That ain't no hill for a couple of climbers  
Two old sidewinders like you and me  
Let's find us a place and a couple of ladies  
Someone to lie to someone to trust  
Someone who's impressed by a couple of outlaws  
Who's gold plated trophies have turned into rust  
Now we're damned near broke and we keep buyin' whiskey  
Do you think they might settle for a bottle of wine  
Well those two over there right there by the jukebox  
Yours don't look back hoss but just look at mine  
That ain't no hill for a couple of climbers...

Songwriters

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