

**WILLIE NELSON'S  
LETTERS TO AMERICA**

*Willie Nelson*

**with Turk Pipkin**

**A PDF COMPANION TO THE AUDIOBOOK**

*Willie Nelson's Letters to America*

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# WHO'LL BUY MY MEMORIES?

*by Willie Nelson*

*A past that's sprinkled with the blues  
A few old dreams that I can't use  
Who'll buy my mem'ries  
Of things that used to be*

*There were the smiles before the tears  
And with the smiles some better years  
Who'll buy my mem'ries  
Of things that used to be*

*When I remember how things were  
My memories all leave with her  
I'd like to start my life anew  
But memories just make me blue*

*A cottage small just built for two  
A garden wall with violets blue  
Who'll buy my mem'ries  
Of things that used to be*



## THREE DAYS

*by Willie Nelson*

*Three days that I dread to see arrive  
Three days that I hate to be alive  
Three days filled with tears and sorrow  
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow*

*There are three days I know that I'll be blue  
Three days that I'll always dream of you  
And it does no good to wish these days would end  
'Cause the same three days start over again*

*Three days that I dread to be alive  
Three days that I hate to see arrive  
Three days filled with tears and sorrow  
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow*

*There are three days I know that I'll be blue  
Three days that I'll always dream of you  
And it does no good to wish these days would end  
'Cause the same three days start over again*

*Three days that I dread to see arrive  
Three days that I hate to be alive  
Three days filled with tears and sorrow  
Yesterday, today, and tomorrow*





# **FAMILY BIBLE**

*by Willie Nelson*

*There's a family Bible on the table  
Its pages worn and hard to read  
But the family Bible on the table  
Will ever be my key to memories*

*At the end of day when work was over  
And when the evening meal was done  
Dad would read to us from the family Bible  
And we'd count our many blessings one by one*

*I can see us sittin' round the table  
When from the family Bible Dad would read  
And I can hear my mother softly singing  
Rock of ages, rock of ages cleft for me*

*Now this old world of ours is full of trouble  
This old world would also better be  
If we'd find more Bibles on the tables  
And mothers singing rock of ages cleft for me*

*I can see us sittin' round the table  
When from the family Bible Dad would read  
And I can hear my mother softly singing  
Rock of ages, rock of ages cleft for me*



# HEALING HANDS OF TIME

*by Willie Nelson*

*They're working while I'm missing you  
Those healing hands of time  
And soon they'll be dismissing you  
From this heart of mine*

*They'll lead me safely through the night  
And I'll follow as though blind  
My future tightly clutched within  
Those healing hands of time*

*They let me close my eyes just then  
Those healing hands of time  
And soon they'll let me sleep again  
Those healing hands of time*

*So already I've reached mountain peaks  
And I've just begun to climb  
I'll get over you by clinging to  
Those healing hands of time*

*I'll get over you by clinging to  
Those healing hands of time*



# TEXAS

*by Willie Nelson*

*Listen to my song  
And if you want to sing along  
It's about where I belong  
Texas*

*Sometimes far into the night  
And until the morning light  
I pray with all my might  
To be in Texas*

*It's where I want to be  
The only place for me  
Where my spirit can be free  
Texas*

*It's where I want to be  
The only place for me  
Where my spirit can be free  
Texas*

*Listen to my song  
And if you want to sing along  
It's about where I belong  
Texas*



# THE SONGWRITERS

*by Willie Nelson*

*We get to break out of prison  
Make love to our best friend's wife  
Have a beer for breakfast in Boston  
Drink rum in Jamaica that night*

*We get to tell all our secrets  
In a code no one understands  
We get to shoot all the bad guys  
But never get blood on our hands*

*We're heroes, we're schemers  
We're drunks and we're dreamers  
We're lovers and sometimes we're fighters  
We're students, we're teachers  
We're the devil, we're preachers  
We're true love but mostly one nighters  
We're the songwriters*

*Half the world thinks we're crazy  
The other half wants to be us  
And they're jealous because we get to hang out  
In the back of some big star's tour bus*

*We're old boots and tee shirts and blue jeans  
We're cables and strings and E chords  
We only dress up in November  
When they hand out some writers awards*

*We're heroes, we're schemers  
We're drunks and we're dreamers  
We're lovers and sometimes we're fighters  
We're the truth, we're the lies  
We're stupid, we're wise  
We're true love but mostly one nighters  
We're the songwriters*

*We ride bridges, we cross 'em and burn 'em  
Teach lessons but don't bother to learn 'em  
Our mamas don't know what we're doing  
Why we stay out all night long  
I told mine I was a drug dealer  
She said thank God you ain't writin' songs*

*We're heroes, we're schemers  
We're drunks and we're dreamers  
We're lovers and sometimes we're fighters  
We're the truth, we're the lies  
We're stupid, we're wise  
We're true love but mostly one nighters  
We're the songwriters  
We're the songwriters*





# WRITE YOUR OWN SONGS

*by Willie Nelson*

*You're callin' us heathens with zero respect for the law  
But we're only songwriters just writing  
our songs and that's all  
We live what we live  
and we live what we write—is that wrong?  
If you think it is, Mr. Music Executive,  
Why don't you write your own songs?*

*An' don't listen to mine, they might run you crazy  
They might make you dwell on your  
feelings a moment too long  
We're making you rich and you're already lazy  
So just lay on your ass and get richer or write your own songs*

*Mr. Purified Country don't you know  
what the whole thing's about?  
Is your head up your ass so far that you can't pull it out?  
The world's getting smaller and everyone in it belongs  
And if you can't see that Mr. Purified Country  
Why don't you just write your own songs?*

*And don't listen to mine, they might run you crazy  
They might make you dwell on your  
feelings a moment too long  
We're making you rich and you're already lazy  
So just lay on your ass and get richer or write your own songs*





# FUNNY HOW TIME SLIPS AWAY

*by Willie Nelson*

*Well, hello there  
My, it's been a long, long time  
How am I doing?  
Oh, I guess that I'm doing fine  
It's been so long now  
But it seems now, that it was only yesterday  
Gee, ain't it funny how time slips away?*

*How's your new love?  
I hope that he's doing fine  
I heard you told him  
That you'd love him till the end of time  
Now, that's the same thing that you told me  
Seems like just the other day  
Gee, ain't it funny how time slips away?*

*I gotta go now  
I guess I'll see you around  
Don't know when though  
Never know when I'll be back in town  
But remember, what I tell you  
In time you're gonna pay  
And it's surprising how time slips away . . .*



## NIGHT LIFE

*by Willie Nelson*

*When the evenin' sun goes down  
You will find me hangin' 'round  
Oh, the night life, it ain't no good life  
But it's my life*

*Many people just like me  
Dreamin' of old used-to-be's  
Oh, the night life, it ain't no good life  
Ah, but it's my life*

*Listen to the blues that they're playin'  
Listen to what the blues are sayin'*

*Life is just another scene  
In this old world of broken dreams  
Oh, the night life, it ain't no good life  
But it's my life*

*Oh, the night life ain't no good life  
Oh, but it's my life  
Yeah, it's my life*



## ME AND PAUL

*by Willie Nelson*

*It's been rough and rocky travelin',  
But I'm finally standin' upright on the ground.  
After takin' several readings,  
I'm surprised to find my mind's still fairly sound.  
I thought Nashville was the roughest,  
But I know I said the same about them all.  
We received our education  
In the cities of the nation, me and Paul.*

*Almost busted in Laredo,  
But for reasons that I'd rather not disclose,  
But if you're stayin' in a motel there and leave,  
Just don't leave nothin' in your clothes.  
And at the airport in Milwaukee,  
They refused to let us board the plane at all,  
They said we looked suspicious,  
But I believe they like to pick on me and Paul.*

*And on a package show in Buffalo  
With us and Kitty Wells and Charley Pride.  
The show was long and we was just sittin' there  
And we'd come to play and not just for the ride.  
And we drank a lot of whiskey,  
So I don't know if we went on that night at all.*

*But I don't think they even missed us  
I guess Buffalo ain't geared for me and Paul.*

*It's been rough and rocky traveling  
But I'm finally standin' upright on the ground.*

*And after takin' several readings,  
I'm surprised to find my mind's still fairly sound.*

*I thought Nashville was the roughest,  
But I know I said the same about them all.*

*We received our education  
In the cities of the nation, me and Paul.*





# YESTERDAY'S WINE

*by Willie Nelson*

*Miracles appear  
In the strangest of places  
Fancy meeting you here  
The last time I saw you  
Was just out of Houston*

*Sit down let me buy you a beer  
Your presence is welcome  
With me and my friend here  
This is a hangout of mine*

*We come here quite often  
And listen to music  
Partaking of yesterday's wine*

*Yesterday's wine  
I'm yesterday's wine  
Aging with time  
Like yesterday's wine*

*Yesterday's wine  
We're yesterday's wine  
Aging with time  
Like yesterday's wine*

*You give the appearance  
Of one widely traveled  
I'll bet you've seen  
Things in your time*

*So sit down beside me  
And tell me your story  
If you think  
You'll like yesterday's wine*

*Yesterday's wine  
We're yesterday's wine  
Aging with time  
Like yesterday's wine*







# ANGEL FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE GROUND

*by Willie Nelson*

*If you had not have fallen  
Then I would not have found you  
Angel flying too close to the ground  
And I patched up your broken wing  
and hung around a while  
Trying to keep your spirits up and your fever down*

*I knew someday that you would fly away  
For love's the greatest healer to be found  
So leave me if you need to, I will still remember  
Angel flying too close to the ground*

*Fly on, fly on past the speed of sound  
I'd rather see you up than see you down  
So leave me if you need to, I will still remember  
Angel flying too close to the ground*

*So leave me if you need to, I will still remember  
Angel flying too close to the ground*



# SHOTGUN WILLIE

*by Willie Nelson*

*Shotgun Willie sits around in his underwear  
Bitin' on a bullet, pullin' out all of his hair  
Shotgun Willie's got all of his family there*

*Well, you can't make a record if you ain't got nothin' to say  
You can't make a record if you ain't got nothin' to say  
You can't play music if you don't know nothin' to play*

*Shotgun Willie sits around in his underwear  
Bitin' on a bullet, pullin' out all of his hair  
Shotgun Willie's got all of his family there*

*Well, John T. Floores was a-workin' for the Ku Klux Klan  
At six-foot-five John T. was a hell of a man  
Made a lot of money sellin' sheets on the family plan*

*Shotgun Willie sits around in his underwear  
Bitin' on a bullet, pullin' out all of his hair  
Shotgun Willie's got all of his family there*



# IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO BE THAT WAY

*by Willie Nelson*

*It's not supposed to be that way  
You're supposed to know that I love you  
But it don't matter anyway  
If I can't be there to control you*

*Like the other little children  
You're gonna dream a dream or two  
But be careful what you're dreamin'  
Or soon your dreams'll be dreamin' you*

*It's not supposed to be that way  
You're supposed to know that I love you  
But it don't matter anyway  
If I can't be there to console you*

*When you go out to play this evenin'  
Play with fireflies till they're gone  
Then you rush to meet your lover  
And play with real fire till the dawn*

*But it's not supposed to be that way  
You're supposed to know that I love you  
But it don't matter anyway  
If I can't be there to console you*

# A LETTER FROM THE ROAD



RAMADA  
SNOW KING INN

Dear Rachael

It's a fine thing when a grand father  
must write his newest granddaughter a letter  
before he has even seen her. But  
that's the way it is. So Hello - stop  
and welcome to a crazy world.

Love

"Shotgun Stamp" with " "

P.S. say hello to your beautiful moon & pop for me and  
also Megan & Nelson Ray, and Aunt Susan & Uncle Ray &  
little "Buddy" and just everybody.

P.O. BOX 581  
JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING  
83001  
(307) 733-5200



## RED HEADED STRANGER

*by Edith Lindeman Calisch and Carl Stutz*

*The red headed stranger from Blue Rock, Montana  
rode into town one day*

*And under his knees was a raging black stallion  
and walkin' behind was a bay*

*The red headed stranger had eyes like the thunder  
And his lips they were sad and tight  
His little lost love lay asleep on the hillside  
and his heart was heavy as night*

*Don't cross him don't boss him he's wild in his sorrow  
he's ridin' and hidin' his pain  
Don't fight him don't spite him just wait till tomorrow  
maybe he'll ride on again*

*A yellow-haired lady leaned out of her window  
and watched as he passed her way  
She drew back in fear at the sight of the stallion  
but cast greedy eyes on the bay  
But how could she know that this dancing bay pony  
meant more to him than life  
For this was the horse that his little lost darlin'  
had ridden when she was his wife*

*Don't cross him don't boss him he's wild in his sorrow  
he's ridin' and hidin' his pain  
Don't fight him don't spite him just wait till tomorrow  
maybe he'll ride on again*

*The yellow-haired lady came down to the tavern  
and looked up the stranger there  
He bought her a drink and he gave her some money  
he just didn't seem to care  
She followed him out as he saddled his stallion  
and laughed as she grabbed at the bay  
He shot her so quick they had no time to warn her  
she never heard anyone say*

*Don't cross him don't boss him he's wild in his sorrow  
he's ridin' and hidin' his pain  
Don't fight him don't spite him just wait till tomorrow  
maybe he'll ride on again*

*The yellow-haired lady was buried at sunset  
the stranger went free of course  
For you can't hang a man for killin' a woman  
who's tryin' to steal your horse  
This is the tale of the red headed stranger  
and if he should pass your way  
Stay out of the path of the raging black stallion  
and don't lay a hand on the bay*

*Don't cross him don't boss him he's wild in his sorrow  
he's ridin' and hidin' his pain  
Don't fight him don't spite him just wait till tomorrow  
maybe he'll ride on again*





# HEAVEN AND HELL

*by Willie Nelson*

*Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell  
Sometimes I don't even know  
Sometimes I take it as far as I can  
Sometimes I don't even go*

*My front tracks are headin' for a cold water well  
My back tracks are covered with snow  
Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell  
Sometimes I don't even know*

*Heaven ain't walking a street paved with gold  
Hell ain't a mountain of fire  
Heaven is laying in my sweet baby's arms  
Hell is when my baby's not there*

*My front tracks are headin' for a cold water well  
My back tracks are covered in snow  
Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell  
Sometimes I don't even know*

*Sometimes it's heaven, sometimes it's hell  
Sometimes I don't even know*



# LADY LUCK

*by Willie Nelson and Buddy Cannon*

*The winners tell jokes  
And the losers say deal  
Lady Luck rides a stallion tonight*

*And she smiles at the winners  
And she laughs at the losers  
And the losers say "that just ain't right"*

*But they keep right on playing  
And paying and praying  
Till someday their luck just might change  
But if you're surveying at the table and looking for the sucker  
Oh by the way sir, what is your name?*

*Lady Luck rides a stallion tonight  
Lady Luck rides a stallion tonight  
She smiles at the winners  
Laughs at the losers  
Lady Luck rides a Stallion tonight*

*I bet you a hundred, if you still got a hundred  
One more wager, winner take all  
'Cause sweet Lady Luck likes me a lot more than you  
And I'm betting she'll come when I call*

*Lady Luck rides a Stallion tonight  
Lady Luck rides a Stallion tonight  
She smiles at the winners  
She laughs at the losers  
Lady Luck rides a Stallion tonight*

*When the loser has no more to bet  
And the winner's won all he can get  
Lady Luck will go riding off in the moonlight  
Lady Luck rides a Stallion tonight*





# THESE ARE DIFFICULT TIMES

*by Willie Nelson*

*These are difficult times  
These are difficult times  
Lord, please give me a sign  
For these are difficult times*

*Remember the good times  
They're smaller in number and easier to recall  
Don't spend too much time on the bad times  
Their staggering number will be heavy as lead on your mind*

*Don't waste a moment unhappy  
Invaluable moments, gone with the leakage of time  
As we leave on our own separate journeys  
Moving west with the sun to a place  
buried deep within our minds*

*And remember the good times  
They're smaller in number and easier to recall  
Don't spend too much time on the bad times  
Their staggering number will be heavy as lead on your mind*

*Remember the good times  
They're smaller in number and easier to recall  
Don't spend too much time on the bad times  
Their staggering number will be heavy as lead on your mind*



## DECEMBER DAY

*by Willie Nelson*

*This looks like a December day.  
This looks like a "time to remember" day.  
And I remember the spring, such a sweet tender thing.  
And love's summer college,  
Where the green leaves of knowledge,  
Were waiting to fall with the Fall.*

*And where September wine,  
Numbed the measure of time.  
Through the tears of October, now November's over,  
And this looks like a December day.*

*This looks like a December day.  
It looks like we've come to the end of the way.  
And as my memories race back to love's eager beginning,  
Reluctant to play with the thoughts of the ending:  
The ending that won't go away.*

*And as my memories race back to love's eager beginning,  
Reluctant to play with the thoughts of the ending:  
The ending that won't go away.*

*And this looks like a December day.*



# LOVE JUST LAUGHED

*by Willie Nelson and Buddy Cannon*

*She said, "Please don't let me go"*

*I said, "I gotta let you go"*

*And love just laughed*

*That's all that I remember*

*It was a bitter cold December*

*And love just laughed*

*Love is still laughing*

*But you can't go back*

*What's done is done*

*Yeah, that's a fact*

*But it was fun in a strange kind of way*

*We can look back and smile and say*

*"Whatever happened brought us down to the day"*

*That love just laughed*

*And then love cried*

*I said, "Where are you going?"*

*We're just getting started*

*And love just laughed*



*We were meant for forever  
But that's turned into never  
And love just laughed*

*Love is still laughing  
But you can't go back  
What's done is done  
And that's a fact*

*But it was fun in a strange kind of way  
We can look back and smile and say  
"Whatever happened brought us down to the day"  
And love just laughed  
And then love cried*

*Love is still laughing  
But you can't go back  
What's done is done  
That's a fact*

*But it was fun in a strange kind of way  
We can look back and smile and say  
"Whatever happened brought us down to the day"  
Love just laughed  
And then love cried  
And then love cried*





# YOU DON'T THINK I'M FUNNY ANYMORE

*by Willie Nelson*

*You don't think I'm funny anymore  
You used to laugh at all my jokes  
Even though you heard them all before  
But you don't think I'm funny anymore*

*I used to fake a heart attack  
and fall down on the floor  
But even I don't think that's funny anymore*

*I guess things change  
And the more they change  
the more they stay the same  
And there ain't no blame  
Sometimes the picture just don't fit the frame  
And this is where the cowboy yields the floor  
'Cause you don't think I'm funny anymore*

*I guess things change  
The more they change  
the more they stay the same  
There ain't no blame  
Sometimes the picture just don't fit the frame*

*And this is where the cowboy yields the floor  
'Cause you don't think I'm funny anymore  
Did you hear the one about the dirty whore?  
Oh, I forgot, you don't think I'm funny anymore*



# HEARTLAND

*by Bob Dylan and Willie Nelson*

*There's a home place under fire tonight in the Heartland  
And the bankers are takin' my home and my land from me  
There's a big achin' hole in my chest now where my heart was  
And a hole in the sky where God used to be*

*There's a home place under fire tonight in the Heartland  
There's a well with water so bitter nobody can drink  
Ain't no way to get high and my mouth  
is so dry that I can't speak  
Don't they know that I'm dyin', Why nobody crying for me?*

*My American dream  
fell apart at the seams.  
You tell me what it means,  
you tell me what it means.*

*There's a home place under fire tonight in a Heartland  
And bankers are taking the homes and the land away  
There's a young boy closing his eyes tonight in a Heartland  
Who will wake up a man with some  
land and a loan he can't pay*

*His American dream  
fell apart at the seams.  
You tell me what it means,  
you tell me what it means.*

*There's a home place under fire  
tonight in the Heartland*



## THE HIGHWAYMAN

*by Jimmy Webb (as sung by Willie, Kris, Waylon, and  
Cash)*

*(Willie)*

*I was a highwayman  
Along the coach roads I did ride  
With sword and pistol by my side  
Many a young maid lost her baubles to my trade  
Many a soldier shed his lifeblood on my blade  
The bastards hung me in the spring of '25  
But I am still alive*

*(Kris)*

*I was a sailor  
I was born upon the tide  
And with the sea I did abide  
I sailed a schooner round the Horn to Mexico  
I went aloft to furl the mainsail in a blow  
And when the yards broke off they said that I got killed  
But I am living still*

*(Waylon)*

*I was a dam builder  
Across the river deep and wide  
Where steel and water did collide  
A place called Boulder on the wild Colorado*

*I slipped and fell into the wet concrete below  
They buried me in that great tomb that knows no sound  
But I am still around  
I'll always be around and around  
and around and around and around*

*(Johnny)  
I'll fly a starship  
Across the universe divide  
And when I reach the other side  
I'll find a place to rest my spirit if I can  
Perhaps I may become a highwayman again  
Or I may simply be a single drop of rain  
But I will remain  
And I'll be back again and again  
and again and again and again*





# ROLL ME UP AND SMOKE ME WHEN I DIE

*by Willie Nelson and Buddy Cannon*

*Roll me up and smoke me when I die  
And if anyone don't like it, just look 'em in the eye  
I didn't come here, and I ain't leavin'  
So don't sit around and cry  
Just roll me up and smoke me when I die*

*Now, you won't see no sad and teary eyes  
When I get my wings and it's my time to fly  
Call my friends and tell 'em  
There's a party, come on by  
Now just roll me up and smoke me when I die*

*Roll me up and smoke me when I die  
And if anyone don't like it, just look 'em in the eye  
I didn't come here, and I ain't leavin'  
So don't sit around and cry  
Just roll me up and smoke me when I die*

*Hey, take me out and build a roaring fire  
Roll me in the flames for about an hour  
Then take me out and twist me up  
And point me towards the sky  
And roll me up and smoke me when I die*

*Roll me up and smoke me when I die  
And if anyone don't like it, just look 'em in the eye  
I didn't come here, and I ain't leavin'  
So don't sit around and cry  
Just roll me up and smoke me when I die*



# THERE ARE WORSE THINGS THAN BEING ALONE

*by Willie Nelson*

*We finally said all our final goodbyes  
And tear after tear fell from everyone's eyes  
But just like a funeral where nobody dies  
There's worse things than being alone*

*There are worse things than being alone  
Like a full house and nobody home  
If the feeling keeps changing then something's gone wrong  
And there's worse things than being alone*

*Well past my halfway in time  
But I still have a lot on my mind  
And there's one thing for certain beyond right or wrong  
There's worse things than being alone*

*There are worse things than being alone  
Like a full house and nobody home  
If the feeling keeps changing then something's gone wrong  
And there's worse things than being alone*

*If a feeling keeps changing then something's gone wrong  
And there's worse things than being alone*



# VALENTINE

*by Willie Nelson*

*Valentine, won't you be my Valentine?  
And introduce your heart to mine  
And be my Valentine?*

*Summertime, we could run and play like summertime  
With storybooks and nursery rhymes  
So be my Valentine*

*Candy heart  
If anyone could, you could have a candy heart  
You're the sweetest of all sweethearts  
Won't you give your heart to me?  
Can't you see?  
I love you, valentine  
Won't you be my Valentine?  
And won't you share your space with mine  
And be my Valentine?*

*Candy heart  
If anyone could, you could have a candy heart  
You're the sweetest of all sweethearts  
Won't you give your heart to me?  
Can't you see?  
I love you, valentine  
Won't you be my Valentine?  
And introduce your heart to mine  
And be my Valentine?*





# PRETTY PAPER

*by Willie Nelson*

*Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue  
Wrap your presents to your darling from you  
Pretty pencils to write, "I love you"  
Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue*

*Crowded street, busy feet hustle by him  
Downtown shoppers, Christmas is nigh  
There he sits all alone on the sidewalk  
Hoping that you won't pass him by*

*Should you stop? Better not, much too busy  
You're in a hurry, my how time does fly  
In the distance the ringing of laughter  
And in the midst of the laughter he cries*

*Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue  
Wrap your presents to your darling from you  
Pretty pencils to write, "I love you"  
Pretty paper, pretty ribbons of blue*



# WE DON'T RUN

*by Willie Nelson*

*We don't run, we don't compromise*

*We don't quit, we never do*

*We look for love, we find it in the eyes*

*The eyes of me and the eyes of you*

*You are the road, you are the only way*

*I'll follow you forever more*

*We'll look for love, we'll find it in the eyes*

*The eyes that see through all the doors*

*There is a train that races through the night*

*On rails of steel that reach the soul*

*Fueled by fire as soft as candlelight*

*But it warms the heart of a love grown cold*

*And we don't run and we don't compromise*

*We don't quit, we never do*

*We look for love, we find it in the eyes*

*The eyes of me and the eyes of you*

*Words that feel, words that sympathize*

*Words that heal and understand*

*Say them now, let them materialize*

*Say the words throughout the land*

*We don't run, we don't compromise*

*We don't quit, we never do*

*We look for love, find it in the eyes*

*The eyes of me and the eyes of you*

*And we don't run and we don't compromise*

*We don't quit, we never do*

*We look for love, we find it in the eyes*

*The eyes of me and the eyes of you*



# AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

*by Katharine Lee Bates*

*Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.*

*Oh, beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern, impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America!  
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law.*

*Oh, beautiful for heroes proved  
In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America!  
May God thy gold refine,*

*Till all success be nobleness,  
And ev'ry gain divine.*

*Oh, beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America!  
God shed his grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea.*





# UNCLOUDY DAY

*by Willie Nelson*

*Oh, they tell me of a home far beyond the skies  
Oh, they tell me of a home far away  
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day*

*Oh, the land of cloudless day  
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky  
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day*

*Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone  
Oh, they tell me of that land far away  
Where the tree of life in eternal bloom  
Sheds its fragrance through the unclouded day*

*Oh, the land of cloudless day  
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky  
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day*

*Oh, they tell me of a King in His beauty there  
And they tell me that mine eyes shall behold  
Where He sits on the throne that is whiter than snow  
In the city that is made of gold*

*Oh, the land of cloudless day  
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky  
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day*

*Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His children there  
And His smile drives their sorrows all away  
And they tell me that no tears ever come again  
In that lovely land of unclouded day*

*Oh, the land of cloudless day  
Oh, the land of an unclouded sky  
Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm clouds rise  
Oh, they tell me of an unclouded day*





# A HORSE CALLED MUSIC

*by Wayne Carson*

*High on a mountain in western Montana  
A silhouette moves 'cross a cinnamon sky  
Ridin' along on a horse he called Music  
With a song on his lips and a tear in his eye*

*He dreams of a time and a lady that loved him  
And how he would sing her sweet lullaby  
But we don't ever ask him, and he never talks about her  
I guess it's better to just let it slide*

*And he sings, "ooh" to the ladies  
And ooh he makes 'em sigh  
Now he rides away on a horse he called Music  
With a pain in his heart and a tear in his eye*

*Now he rode the Music from Boston to Bozeman  
For not too much money, and way too much ride  
And those were the days when a horse he called Music  
Could jump through the moon and sail across the sky*

*Now all that's left is an old time-worn cowboy  
With nothing more than the sweet by-and-by  
Trailin' behind is a horse with no rider  
A horse he calls Memories that she used to ride*

*But he sang, "ooh" to the ladies  
And ooh he damn near laid down and died  
Now he rides away on a horse he called Music  
With a pain in his heart and a tear in his eye*

*High on a mountain in western Montana  
Two crosses cut through a cinnamon sky  
Markin' a place where a horse he called Music  
Lays with a cowboy in the sweet by-and-by*







# VOTE 'EM OUT

*by Willie Nelson and Buddy Cannon*

*If you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out  
That's what Election Day is all about  
The biggest gun we've got  
Is called "the ballot box"  
So if you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out*

*Vote 'em out (Vote 'em out)  
Vote 'em out (Vote 'em out)  
And when they're gone we'll sing and dance and shout  
Bring some new ones in  
And we'll start that show again  
And if you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out*

*If it's a bunch of clowns you voted in  
Election Day is comin' 'round again  
If you don't like it now  
If it's more than you'll allow  
If you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out*

*Vote 'em out (Vote 'em out)  
Vote 'em out (Vote 'em out)  
And when they're gone we'll sing and dance and shout  
Bring some new ones in  
And we'll start the show again  
And if you don't like who's in there, vote 'em out*



# GEORGIA ON MY MIND

*by Hoagy Carmichael*

*Georgia, Georgia  
The whole day through  
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind  
Georgia  
Georgia  
A song of you  
Comes sweet and clear as moonlight through the pines*

*Other arms reach out to me  
Other eyes smile tenderly  
Still, in peaceful dreams I see  
The road leads back to you, Georgia  
Georgia, no peace I find  
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind*

*Georgia, Georgia, no peace, no peace I find  
Just an old sweet song keeps Georgia on my mind*



## AMERICAN TUNE

*by Paul Simon*

*(performed by Paul on his album There Goes  
Rhymin' Simon, and performed by Willie  
on his album Across the Borderline)*

*Many's the time I've been mistaken  
And many times confused  
Yes, and I've often felt forsaken  
And certainly misused  
Oh, but I'm all right, I'm all right  
I'm just weary to my bones  
Still, you don't expect to be  
Bright and bon vivant  
So far away from home, so far away from home*

*I don't know a soul who's not been battered  
I don't have a friend who feels at ease  
I don't know a dream that's not been shattered  
Or driven to its knees  
Oh, but it's all right, it's all right  
For lived so well so long  
Still, when I think of the road  
We're traveling on  
I wonder what went wrong  
I can't help it, I wonder what's gone wrong*

*And I dreamed I was dying  
And I dreamed that my soul rose unexpectedly  
And looking back down at me  
Smiled reassuringly  
And I dreamed I was flying  
And high above my eyes could clearly see  
The Statue of Liberty  
Sailing away to sea  
And I dreamed I was flying*

*Oh, we come on the ship they call the Mayflower  
We come on the ship that sailed the moon  
We come in the age's most uncertain hour  
And sing an American tune  
Oh, it's all right, it's all right  
It's all right, it's all right  
You can't be forever blessed  
Still, tomorrow's going to be another working day  
And I'm trying to get some rest  
That's all I'm trying to get some rest*





# WHEN WILLIE WENT UP TO HEAVEN

*by Willie Nelson and Turk Pipkin*

*I had a crazy dream the other night  
Like when the Devil went down to Georgia  
With his fiddle and his pipe.  
But this time Willie went up to heaven  
And asked Jesus to put things right.  
The world is so screwed up, Willie said.  
Christ, we need your golden light.  
And Jesus said, Hey Willie!  
What are you doing here?  
You're not due for another twenty years.  
Go back home before Saint Peter writes you down  
And just keep singing in every city and town.*

*But we didn't listen, at a very high cost.  
We forgot to love our neighbors  
And all your labors were lost.  
We took the Lord's name in vain.  
So I came to fetch you back, Willie cried.  
Please save us from the hate we have inside.*

*Chorus:*

*What if there's a second coming  
But Jesus is afraid to show?  
Or what if he does show up  
And we're too dumb to know?*

*Now Jesus's Dad piped up  
He puts on quite a show.  
And all the angels in heaven listened  
As the Lord spoke soft and low.  
It's the day the world quit turning.  
The day when time stood still  
We tried to keep our distance  
And we had more than time to kill.  
Go back down, my Son, and help them all.  
Let Christ be there to catch them when they fall.*

*But Jesus said, Dad I'm a little scared.  
They don't like me down there.  
Remember how they settled the score  
When I was there before?  
I paid the highest cost  
And they nailed me to a cross.  
Why don't YOU go this time?  
And give creation your rhythms and rhymes?  
But God said, Son, it's crazy down there  
Are you out of your friggin mind?*

*What if there's a second coming  
But Jesus is afraid to show?  
Or what if he does show up  
And we're too dumb to know?*

*Go on home, Willie, they both said.  
And don't forget the words you can spread  
About the Golden Rule, brotherly love  
And kindness to strangers.  
People whose hearts are right  
Are the true world changers.*

*Thank you, Lord. Thank you, Jesus, Willie said.  
Can I ask you one more question?  
Are those golden fields of marijuana just ahead?  
If they are, I have a suggestion.  
Yes, my son, Jesus replied  
The pastures of heaven are a heavenly grace.  
But if you want a match to smoke it  
You'll have to try the other place.  
Ha ha ha, Jesus laughed and laughed.  
I'm just kidding, he said to Willie  
But you should see your face.*





## STILL NOT DEAD

*by Willie Nelson and Buddy Cannon*

*I woke up still not dead again today  
The internet said I had passed away  
But if I die and I wasn't dead to stay  
And I woke up still not dead again today*

*Well, I woke up still not dead again today  
The gardener did not find me that way  
You can't believe a word that people say  
And I woke up still not dead again today*

*I run up and down the road and makin' music as I go  
They say my pace would kill a normal man  
But I've never been accused of bein' normal anyway  
And I woke up still not dead again today*

*I woke up still not dead again today  
The news said I was gone to my dismay  
Don't bury me, I've got a show to play  
And I woke up still not dead again today*

*I run up and down the road and makin' music as I go  
They say my pace would kill a normal man  
But I've never been accused of bein' normal anyway  
And I woke up still not dead again today  
Last night I had a dream that I died twice yesterday  
And I woke up still not dead again today*





## COME ON TIME

*by Willie Nelson and Buddy Cannon*

*Time is my friend, my friend  
The more I reject it, the more that it kicks in  
Just enough to keep me on my toes  
I say, come on time, I've beat you before  
Come on time, what have you got for me this time?  
I'll take your words of wisdom and I'll try to make 'em rhyme  
Hey, it's just me and you again, come on time*

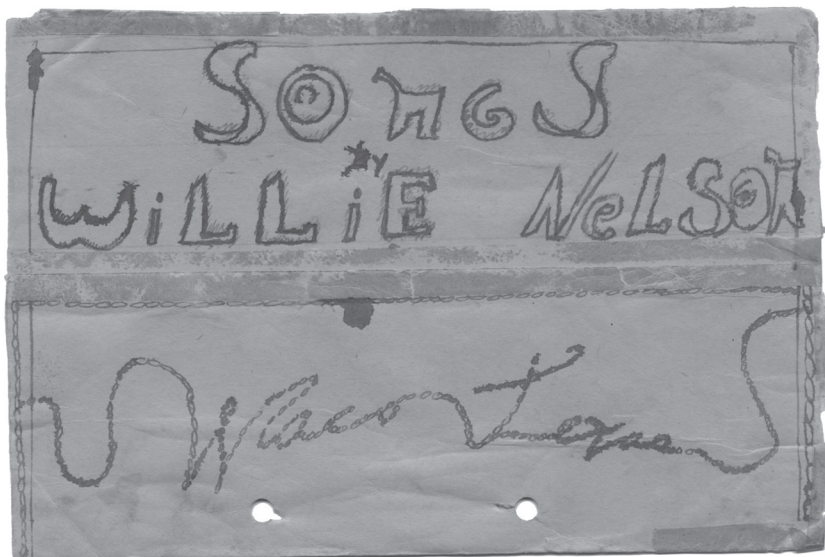
*Time, you're not fooling me  
You're something I can't kill  
You're flying like a mighty wind  
You're never standing still*

*Time, as you've passed me by  
Why did you leave these lines on my face?  
You sure have put me in my place  
Come on time, come on time  
It looks like you're winning the race*

*Time, you're not fooling me  
You're something I can't kill  
You're flying like a mighty wind  
You're never standing still*

*Time, as you've passed me by  
Why did you leave these lines on my face?  
You sure have put me in my place  
Come on time, come on time  
It looks like you're winning the race*

**T**his is the cover and the song list from my first songbook,  
which I wrote when I was ten years old.



Songbook photographs courtesy of The Wittliff Collections at Texas State University.

Songs Nelson By  
in D & X

<u>Name</u>	<u>Page no.</u>
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Hungover Blues	IX
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So hard to say goodbye	XI
Teach me to sing a love song	XII
Whenever	XIII
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Starting Tonight	XV



# ONE MORE SONG TO WRITE

*by Buddy Cannon and Willie Nelson*

*I got one more song to write  
And I've got one more bridge to burn  
I've got one more endless night  
One more lesson to be learned  
One more hill to climb  
And it's somewhere in my mind  
I'll know it when it's right  
I've got one more song to write*

*I got one more horse to ride  
And no more secrets left to hide  
No more staring at the sun  
Just to watch them ponies run  
No more bounty to divide  
There ain't no secrets left to hide  
My life's an open book  
Turn the page and have a look*

*I got one more song to write  
I've got one more bridge to burn  
I've got one more endless night  
One more lesson to be learned  
One more hill to climb  
And it's somewhere in my mind*

*But I'll know it when it's right  
I've got one more song to write*

*I got one more song to write  
I got one more bridge to burn  
I've got one more endless night  
One more lesson to be learned  
One more hill to climb  
And it's somewhere in my mind  
I'll know it when it's right  
I've got one more song to write*



## IN GOD'S EYES

*by Willie Nelson*

*Never think evil thoughts of anyone  
It's just as wrong to think as to say  
For a thought is but a word that's unspoken  
In God's eyes He sees it this way*

*Lend a hand if you can to a stranger  
Never worry if he can't repay  
For in time you'll be repaid ten times over  
In God's eyes He sees it this way*

*In God's eyes we're like sheep in a meadow  
Now and then a lamb goes astray  
But open arms should await its returning  
In God's eyes He sees it this way*

*In God's eyes we're like sheep in a meadow  
Now and then a lamb goes astray  
But open arms should await its returning  
In God's eyes He sees it this way*



## GOIN' HOME

*by Willie Nelson*

*The closer I get to my home, Lord  
the more I wanna be there  
There'll be a gatherin' of loved ones and friends  
Lord, you know I wanna be there  
There'll be a mixture of teardrops and flowers  
crying and talking for hours  
'Bout how wild that I was  
And if I'd listened to them I wouldn't be there  
Well there's old Charlie Toll  
they threw away the mold when they made him  
And Jimmy McCline it looks like  
the wine's finally laid him  
And Billie McRae  
that I could any day in a card game  
And Bessie McNeal  
but her tears are real I can see pain  
There's a mixture of teardrops and flowers,  
crying and talking for hours  
'Bout how wild I was, and if I'd listened to them  
I wouldn't be there  
Lord, thanks for the ride  
I got a feeling inside that I know you  
And if you see your way  
you're welcome to stay  
'Cause I'm gonna need you  
There's a mixture of teardrops and flowers,  
crying and talking for hours  
'Bout how wild I was, and if I'd listened to them  
I wouldn't be there*



## ON THE ROAD AGAIN

*by Willie Nelson*

*On the road again*

*Just can't wait to get on the road again  
The life I love is makin' music with my friends  
And I can't wait to get on the road again*

*On the road again*

*Goin' places that I've never been  
Seein' things that I may never see again  
And I can't wait to get on the road again*

*On the road again*

*Like a band of gypsies  
We go down the highway  
We're the best of friends  
Insisting that the world keep turnin' our way  
And our way*

*Is on the road again*

*Just can't wait to get on the road again  
The life I love is makin' music with my friends  
And I can't wait to get on the road again*





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