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
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 write 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. Floore 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

One thing I've learned. Kids lead to grandkids, and grandkids to great-grandkids. Here's a letter I wrote from the road in 1977, on stationery from the Ramada Snow King Inn in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. My oldest daughter, Lana, had just given birth to my first granddaughter, and I wanted to send her a welcome to this crazy world.

Letter photograph courtesy of Rachel Fowler.

Dear Rachael,

It's a fine thing when a grandbaby must write his or her first grandbaby letter before he or she even seen her. So here's the way it is. So Hello chap and welcome to a crazy world.

Love

P.S. Say hello to your beautiful mom and dad for me, and also your aunts Helen, Jen, and Mary Jane. Circle your name "Willy" and just everybody.

PO BOX 921
JACKSON HOLE, WYOMING 83001
(307) 739-4200
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.
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
ROLL ME UP AND SMOKE ME WHEN I DIE
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?
This is one I wrote for my youngest kids, Lukas and Micah.

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VALENTINE
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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?

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

Say them now, let them materialize
Say the words throughout the land

America! America!
America! America!
America! America!

In liberating strife,
Thy liberty in law.

God mend thine ev’ry flaw,
May God thy gold refine,

For purple mountain majesties
For amber waves of grain,

God shed his grace on thee,
From sea to shining sea.

Above the fruited plain!
Across the wilderness!

And crown thy good with brotherhood
Whose stern, impassioned stress

America! America!
America! America!
America! America!

In liberating strife,
Thy liberty in law.

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, we 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
Whose broadest reach of sea
Erected for insurmountable all
May God thy gold refine

Fueled by fire as soft as candlelight
On rails of steel that reach the soul
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

Say them now, let them materialize
Say the words throughout the land

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, we 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
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
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
This is the cover and the song list from my first songbook, which I wrote when I was ten years old.
Name

The Moon Was Your Helper
Sweetheart to Forever
Sir Wonder alone
Only True loveingers on
and still belong to me
Indeed Love and Wasted Dreams
Long Ago
The Storm Has Just Begun
Hangover Blues
I Guess I Was Born to Be Blue
So Hard to Say Goodby
Teach Me to Sing a Love Song
Whenever
Sold Story
Starting Tonight
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
tyethrewawaythemoldwhentheymadehim
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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