

## Easy Come, Easy Go

Chris LeDoux

This old highway, she's hotter than nine kinds of hell  
And the rides, they're as scarce as the rain  
When you're down to your last shuck with nothin' to sell  
And you're too far away from the train

It's been a good month of Sundays and a guitar a go  
I had a tall drink of yesterday's wine  
Left a long string of friends some sheets in the wind  
And some satisfied women behind

Hey, won't you ride me down easy?  
Lord, ride me on down  
Leave word in the dust where I lay  
Say I'm easy come, easy go  
And I'm easy to love when I stay, when I stay

There's snow on the mountain, raised hell on the hill  
I locked horns with the devil himself  
I've been a rodeo bum, a son of a gun  
And a hobo with stars in his crown

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