



THE HIGHWAYMEN

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Fayetteville First UMC

THE HIGHWAYMAN

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
Their army hung me in the spring of twenty five
But I am still alive
I was a sailor, I was born upon the tide
With the sea, I did abide
I sailed a schooner round the horn to Mexico
I went aloft and furlled the mainsail in a blow
And when the yards broke off, they said that I got killed
But I am living still
I was a dam builder, across a 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 gray tomb that knows no sound
But I am still around
I'll always be around...
I'll fly a starship 'cross 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

CITY OF NEW ORLEANS

Riding on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Three conductors and twenty-five sacks of mail.
All along the south bound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kenkakee
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Passing towns that have no name, freight yards full of old black men
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles.

CHORUS

Good morning America, how are you?
Say, don't you know me, I'm your native son.
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone five hundred miles when the day is done.
Dealing card games with the old men in the club car
Penny a point, ain't no one keeping score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
Feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor
And the sons of Pullman porters and the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpets made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep, rockin' to the gentle beat
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel.

CHORUS

Night time on the City of New Orleans
Changing cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning
through the Mississippi darkness rolling down to the sea.
But all the towns and people seem to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his songs again, the passengers will please refrain
This train got the disappearing railroad blues.

CHORUS

HELP ME MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

Take the ribbon from your hair
shake it loose and let it fall
layin' soft upon my skin
like the shadows on the wall.
Come and lay down by my side
till the early morning light
all I'm taking is your time
help me make it through the night.
I don't care who's right or wrong
I don't try to understand
let the devil take tomorrow
Lord, tonight I need a friend.
Yesterday is dead and gone
and tomorrow's out of sight
and it's sad to be alone
help me make it through the night.

RING OF FIRE JOHNNY CASH

CHORUS

I Fell Into A Burning Ring Of Fire
I Went Down, Down, Down
And The Flames Went Higher
And It Burns, Burns, Burns
The Ring Of Fire
Love Is A Burning Thing

And It Makes A Fiery Ring
Bound By Wild Desire
I Fell Into A Ring Of Fire

CHORUS

The Taste Of Love Is Sweet
When Hearts Like Ours Meet
I Fell For You Like A Child
Ohh, But The Fire Went Wild

CHORUS

ME AND BOBBY MCGEE KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

Busted flat in Baton Rouge headed for the trains
Feelin' nearly faded as my jeans
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
Took us all the way to New Orleans
I took my har'poon out of my dirty red bandanna
I was Blowing' sad while Bobby sang the blues
With them windshield wipers slappin' time
And Bobby clappin' hands
We finally sang up ever song that driver knew

CHORUS

Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin' ain't worth nothin' but it's free
Feeling good was easy Lord when Bobby sang the blues
Feeling good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and Bobby McGee
From the coal mines of Kentucky to the California sun
Bobby shared the secrets of my soul
Standin' right beside me Lord through everything I done
Every night she'd keep me from the cold
And then one day near Salinas Lord I let it slipped away
Searching' for the home I hope you'll find
And I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday
Holding Bobby's body close to mine

CHORUS

LUCKENBACH TEXAS/MAMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES / GOOD HEARTED WOMAN

Maybe it's time we got back to the basics of love,
Let's go to Luckenbach Texas with Waylon and Willie and the boys
This successful life we're living got us feuding like the Hatfields and McCoys
Between Hank Williams pain songs, Newberry's train songs, Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain
Out in Luckenbach Texas, ain't nobody feeling no pain.
Babe let's sell your diamond rings, buy some boots and faded jeans and go away
This coat and tie is killing me in your high society you cry all day
We've been so busy keeping up with the Jones' four-car garage and we're still building on
Maybe it's time we got down to some basics of love.
Cowboys like smokey ol' pool rooms and clear mountain mornings
Little warm puppies, and children, and girls of the night
Them that don't know him won't like him and them that do sometimes won't know how to take him

He ain't wrong, he's just different but his pride won't let him
Do the things to make you think he's right
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
Don't let 'em pick guitars and drive them old trucks
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such
Mammas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys
They'll never stay home and they're always alone
Even with someone they love
A long time forgotten are dreams that just fell by the way
The good life he promised ain't what she's living today
But she never complains of the bad times or bad things he's done, Lord
She just talks about the good times they've had and all the good times to come
She's a good-hearted woman in love with a good-timin' man
She loves him in spite of his ways that she don't understand
Through teardrops and laughter, they'll pass through this world hand-in-hand,
A good-hearted woman loving her good timing man
He like the night life, the bright lights and good-timin' friends
When the party's all over she'll welcome him back home again
Lord knows she don't understand him, but she does the best that she can
'Cause she's a good-hearted woman; she loves her good timin' man
She's a good-hearted woman in love with a good-timin' man
She loves him in spite of his ways that she don't understand
Through teardrops and laughter, they'll pass through this world hand-in-hand,
A good-hearted woman loving her good timing man.

