

Faster Horses - Tom T Hall

G

He was an old-time cowboy, don't you understand?

His eyes were sharp as razor blades; his face was leather-tanned

C G

His toes were pointed inwards from a-hangin' on a horse

D7 G

He was an old philosopher, of course

G

He was so thin I swear you coulda used him for a whip

He had to drink a beer to keep his britches on his hips

C G

I knew I had to ask him 'bout the mysteries of life

D7 G

He spit between his boots and he replied:

G

C

D7

G

It's faster horses -- younger women -- older whiskey -- more money!

G

He smiled and all his teeth were covered with tobacco stains

He said It don't do men no good to pray for peace and rain

C G

Peace and rain is just a way to say prosperity

D7 G

And buffalo chips is all it means to me.

G

I told him I was a poet; I was searchin' for the truth

I do not care for horses, whiskey, women or the loot

C

I said I was a writer; my soul was all afire

D7 G

He looked at me and said "You are a liar."

G

C

D7

G

It's faster horses -- younger women -- older whiskey -- more money!

G

Well, I was disillusioned, if I may say the least

I grabbed him by the collar and I jerked him to his feet

C

There was something cold and shiny a-layin' by my head

D7 G

So I started to believe the things he said.

G

Now my poet days are over, and I'm back to bein' me

As I enjoy the peace and comfort of reality

C

If my boy ever asks me what it is that I have learned

D7 G

I think that I will readily affirm:

G

C

D7

G

It's faster horses -- younger women -- older whiskey -- more money!

G

C

D7

G

It's faster horses -- younger women -- older whiskey -- more money!

END