

Refreshments, The "Sin Nombre"

Visit "[Sin Nombre](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Rode hard and put up wet, I ain't down but I can't get up
yet
It's a long ride back to the way I want to feel
Sun down across the plain, I've been sore before I'll be
sore again
No place to hide to keep from runnin'
Laid down in the cotton wood hollow I left a trail no man
could follow,
Is it safe to rest my head again till morning
Cracked throat, my canteen's dry
Rain won't fall from an empty sky, so I whisper Hail
Marys till the sun comes up

Now don't tell me that part of the story when the
cowboy falls in love
When he traded in his pistol and his saddle and the
stars above
When the candles burnin' down, and when midnight
comes around
You know the best that we can hope for is to be laughin'
when we finally hit the ground

Rode hard and come down tired, stripped from the
saddle when the rifle fired,
Deep in dreams of women and clean water
Well I did before what I'll do again
So forgive me father if I have sinned, but the old wood
cracks before it bends

Now don't tell me that part of the story when the
cowboy falls in love
When he traded in his pistol and his saddle and the
stars above
When the candles burnin' down, when midnight comes
around
You know the best that we can hope for is to be laughin'
when we finally hit the ground

Now don't tell me that part of the story when the
cowboy falls in love
When he traded in his pistol and his saddle and the

stars above

When the candles burnin' down, when midnight comes
around

You know the best that we can hope for is to be laughin'

When we finally hit the ground

Visit [Refreshments. The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.