

## Hall Tom T "Faster Horses"

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He was an old-time cowboy, don't you understand his  
eyes were sharp as razor blades his face was leather  
tan his toes were pointed inward from a-hangin' on a  
horse he was an old philosopher, of

He was so thin i swear you could have used him for a  
whip he had to drink a beer to keep his britches on his  
hips i knew i had to ask him about the mysteries of life  
he spit between his boots and he replied

"it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and  
more money"

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. peace and rain is just a way to say  
prosperity, and buffalo chips is all it means to me."

I told him i was a poet, i was lookin' for the truth i do not  
care for horses, whiskey, women or the loot i said i was  
a writer, my soul was all on fire he looked at me an' he  
said, "you are a liar."

"it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and  
more money"

Well, i was disillusioned, if i say the least i grabbed him  
by the collar and i jerked him to his feet there was  
something cold and shiny layin' by my head so i  
started to believe the things he said

Well, my poet days are over and i'm back to being me  
as i enjoy the peace and comfort of reality if my boy  
ever asks me what it is that i have learned i think that i  
will readily affirm

"it's faster horses, younger women, older whiskey, and  
more money" (repeat 2x)

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