

**Kris Kristofferson****"Fighter"**

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(Kris Kristofferson)

I seen an old fighter tired and in trouble  
Who just couldn't take anymore  
Something inside him kept fightin' to finish  
With only his feet on the floor.

Lord, I know that it's worth any price you could pay  
To see truth in whatever disguise  
But I'd've played double for one look of pleasure  
A piece of relief in his eyes.

Ain't that clown laughin' like crazy  
Ain't his eyes empty and deep  
Don't he sound sad as a baby  
When she cries out in her sleep.

We measured the space between Waylon and Willie  
And Willie and Waylon and me  
But there wasn't nothin' like Billy Joe Shaver  
What Billy Joe Shaver should be.

When he showed up sick later all bit by a spider  
And crazy to look in the eye  
He put on a show that was sad as it should've been  
And nobody even knew why.

Ain't that clown laughin' like crazy  
Ain't his eyes empty and deep  
Don't he sound sad as a baby  
When she cries out in her sleep...

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