

Chris Ledoux

"Passenger"

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It was dark I was drivin' down a loney Texas road
The night was hot and sleep pulled at my eyes
I was thinkin' of the wild times and the women that I'd
had
The deceitful things I'd done and those lies
Standin' in the shadows by the side of the road
Was the figure of a withered old man
He wore a black bandana a rolled brim Stetson hat
With a two inch scarlet hat band

He held his wrinkled hand up as a sign to shut her
down
SO I pulled over and stopped by his side
He opened up the door slid in and sat down
He said my ain't it hot tonight
I studied this old man and it seemed mighty strange
For him to be out here all alone
Then he started talkin' and he told me many things
Of times that both of us had known

He told me of the wild life and the women that he'd had
How none of them had ever meant a thing
he told me of a black night much the same as this
Of the strange and awesome things he'd seen
A man beside the road had raised his hand and
flagged him down
So he stopped and let him in
That stranger told him stories that I am hearing now
Bout the wild times and all the sin

Then the car got cold and clammy and this old man
looked at me
He said boy I've come here for you
Your days of wicked sinnin' have come to an end
As a mortal on this earth boy you are through
Then his eyes got red and fiery as he took his Stetson
off
To reveal his evil horns shiny and black
My God the fear came over me and my senses were all
lost
I fought with him until we finally crashed

Next day they found the car at the bottom of a draw
The young cowboy was found beside the wreck
His car had been consumed by fire the cowboy had no
marks
Except the smoke and pitch fork brand upon his neck

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