

## Nields "Sweet Holy Grail"

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William's my friend; he'll never change  
he's my friend the outlaw at home on the range  
He wears his hair long in a neat ponytail  
To prove he's still searching for sweet holy grail  
He has wise blood; I hear it travel his veins  
His heart beats in Texas all wrapped up in chains  
And when he's home he must be what he seems  
But when he's with me he plays for the other team

And I've seen him play; everyone's his best friend  
Out of sight, out of mind; love letters never sent  
And when he's home his dance card is full  
But when he's with me he plays by his own rules

William, run home--go wash your face  
Run away home; touch every base  
Run away home. But, William, don't stay  
'Cause, William, I love to watch while you play  
And when you're home they won't let you fail  
They'll send you off searching for sweet holy grail.

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