

Plan Three

"Born And Raised In Black And White"

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Songwriters: Cook, Don; Jarvis, John Barlow

(Waylon)

The wind blows hard across the Texas plains
Makes some people go insane
While others quietly pray for rain
That's where we came from
Two boys playin' in the burnin' sun
One with books, one with guns
Mama calls, but just one comes
(Willie)
The other one runs

(All)

In the crystal sense of wrong and right
We were born and raised in black and white
One learned to pray, one learned to fight
We were born and raised in the black and white
We were born and raised in black and white

(Kris)

Brother took to the gospel road
Spent his whole life savin' souls

(Waylon)

When he looked at me, his blood ran cold
He didn't even try
I had no dreams, I had no plans
But a gun felt good in my right hand
The warden asked, "How come you killed that man"
I said, "I don't know why"

(All)

"Welcome home," said the hot moonlight
We were born and raised in black and white
One lives to pray, one prays for life
We were born and raised in black and white
We were born and raised in black and white

(Waylon)

Someone handed me a cigarette
They offered me my last request

I asked my mortal soul be blessed
By someone close to me
He came to me with trembling hands
He swore he'd never understand
I said, "It's just what life had planned
"It's destiny

(All)

"Don't waste your tears on me tonight
"We were born and raised in black and white
"I chose the dark, you chased the light
"We were born and raised in black and white"
We were born and raised in black and white

(Willie)

Wind blows hard across the Texas plains
Makes some people go insane

(Kris)

While others quietly pray for rain

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