

Robin Holcomb**"The Goodnight-Loving Trail"**

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Too old to wrangle
Or ride in the swing
You beat the triangle
And you curse everything
If dirt was the kingdom
Then you'd be the king
On the goodnight trail
On the old loving trail
Our old woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows
Like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind
Don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

With your snake oil and herbs
And your liniment too
You can do anything
That a doctor can do
Except find a cure
For your own goddam stew
On the goodnight trail
On the old loving trail
Our old woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows
Like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind
Don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

The cookfire's out
And the coffee's all gone
The boys are all out
And we're raising the dawn
You're still sitting there
You're all lost in a song
On the goodnight trail
On the old loving trail
Our old woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows
Like a lone bawling calf

It's a wonder the wind
Don't tear off your skin
Get in there and blow out the light

Yeah, I know that someday I'll be just the same
Wearing an apron instead of a name
And no one can change it
And no one's too blame
The desert's a book
Writ in lizards and sage
It's easy to look
Like an old torn out page
All jaded and cracked
With the colours of age
On the goodnight trail
On the old loving trail
Our old woman's lonesome tonight
Your French harp blows
Like a lone bawling calf
It's a wonder the wind
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