

# Willie Nelson, Blue Rock Montana/Red Headed S

Well, he rode into Blue Rock, dusty an' tired,  
An' got him a room for the night.  
He lay there in silence with too much on his mind.  
Still hopin' that he was not right.

But he found them that evenin' at a tavern in town,  
In a quiet little out of the way place.  
An' they smiled at each other when he walked through the door.  
An' they died with their smiles on their faces.

They died with their smile on their face.

Red Headed Stranger.

Don't boss him, don't cross him.  
He's wild in his sorrow:  
He's ridin' an' hidin his pain.  
Don't fight him, don't spite him;  
Just wait till tomorrow,  
Maybe he'll ride on again.