

# Willie Nelson, Crazy Old Solider

I've had fame and fortune  
Women come knock on my door  
I've live to the limit maybe a little bit more  
There are so many stories of how I got out of control  
Some say it's a woman  
Some say it's my trouble soul  
I'm like a crazy old solider  
fightin' a war on my own  
Just me and the whiskey  
And the bottles are ten thousand strong  
You'd think I'd give up  
as many times as I've been hit  
But like a crazy old soldier  
I just don't know when to quit

Barrooms and bedrooms  
Are just faces and places and names  
Once for the pleasure  
And Lord knows once for the pain  
I've tried to forget her  
And all of the things that we've done  
But as long as there are memories  
I'll never hang up my gun

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