

THE PASSENGER

words and music by Chris LeDoux

verse



It was dark and I was driv-in' down a lone-ly Tex-as road. The



night was hot and sleep pulled at my eyes. I was



think-in' 'bout the wild times and the wom-en that I'd had — the de-



ceit-ful things I'd done and those lies. Stand-in' in the



sha-dows by the — side of the road was the fig-ure of a



with-ered old — man. He wore a black ban-dan-na, a



rop-in' Stet-son hat with a two inch scar-let hat band. He...



He...



Next ...

2nd verse: He held his wrinkled hand up as a sign to shut her down
So I pulled over and stopped at his side
He opened up the door, slid in and sat down
He said, "My, ain't it hot tonight!"
I studied this old man, and it seemed mighty strange
For him to be out here all alone
Then he started talkin' and he told me many things
Of times that both of us had known.

3rd verse: He told me of the wild life and the women that he'd had
How none of them had ever meant a thing
He told me of a black night, much the same as this
Of the strange and awesome things he'd seen.
A man beside the road had raised his hand and flagged him down
So he stopped and let him in
That stranger told him stories that I am hearing now
'Bout the wild times and all the sin.

4th verse: Then the car got cold and clammy
And this old man looked at me
He said, "Boy, I've come here for you.
Your days of wicked sinnin' have come to an end.
As a mortal on this earth, boy, you are through."
Then his eyes got red and fiery as he took his Stetson off
To reveal his evil horns, shiny and black.
My God, the fear came over me, and my senses were all lost
I fought with him until we finally crashed.

5th verse: Next day they found the car at the bottom of a draw
The young cowboy was found beside the wreck
His car had been consumed by fire, the cowboy had no marks
Except the smoke and pitch fork brand upon his neck.