

# Return of the Grievous Angel

by Gram Parsons  
(1974)

Won't you scratch my itch sweet Annie Rich and welcome me back to town  
Come out on your porch or I'll step into your parlour and I'll tell you how it all went down  
Out with the truckers and the kickers and the cowboy angels  
And a good saloon in every single town

And I remember something that you once told me  
And I'll be damned if it did not come true  
Twenty thousand roads that I went down, down, down  
And they all lead me straight back home to you

Cause I headed West to grow up with the country  
Across those prairies with those waves of grain  
And I saw my devil, and I saw my deep blue sea  
And I thought about a calico bonnet from Cheyenne to Tennessee

We flew straight across that river bridge last night half past two  
The switchman waved his lantern goodbye and good day as we went rolling through  
Billboards and truckstops pass by the grievous angel  
and now I know just what I have to do

And the man on the radio won't leave me alone  
He wants to take my money for something I've never been shown  
And I saw my devil, and I saw my deep blue sea  
And I thought about a calico bonnet from Cheyenne to Tennessee

The news I could bring I met up with the king on his head an amphetamine crown  
He talked about unbuckling that old bible belt and headed out for some desert town  
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