

# Alabama, The Pony Express

He came in and sit down at the end of the bar  
His old rawhide shirt full of dust  
He asked for a glass and he ordered rye whiskey  
He talked to himself and he cussed  
He left Sacramento early that morning  
With a sackful of mail for St. Joe  
Had to outrun some outlaws outside Carson City  
Riding where they wouldn't go  
He said to me, "Mister, this long riding's hell,  
But I guess it's got to be done  
Otherwise how would you get all your mail  
If The Pony Express couldn't run?"  
I said, "I hear you, mister, and you do your job well  
But I hear it won't be for long  
They'll be sending the mail by the wire and the rail  
And your pony and you will be gone."  
He came in and sit down at the end of the bar  
His coveralls covered with dust  
He said Jesse James had just held up his train  
He talked to himself and he cussed  
He pulled out of St. Joe early that morning  
With the mail and the union payroll  
Had to stop for a rockslide outside Jackson City  
And Jesse made off with the gold  
He said to me, "Mister, this railroading's hell  
But I guess it's got to be done  
Otherwise how would you get all your mail  
If that old iron horse couldn't run?"  
I said, "I hear you, mister, and you do your job well  
But I hear it won't be for long  
They'll be sending the mail without you or the rail,  
'Cause they say man will fly before long."  
He came in and sit down at the end of the bar  
His face looked all haggard and grey  
He ordered a drink and said, "Make it a double.  
Boy, has it sure been a long day."  
He pulled out of Denver early that morning  
He said, "You'll never guess where I've been.  
A highjacker needed a lift down to Kelo  
So your mail will be late getting in."  
I said, "I hear you, mister, and you do your job well  
But you know it ain't been that long  
They were doing it best with The Pony Express  
Before you and your friends came along..."